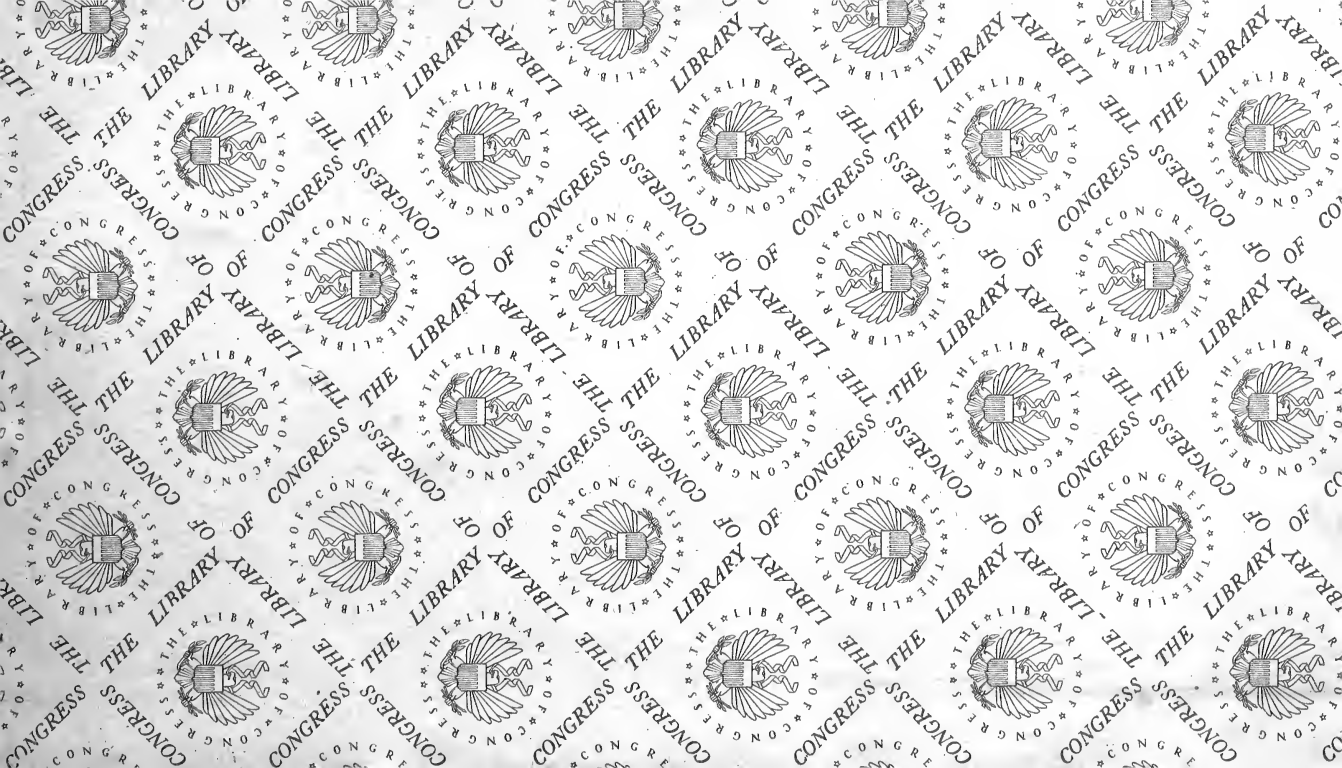
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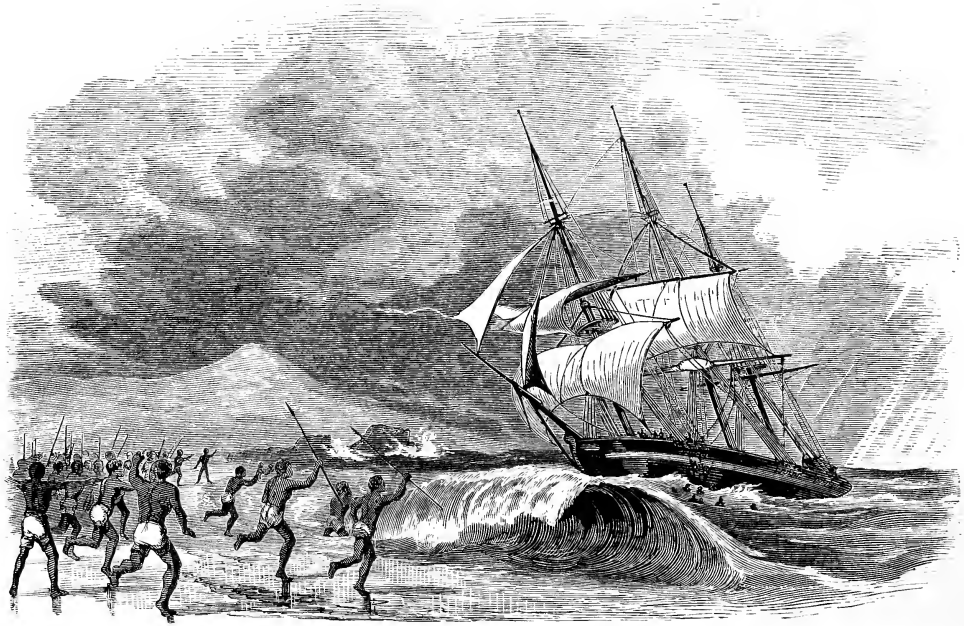

"When the savages broke their circle, they rushed into the boiling surf." Page 54.

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SEVEN YEARS

OF

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

BY

GEORGE EDWARD CLARK.

"YANKEE NED," of Lynn, Mass.

WITH NINE ELEGANT ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENGRAVED FROM THE AUTHOR'S SKETCHES.

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Seven Years of a Sailor's Life.

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I FIRST saw the light of day as I was tossed and tumbled in the nurse's arms, in an unpretending edifice situated on Winter Street, Salem, Massachusetts, and having escaped the thousand ills that young tuggers encounter, was kept to the school-room, and other similar institutions until my soul was sick of books, music, and dancing. I saw pleasure only in the water, and sketching little pictures of vessels in various positions. Anything in the shape of a boat was my fond delight.

The best opportunities for mental improvement were thrown away, and my time was spent in making and rigging little models, and learning the different rig on the many kinds of craft that lined the docks. I learned to row dories, shift sails, scull boats, and

expose myself to all sorts of dangers at an early period.

The warnings of my parents were unheeded, and as my father was full of business, he could spare but little time to look after the roaming propensities of his wayward son. The ocean was the only path to my El Dorado. The fair lands I read and dreamed of laid beyond the broad blue belt of water, and at last, at fever height, visions of salt water charms overpowered me.

At fifteen we are headstrong, and know too much. The dangers of the ocean may be pictured to us in all their awful majesty, and men of experience who have braved the blazing sun of the tropics, and the towering masses of ice, in the depths of an Arctic winter, may recount their perils and the dangers they have met, and yet the buoyant young mind is unsatisfied. "I must see these things myself; why cannot I undergo the perils that others have," are the delusive thoughts that plunge too many young men into a life-long misery. I state my own ideas on this subject; no one is responsible for the sufferings of those who scorn good advice and thrust their heads into the lion's jaws.

I left school, and by the kindness of Captain H——, an old friend of the family, planted my chest and myself on the deck of the "INVINCIBLE," an old-fashioned fore-and-after, bound on a lumber and coaling trip. I went for my health, and to gain an insight into the mysteries of sailor life. Good-byes were said, the little company on the pier saw the vessel leave the

harbor under a pile of canvas, and myself busy on the quarter catching the "tinker mackerel" that rippled the water about the vessel. The day was lovely, the wind fair, and at length catching the smell of pork frying out, I went down into the forecastle used for the galley, and there found the cook, a brawny, carrotty-headed Yankee, preparing dinner. How my tender sensibilities were touched to see him bake bread, cook meat, and squirt tobacco juice, indulging in a tremendous oath if everything did not jibe to suit him. I soon returned to the deck, and saw the land gliding away astern. Dinner was quickly dispatched, the men were told off into watches, and before supper time, I began to feel quite easy. The cook with a grin said to the mate, "The youngster has not come to his milk yet, but I reckon he has gingerbread stowed in his chest to last a month," the truth of which reckoning I soon disproved by telling him I had no kind of an appetite, whereupon he kindly recommended a pint of salt water, or a piece of pork on a string.

I could not get the style of walking a crack, when the vessel was rolling rail under, but as for climbing a spar I equalled any on board, having practiced the art many months before I had a chance to go to sea. I was taught to steer, reef, and make myself useful, "for the sake of your health and to teach you," was the captain's every-day exclamation. The mate filled my head and hands with 'prentice sailor work; splicing, tying knots, and bowlines, turks-head, double and single walls, crowns, Martha and other Walker's knots, turning in and fidding were given me for practice.

The coast of the Eastern States is for the most part rocky and bold. During each of the many times I have run in from sea, I knew the exact locality of the vessel, whether off the sands of Cape Cod, the bold shores of Maine fringed with waving pines, the dark grass-covered headlands of Boston Bay, or the low, well-cultivated shores of Connecticut, the gaping rents in Rhode Island's border, or the sloping islands in Vineyard Sound. The lights of many colors were stamped upon my memory, and as the swift vessel rushed through the water, and I stood in midnight solitude at the wheel, I could fasten my gaze upon the exact spot, where home and friends all were, and became familiar with the twinkling lights up and down the coast. How often I have thought, as my eye watched the vessel's head, of what the folks might be doing at home.

And here was I, deep-loaded, winged out, and oft-times flying before the winter blast, about a cannon-shot from the glowing fire, the well-spread table, and the pleasures of home. This trip was to me a merry voyage. We could read and sleep on deck, and every time the anchor was down, and the cotton furled, we could slip into the boat and go ashore. There are many classes of men to encounter in a summer's trip along our shores, — the heavy ships, the coasters, carrying all kinds of merchandize, from the little ten-ton boat, to the three-master, the pilot boats and their noble, brave crews, the dashing mackerel "killer," gentlemen's yachts, long white steamers that beat the water into foam, and swiftly bear the gay or sorrowing

passengers to their respective places; the heavy, well-manned "banker," flying colors and salt wet; the revenue cutters, trim and taut, lying ready for service; the huge man-of-war, as she glides away with heavy sails well-handled by a disciplined crew; the long black propeller, deep with freight, and the market-boats and jiggers bearing their burdens to please the tastes and appetites of the residents of the great cities. And all these hundreds of craft are manned by men "who go down to the sea in ships." These thousands of men peril life and limb, and lead the hardest life of toil and privation, working day and night, traversing the ocean to make the landsmen happy, to increase their wealth and to enable them to luxuriate in the products of all climes and people. All that is imported or exported passes through their hands. They brave the dangers of every zone for scanty pay, and often meagre fare. The whale is pursued to regions of eternal snow; the isles of the Indies and Polynesia bow their cocoa-covered tops in obeisance to the enterprise of Yankee men. The continents are connected by electric wires, the products of every country beneficial to mankind are rolled up to our shores by sailor hands. And when the nation's life is at stake, a living wall of Yankee sailors rises like a mighty bulwark against a foreign foe. At sea they do their duty, and on shore they are happy, and ready for any good work or hazardous undertaking. All honor to the generous, noble seamen, whether they are in small or large vessels.

A month had passed pleasantly. The lumber was

discharged at the pier in Stonington, after which we had a chance to look around us. We watched with interest the huge steamers coming and going, and with wonder the engines, whose ponderous workings drove the leviathans along. The numerous watermelons, the baggage, the porters, and the tugs that flew up and down the river, were, to my young mind, full of interest.

Near the "Plymouth Rock" lay a small steamer whose captain and crew essayed to pull up the steep gangway plank a load of trunks on a wheelbarrow. The rope was bent on, the captain and men tugged the heavy pile nearly to the wharf, a negro pushing behind with sweaty brow, and all his power. The hands and passengers on the large steamer watched with some degree of merriment this novel way of discharging the luggage, when, as their most sanguine hopes were about to be realized, the slender rope parted, and in a confused mass went negro, luggage, and all. The captain who had hold of the end of the rope, fell under the shore party, and as the screams of wild laughter accompanied the accident, he managed to rise from the heap of tumbled-down men. Holding one hand on his injured part, he shook the other at the passengers and shouted, — "Laugh you cusses, laugh; but I tell you it ain't anything to laugh at." His passion cooled, when the men passed the luggage up by hand, and he made a promise never to work in such a lazy way again.

We hauled out that evening, and with a fair wind and clear sky ran to New York, passing through the

so-called Hell Gate, and anchored off the Battery. After lying there three days, we sailed down the Jersey shore, and entered the Delaware Bay. Taking advantage of the tides, we soon reached Philadelphia, and lay off the pier at Richmond, that great coal depot of Pennsylvania, to be ready at a moment's notice to haul in and receive our return cargo.

To a stranger the "city of friends" is a deep and interesting study. The neat squares and streets, the water-works, ferries, the shipping, markets, and coal wharves, were to us continual sources of interest. Our steward here went off on a spree, and on his return, I saw that he had more liquor than common-sense aboard his craft. I advised him to stay on the wharf until he could be brought to the vessel. Yet he heeded not my words, but stepping into the boat, lost his balance, and fell headlong into the river. There were many people on the wharf, yet he sank to the bottom so suddenly that no one could help him.

This was the first man I had seen drown, and the occurrence made more of an impression on my mind than any of the numerous deaths I subsequently witnessed. I thought of his aged mother, and her grief to lose her only boy, and firmly determined to set my face against liquor and the rum traffic from that day on. Rum! O, horrid curse! the insinuating Devil, that drags his victim surely along the high road to destruction. Even should the palsied hand refuse to take the cup, and the bleared eyes see no more the serpent-charm at the bottom, the ruined man clings to the old enemy, until, it may be, a flash of reason

expels the dark viper that has been gnawing at his heart for months and years.

Our vessel hauled to Pier No. 14, and loaded, the coal coming into the hold a car-load at a dump. The half-naked trimmers, with their flat "trimming boards," leveled the cargo, the decks were swept clean, and the next day we sailed for home. Nothing of interest occurred. The fine weather we enjoyed; the fair wind wafted us safely over the shoals, the run was a good one, and as I grasped the wheel and shot the deep-loaded craft with her sails down to her berth, I felt in better health and strength than ever before, and vastly improved in my knowledge of life and its duties. "Home again;" and as the light wagon rattled over the pavements, a feeling of regret came upon me at the thought of leaving the companions of my three months' trip, and my first sea-life experience. But so it must be, and reluctantly laying aside my sea togs, I prepared myself to engage in new scenes of life on shore.

CHAPTER II.

At a Trade — "He will never make a Printer" — Discontent on Shore — Another Voyage in View — My Joy at its Height — Shipped Again — The "Guide" and her Crew — Don't be so fast, Ned — The Landlord's Attentions — Getting under Way — Off for Zanzibar — Farewell, Yankee-Land — In the Gulf — Sea-Sick, but not sick of the Sea — A Squall — Land, Ho — The Catamaran — Crossing the Line — Rough Usage — Baptized in a Tub and made a son of Neptune — I can't see it — The "Line" seen through a Spy Glass — The "Great Republic" right ahead, Sir — Off the Cape — The Albatross and Cold Weather — The Cape safely doubled.

HE cold weather was fast approaching, and my parents wisely kept me from school, and sent me to learn the art of printing. I soon became disgusted with composing, distributing, and working the hand press. The foreman noticed my uneasiness. The work was at best irksome to me, and at last the old gentleman was informed, "Ned will never make a printer." I was quick fingered, quick of eye, and could pick up type fast enough, but, as they all said, I would never make a printer.

They next procured for me a good situation in a store. This was better, for I learned to trade in many things and made many young friends. But as Capt. H——, spent a day with our family, I overheard him remark, that the "GUIDE" was soon to be off for Zanzibar, having most of the cargo on board and crew shipped. This was my chance. Here I found my

long sought for opportunity to take a voyage to the shores of Africa. I therefore quickly obtained the situation of cabin boy and steward, and as the cook was an old friend of mine, I knew I should succeed in my vocation. I cared not for wages; I had everything a young sailor could wish for, and this is a great fault,—carrying too many garments and too much luggage, when one half of the quantity is far preferable.

I had a view of the barque before I signed articles, and found her a fine-looking craft in every respect. None of the crew were on board, for they had no idea of leaving the shore until the last moment. I spent the afternoon at Griffin's, with my shipmates soon to be. They were dressed with care, their hair shining with oil, or tucked neatly under their glazed caps. All were sober and looking finely. How many of that band of fine young men ever stood again under that awning, or lounged on the blue-painted sea chests? Did ever one receive a shake of the hand, a farewell kiss, or a lump of the best tobacco from that sidewalk again? I longed to be off. They longed to stay, and loaf it out a few days longer.

"Don't you be so fast to leave home, Ned. You will be a darned sight faster to get back to it again."

"Yes," said another, as he took the fragrant cigar from his mouth, "She is a gay boat and hunkey in every strand, but there is no place like home, if it is a shell-back's lodging house. Hey, Eb?"

They agreed to be on hand at daylight, and then paired off to have their last night on shore.

The landlord packed their kits, slipping little comforts in the corners, in the shape of slender jugs of whiskey, pounds of the weed of James' River, and charging a round price for all these little favors. I walked the street till the bell struck nine, and then retired to my room to meditate and rest. My parents and friends in the next city I had some thought of, but what engrossed my direct attention was, the coming voyage. Would I not be smart and willing, and win my way up to maritime favor? I had the lesson by heart, of civility to all; kindness, daring and cheerfulness were also essential.

At the break of day I stood on the walk, and found half of the crew assembled. We had a rousing good breakfast, and then started under the guidance of the mate to drum up the more backward ones. They were soon called together, but would run into every friend's house and get their farewell tod of whiskey as they went along. The morning was cold and clear, and by the time the crew had turned the head of the wharf, many of them were full of liquor. Their sweethearts and friends gave them a hearty hug as they stepped into the boats, and then they laid to the oars with a will, and were soon at the side of the barque that lay at anchor in the stream. The men's chests were on the deck, and were quickly transferred to the forecastle. Off came jackets and extra clothing, and the crew jumped to their duties. It made me stare, to see those same young men who reeled down the wharf wild with liquor, spring into the rigging and run up with the agility of cats, lay out on the tapering yards

and loosen the topsails, knowing exactly when and what to do, and civil to the officers. At the word, the canvas hung in wavy folds, and the gear was well overhauled. Down the rigging they leaped, and to the windlass brakes. Then as they felt the old emotion, that they were at every stroke of the brakes slowly parting their last hold on Yankee land, they broke forth in a chanting that made the sleepy crews of the numberless coasters turn out in quick time. "O, Riley, O," "Whiskey for my Johnny," and the loud toned "Storm along, my Rosa," woke the echoes far and near. The rising sun seemed glad at the lively scene. The anchor was drawn from its oozy bed; the topsails sheeted home, and away went the "GUIDE," the last tie severed, and moving like an albatross over the ruffled water. Light sail were loosed and set, and as the freshening breeze drove us down the harbor at a flying rate, the hills covered with a coat of emerald green, were fast passing from our sight, perhaps forever. The cool April wind fanned our heated faces as we cast a long, lingering look upon the land of home, friends, liberty and equality. Too well we now realized that an eventful voyage had began.

On, like a racer dashed the clipper, the sand hills of Cape Cod being on our weather-quarter at set of sun. It was here we took a point of departure. The Nor'-Wester held good in our favor, and in three days' time from leaving home we had crossed the "gulf." Here we had a touch of rough weather, but we passed safely through. I was down with sea-sick-

ness, and the officers, at my own desire, allowed me my own way. I knew if I gave up I should feel worse for so doing, and when my head sank on my breast, I staggered up and down the drenched deck, until I felt better. "Never say die," said the mate, cheerily.

"Hang to her, my bold townie," said the men, and after a few days I could walk a crack on deck, no matter how hard the vessel pitched and rolled. I conquered the sickness forever. Three days of reefing and banging about the "gulf," was a sufficiency. I was heartily pleased when the gale abated and the glorious sun poured his refulgent rays over the storm-lashed sea. We saw no friendly sail to cheer our vision. The gulf weed lay on the water in yellowish brown masses. The weather was lovely, the wind light and baffling, and the clear blue ocean could be gazed into, fathoms below the surface. The first little world that came wafting along over the limped sea, was the barque "Ionia," of Boston, bound in, from the West Coast of Africa. Greetings were exchanged and papers put aboard. She soon passed from our view, and again we ploughed the trackless sea, under a clear, warm sky.

We were now in the track of homeward bound vessels from the West Indies, and many an English vessel we spoke, as the heavy craft lumbered along under all the sail it could spread, with its rich cargo of sugar, molasses, dyewoods, and other productions of the tropics. How pleasant it is to the sailor to meet these passing sails, as they move like things of life along the trackless path, the unerring compass guiding them safely on their way.

The weather was very warm. The sun's rays beat in fiery strength on our parched decks, — a number of the men keeping them wet down. Every shaded place was eagerly sought. The tar dropped from the rigging; the paint blistered everywhere. Every piece of brass was so heated that it burned the naked hand. Every one was clothed in the thinnest garments he could muster. Even the tough and active bull-dog was content to lie still then. The cook jumped into one door of his galley, looked at the dinner cooking, and jumped through the other open door. Hot! well, we thought it was.

All kinds of tropic fish were plenty. The men lounged in the shade of the forward sails, and grained the dolphin and bonitas. Vast schools of flying fish rose from the water, and as the hot sun dried their wings, they fell into the jaws of the hungry dolphins that followed them like flashes of light, or the watchful sea-bird pounced upon them from mid-air, and bore his prize away, glittering like silver in the clear, hot air.

At night the starry firmament revealed to us the beautiful "Southern Cross," and an occasional red meteor speeding on its unknown path. The wake of the vessel was like a track of white fire, as it gleamed in the dark star-lit sea. The binnacle light revealed the trusty man at the wheel, as he guided the huge fabric through the wide-swelling waters. On some nights there was a dash of rain, and all hands were turned out in quick time to stand by for squalls. Finally a severe one burst in a fitful gust upon us; the wet,

heavy sails were clewed up safe and snug; the barque rushed on like a mad whale, while the fury of the squall lasted, and when it had passed over, was left courtesying and rolling in the wake of the elements.

The island of Fernando de Norona was sighted, and one of the crew swore that a "Catamaran," or native boat was pulling off to us; but as the glass of the officer could not discover the boat, it was regarded as a hoax. The crew were up to some kind of fun: I knew it by the way they manœuvred, and on the Fourth of July, a hoarse voice under the bow suddenly cried out:

"Have you got any of my children aboard this boat?"

"Aye, aye, sir," was responded from the fore-top; and at that moment a huge monster, clad like Old Nep, appeared over the knight heads. All the uninitiated tried to run away from the crew that had prepared to see the fun. Strong arms brought the green ones, myself in the number, to the forward deck. Large tubs of water just drawn from the ocean stood near by. I saw all the paraphanalia of Father Neptune with some misgivings, and meekly resigned myself to his hands. I was told to answer the questions he might put to me, and after being shaved with a rusty hoop, and made to swallow a quart of salt water, which they poured down the speaking trumpet, they let me go — first baptizing me in one of the tubs of water — and with a slap between the shoulders that nearly made me lose my breath, proclaimed me a "Son of Neptune." The other young men were put through the

ordeal in a manner that went against their grain. They struggled, kicked and swore to no purpose. Young Smith narrowly escaped strangulation, and Welch, of the port watch, was lowered over the vessel's side. My fears were aroused for his safety, but he was soon drawn aboard, alive and well, and strong enough to tear the venerable Neptune's head-gear from him when released, which he did, with a considerable degree of satisfaction.

We were then allowed to see the line, and of course soon exclaimed, "We can't see it." At this the kind-hearted mate handed us the spy-glass, and to our astonishment we saw the line. It was a hair drawn across the lens of the glass. We were all satisfied, and the captain spliced the main brace. I was laughed at for not drinking on the "Glorious Fourth," but I remembered my pledge, and kept it. We now had the "Trades," and bowled it off in fine style direct for the Cape of Good Hope. The ship "Great Republic" came sweeping toward us under a pile of canvas. How noble that stately ship appeared, dancing over the sparkling sea. The four masts seemed a curious rig to me, and I lost no time in making a sketch of her as she passed across our bows.

We saw no more vessels until we neared the Cape, where we sighted a whaler far to leeward, jogging along under reefed topsails. The days had grown extremely short. Lamps were lighted and supper eaten at three o'clock in the afternoon. All unnecessary work was suspended, and the men were glad of the opportunity to sit around and spin yarns, keep comfort-

able, and only work the sails. The best of hot food, chocolate and coffee, were served out in our rations, and we took solid comfort as we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The month of August is very cool in these low latitudes, and pea-jackets, thick boots and mittens come into use.

The mighty Albatross wheeled in circles in mid-air, or darted like the rush of a cannon ball to the water when they caught sight of a morsel of waste food floating in the angry wake of the barque. The pretty Cape pigeons fluttered around the hull. The goney and booby perched on the bare upper spars. Plenty of porpoises darted under the sharp cutwater, or were brought, flapping, to the deck, with the firm bowline clasping their tails. Two of the albatross were taken with a long line and hook. One bird measured thirteen feet from tip to tip of his wings. The smaller bird measured eleven feet. These noble birds were soon despatched, the bull-dog having a terrible fight with the larger one, before his proud head sank to the deck. Many "curioes," were made from these birds, and the great unsightly carcasses thrown overboard. At length the captain gave the order to "fall off a couple of points." We had safely doubled the Cape.

CHAPTER III.

Mozambique Channel — Hove to — The Signal — The Pilot on Board — A Joke that was not a Joke — Unloading — A Yankee Among the Sharks — A Mutiny Planned — "Forewarned is Forearmed — Watching for the First Move — The Attempt at Midnight — The Struggle — The Arrest — All Right Again — A Jaunt on Shore — The Jetty — Mozambique and its People — Cocoa Nut and Palm Trees — Ready for a Start.

A WEEK after we had passed the Cape we were in pleasant weather. Cold would not be likely to trouble us again. Soon we entered the Mozambique Channel, that broad and beautiful strait, lying between the island of Madagascar and the main land. The waters of this channel fifty years ago swarmed with slavers and petty pirates; the salubrious climate, charming locality, and the constant passing of richly laden homeward bound vessels, together with the plenty of the shore and the innocence of the islanders, rendering it their most fruitful field of operation. How many bold crews have ended their career of crime within sight of these shores, history alone can tell. Now, the swift keels of the merchantmen and the trader alone disturb its beautiful surface.

As we drew near the coast of Mozambique, the high, level table-land, covered with perpetual verdure, was presented to our view. How pleasant it was to see the glorious sun settle down behind the long chain of

highlands that marked the coast. Immense groves of cocoa-nut trees lined the shores. The white sandy beach stretched far away, until our eyes looked upon the tapering and shining point, a glad sight to us, after gazing at sea and sky alone for four long months. Night settled over the land; the light sails were furled, the topsails laid to the mast, and we "hove to" until daylight. At the first blush of dawn we squared away, availing ourselves of the early land breeze, and ran for the port. The ensign and burgee were set. The watchful sentinels who had their eyes on us for a long time, were with columns of smoke telegraphing our arrival to the consignees. A clumsy boat pulled by twenty naked blacks, with much clamor, approached us. The old pilot, clad in colored rags, shouted and yelled his commands to his ebony crew, beating them with a heavy stick to make them obey. The pilot fastened to us, and mounted the side ladder. Our bull-dog who had been running about the deck seeking for something to whet his large teeth upon, made a sudden dart at the black legs of the native, who frantically jumped to the Captain's side, yelling in all the wild gibberish he could muster, his face of a pale blue color, with fear. The Captain sent the cause of his trouble away, but not before the heavy jaws of the dog had secured the remnant of colored rag that adorned his waist. Poor pilot, he was so frightened that he could not give proper orders, and if he had, we could not have made out what he said.

The Captain knew his duty, and as he tramped the

top of the house, cigar in mouth, gave prompt and well-obeyed orders. Everything was ready to come to anchor. "Clew up," "settle away," and other commands were no sooner spoken than obeyed. The proud little barque rushed by the fort, glided to her anchorage in good style, and we were soon lying off the "jetty." The Custom-house officers, clad in blue, their coats adorned with gilt buttons and epaulets, came up the ladder, twirling their black mustaches, and suavily smiling to the Captain.

The day after we arrived the hatches were opened, and by the aid of a motley gang, the cargo began to tumble over the sides of the vessel. The only attire of the natives consisted of a small piece of cloth wound about the waist. They worked very well, receiving as pay for their day's labor a number of hard biscuits, or an order for food on shore. Many of them had their teeth filed to a point, and chewed betel-nuts and limes. Some were splendidly formed, young and healthy; others were old and withered. A piece of tobacco was a great luxury to them. I had brought a box containing twenty pounds, as a venture of my own, and was, consequently, ready for a trade. For a single plug I purchased a barrel of fruit of various kinds, but was wisely cautioned against eating too much, a piece of advice which, fortunately, I had common-sense enough to heed.

The harbor was full of sharks, and all the natives feared the grip of the rapacious monsters that were ready to seize anything eatable that fell into the water. The cook and myself had fine sport spearing those

that rose to the surface, in search for such offal as was thrown over. A boat of ours having in some way broken adrift, one of our crew, scorning the fear of sharks, and full of poor whiskey, lowered himself quietly into the water, and swam after and regained it, bringing it safely back to its position. This daring act filled the natives with surprise, and they became more convinced than ever that Yankees would dare anything and everything. Our crew were too well treated in some respects; if they had had less leisure it would have been better for them and all concerned. One day we received a quantity of specie; hundreds of hard silver dollars snugly packed in stout boxes, and three sealed bags of gold. This specie we were to take to Aden, and either deposit it, or with it buy a return cargo of dates, spices, wool, ebony, ivory, and hides. Some of our men began to act strangely. I knew them all by heart except two, "Boston" and "Jake," and felt quite sure that trouble was brewing. The men had plenty of liquor procured from shore, and the native rum was enough to make any man a fiend, being fermented from the juice of the cocoa-nut, and as much worse than Mexican liquor or China "samsho," as those vile drinks are worse than our pure native wines.

Our cargo was yet three fourths in the hold. We had taken out all that was destined for this port, and had stowed away four hundred sticks of ebony wood. What a splendid chance for those men to take the barque, being well provisioned, with cargo, specie, and small arms, and turn it into a pirate. The long

gun on deck would do good execution, and they knew the barque to be a model vessel, swift, sure, and strong.

As I carelessly leaned against the forward house, I over-heard the words that came from the tipsy men's lips: — "Mutus dedit no men cosis — Muerto del norte," was the game they had chalked out on their sea chests. I was responsible for any misconduct that should occur, for the Captain was ashore, the mates were unconcerned, or knew nothing of the impending danger. Bridges, Pratt, and Smith were ashore with the Captain. I told the cook of what I had overheard, and as he drew his hand over his eyes, he said: "Ned, we have summered and wintered with those men, we have been schoolmates with some, and I feel bound to them in many respects, but they are full of fire to-night; they have knocked off duty because they did not get their roast chicken at ten o'clock; you know full well the cabin did not have them, — and with yams, coffee, bread and pork, they are not, but ought to be, satisfied. 'T is the liquor, and bad luck to the one that goes abaft the mast to-night."

I returned to the cabin and had all the weapons ready for use at a moment's warning, then leaned on the cabin stairs, revolver in hand, watching the forecastle door. The damp night-dew fell on the moonlit deck. It was as calm as death all about the barque. The sickly lights in the houses on shore cast their feeble rays on the placid waters. The tiny clock in the cabin told the hour of midnight. I was

about to retire to my berth, and laugh at my fears, when a thought of danger kept me still on the watch. Half an hour more had slipped away. Then one form came creeping cautiously from the dark forecastle. Soon another followed. At length, four men were there. The other three, I concluded, were too drunk to do any harm. Slowly they staggered along under the shadow of the rail and rigging, all in a line, as noiselessly as they could. They were the very four men I knew would dare to do anything when drunk. They reached the main mast, and stood only about fifteen feet from me. What was to be done by me must be done quickly; I jumped and covered my man, and as the little seven-shooter stared the foremost one in the eye, with my finger on the trigger, nervous yet calm, I cried out, "The first man that steps over the hatch is a corpse. Do it if you dare; you are dead men if you advance."

"That's so, I'm here," said the cook, as he appeared on the deck, with his muscular arms bared to the shoulder, and a sharp knife in his hand.

"And I am here, too, my bold pups," echoed the mate, cigar in mouth, as he confronted the terror-stricken men. "Ah, you rascals, you are used too well; we'll fix you as you deserve in the morning."

The dip of oars moved by quick and willing hands, shot the light gig over the water, and in a moment the Captain mounted the side. Like whipped curs, the mutineers slunk away to their berths, and the mate then grasped my hand saying, "Ned, you are a brick; you did just right. We can't praise you too

much. They tried to cut up some pranks, but we nipped their plans in the bud."

The cook stepped forward and gave his testimony. "Yes, cuss the thieves, they have been drunk these three days, and growled because they did not get their fried chicken for breakfast."

"Chickens be blowed," cried the Captain, "I'll give them Portuguese chickens to-morrow," and with this remark he left the deck in charge of the mate, who, lighting a fresh cigar, made himself comfortable under the awning, and talked long and earnestly with the cook about the men, and the gay old times about home.

This was one of the many night adventures I have experienced, and always found that to be fore-warned, was to be fore-armed. In the morning when I called the Captain to breakfast, he gleaned all the particulars from me; then ate his meal in a hurry, and went on deck. Unrolling a bundle of flags, he picked out the proper ones, and with them signalized the man-of-war that lay at anchor in the harbor. A government launch, manned by twenty men, quickly headed towards us and was soon alongside. With much noise and display of their muskets and cutlasses the men ran up the side ladder, and stood upon the deck, looking around for an enemy, and spoiling for a fight. A conversation ensued between the Captain and the officer of the boat, during which the particulars were stated, and it was determined to arrest the culprits and convey them for safe keeping to the man-of-war. Immediately the officer spoke to his men, who quickly

produced the iron bracelets and started to put them on our four men, who stood together near the forecastle door. The Portuguese laid down their weapons, and collared the four half drunken men. The thought that they were being dragged away from their ship by Portuguese hands, suddenly flashed upon their muddled brains. They threw their sturdy arms in the air, and the captors were quickly hurled to the deck. With wild shouts they sprang into the crowd of Portuguese, and like a water-spout, the four desperate men moved among the swarthy crew. The cowardly Portuguese presented their muskets at our men's heads, and in this persuasive style brought them to terms. They then quietly went to the boat, were conveyed to the frigate, and put in confinement.

We lay in the harbor four days longer, during which I had plenty of time to see the place. It is a homely town at best, wholly under the control of Portuguese, who wink at all sorts of crime, so long as a doubloon can be made by the operation. The sharp hulls of slavers can hide in the dense woods, and the smugglers pay their way in silence, unmolested by any local authorities. The country natives, as a class, barely subsist on rice, fruit, and barley. Were it not for the fear of cruisers, the port of Mozambique could ship thousands of slaves. Yankees send sugar, cloth, flour, and rum, and barter these for ebony, ivory, mats, precious ores, and dye-woods. The fort at the entrance of the harbor is a miserable contrivance. A handful of determined men could walk straight through it. Many old hulks lay in the harbor, the

Portuguese flag flying from staffs at their sterns. The soldiers at the corners of the streets appeared too weak to hold their muskets. The large buildings are the Governor's house, the Consul's residence, and the Public Store Houses. All the other buildings have a tumble-down appearance; flat roofed, with high, narrow doors and windows, and for the most part built of old tiles. The jetty is a grand place at which to land boats. It is built nicely, of pink-colored stone, and finding that it could be easily cut, being as soft as chalk, we engraved our names on one of its arches.

The ship's boys and myself strolled up the narrow, dusty streets, taking note of all that interested us. The bugler was sounding a call from the Governor's house; his bright instrument gleaming in the rays of the hot sun. The little, white, humped-back cattle were dragging uncouth carriages, loaded with goods for the store-houses. The half-naked girls, as black as the cook's kettles, were all about us, and with many signs, besieged us to buy their fruit, cowry, shell-work, pieces of ivory, boiled eggs, and long jugs of the infernal native rum.

After freeing ourselves from the clamorous crowd, we passed through the town, and became interested in looking at the rude blacksmiths, the wood carvers, and the bird fanciers. Everybody looked after us; and beggars hobbled along and cried for a share of our bounty. A morsel of the weed satisfied them. We had no need of money in this port, our tobacco purchased for us all we wanted. The cocoa-nut

trees, planted in all directions, were pleasant to our sight. Their immense long leaves, waving in the hot, lazy air, relieved the wearisomeness of the hot piles of old buildings that we rubbed against as we walked. Indeed, I thought there were leaves enough to make fans to cool the faces of every church-goer in the world.

We had rambled about the town until we had "done it brown," and as the sun declined in the West, pursued our way to the jetty. Getting into the boat, we pulled off to the barque, and found that a load of fresh provisions had just arrived alongside. By this we knew that we were soon to leave and go to Zanzibar. Everything was put in ship-shape order, and all made ready for instant departure. The captain said he should certainly sail at the dawn of day, and went to take a last look at the imprisoned mutineers.

CHAPTER IV.

Ho for Zanzibar — Charming Weather and Scenery — Pilot Fish and Johnny Shark — The Island in View — "Under the Sand" — Harbor Scenes — A Pull for the Shore — Dress and Manners — A Fearful Weapon — "Old Sides" and his Pet Boys — A Visit to the Shell Shops — Oddities and Curious Sights — Buying Monkeys — Slave Market at Zanzibar — Ten Dollars a Head — A Man with Fifty Wives — Rough Sport — Sails set for Aden — Passengers Received — Underway.

THE Captain brought back in the boat with him the four imprisoned men. They looked a little sick of their confinement, and had agreed to assist in working the barque to Zanzibar, to behave themselves during the passage, and allow the American Consul there to dispose of them as he thought best. They were humble enough, and glad to get back to their old floating home.

At daylight we hove the anchor to the bow, set our sails, and glided out of the harbor, sheering the long, black reefs that lie outside. The gray mist of the morning was lifting from the river, and the air was fragrant with the fruits and flowers of the tropics. The gaily-plumaged birds flew from one strip of land to another, as the GUIDE entered the narrow strait that led to the dark blue waters beyond.

The waves were churned into yeasty foam by the towering rocks that rose like walls on our port hand.

Large schools of porpoises and grampus were playing outside of the reef. The anchors were fished and catted, and we came into the open sea in fine style. The flying-fish darted from the water, and the Nautilus, or Portuguese man-of-war, spread his tiny purple sail, with its long poisonous nettles dragging in the water. The scene was beautiful in all respects, for the day was charming, and all nature seemed in perfect harmony. The lofty table lands were fast fading from view, and the well-wooded shores lessened into a single green strip, or belt, to our sight, as our clipper cleft the clear waters, and pointed her sharp nose for Zanzibar. The pilot-fish were constantly under the bows, and the long gray shark, showed his sharp fin cutting through the water, or rolled over on his side to catch any tempting morsel that floated astern. The mutineers attended to their duties, and said but little. They only worked the barque, and had nothing to do with washing down the deck, or any other labor.

The fine weather continued, and at the end of the fourth day after leaving the port of Mozambique, the large island of Zanzibar loomed up before us. The long points of land on either bow seemed to welcome us in. Beyond Cocoa-Nut Island we observed the tall spars of the Arab men-of-war, riding at anchor. They were formerly English vessels, two and three-deckers, and were presented to the king of Zanzibar, by the English government. They bore the long red flag of the country, and looked very imposing as they lay at their moorings. The town was fairly before us, with Dead Man's Island on the Nor'-West.

How many sailors' bones lie under the sand and grass of that little island! The storm-tossed old salt peacefully sleeps there. The fair-haired boy, fresh from home, rests beneath its soil. No fond eyes will sparkle to see him return from his first voyage, no blithe step spring to welcome him home. How is it that so many have thus died? They entered the harbor, full of life and health, but a too free indulgence in fruit, liquor, and sleeping where the deadly night-dews fell upon them, cut short their earthly career. I am filled with dread as I think of that little island, and am glad that my bones are not there, although it was by a desperate move that I was saved from the death-grip of the African cholera. I had eaten for supper only a slice of wheat bread, spread with mango jelly, and a banana or two, and after walking the deck till nine at night, retired to my berth. Quite unexpectedly I was taken with the cholera, and turned black in a few hours. All the ship's remedies failed, and I was in horrid spasms. All was done in vain. The men said, "Dead Man's Island is gaping for poor Ned." I had medicine of my own; the dose for cholera was a wine-glass full. I dragged myself to my little state-room, opened my chest, took a pint bottle of the medicine and laid down to "die by my colors." The medicine proved my salvation; I was weak and delirious for three days, then came out as bright as a silver dollar, and went about my usual duties. I could eat tropical fruit after that, as I can now eat any kind of our Northern fruit, with impunity.

Up we passed to our anchorage. The shores lined with dark waving foliage, were on the starboard hand. The water was so clear we could see the bottom of the bay under the keel of our vessel. The pilot-fish were balancing on their strong little fins, and keeping up with our own swift sailing. We watched the sluggish shark as it moved through the clear water, and every weed and rock was visible to us as we leaned over the bows. This same kind of rocky bottom I have seen on the main ledge of the Banks of Newfoundland, and also the pure sandy bottom on the Bahama Banks.

We gave the long point of white sand a good berth and ran in among the shipping lying at anchor. Down went the mud-hook, the cable tautened at twenty-five fathoms, and we had room to swing among the many craft that filled the harbor. There were men-of-war, merchant ships of many nations, and Arab dows and bungalows in profusion. A Yankee barque had just been taken by the English steamer, "Brisk," with four hundred and eighty slaves aboard. Some said it was the "Sunny South," of New York. The French frigate "La Some" had just left the harbor to catch another that that morning had dared to show her topsails on the opposite side of the island.

A chanty gang was engaged to hoist out the cargo, and one of them in trying to steal hard bread, finding the bull-dog upon him, jumped overboard and swam safely ashore.

The mutinous men were handed over to the American Consul, and at his desire, they were placed in

the large round prison. They were supplied with food from the barque until the vessel left the port. I saw two of those men in Bombay many months after. They said they held no ill-will against any one, and came to the ship that I served on, treated me in good shape, and offered me a handful of rupees, for they had been lucky in escaping the fatal wreck on which so many of their shipmates had perished.

The natives employed to discharge our cargo strung themselves out on the long fall, and merrily hoisted from the hold the bales of cotton cloth, boxes of cigars, tobacco, and sugar, that were consigned to this port. My own duties were light. All that I had to do was to take an account of the cargo, as it came from the hatch. I sat under the awning with a negro standing fanning me, and had plenty of cigars to smoke. All of the cabin work was performed in the cool of the day.

Hundreds of boats were plying about the calm harbor, the songs of their lusty crews echoing from shore to shore. Large Arab dows were loading with cocoa-nuts, bound for Aden. I went aboard one of them, and found an ungainly vessel of about one hundred tons, built of teak wood, with the wheel amidship, masts leaning sharply forward, bearing large, clumsy, triangular sails. The hold was full of cocoa-nuts. The crew were lounging about, with the cut-throat looking jambea in their girdles. I saw no block nor pullies of any kind. All the rigging was made of coir rope, and the sails of good cotton duck. Two large copper cannon were lying dismounted on the deck,

and the long red flag, with its crescent and star fluttered from its staff at the stern.

I stepped into the boat again, and told the four good-looking darkies to pull for the shore. These boat boys were "Old Sides" pet boys, and attended to the wants of the Yankee captains. They knew every vessel that came from America, and as they pulled their sharp little boat for the shore, talked in very good English. They were all dressed in gay and clean clothes, their little daggers glistening in the many folds of bright cloth about their waists. We landed, and with the eldest boy, whom I called "Uma," started up the street. I was as gay as any young sailor should be when on a day's liberty.

I told my young guide to go to the shell shops, and as I toiled through the narrow streets, I stopped every little while to see the natives at their daily work, fabricating iron from the bar, making daggers, swords, spear-heads, and the jambea. This last weapon is enough to make the blood run cold to look upon. The handle is set full of gay and costly stones. The blade is broad, short, and curved like a fish-hook. The manner of using it is to plunge it into the enemy's body, and rip the victim clear to the throat, and is, as may readily be supposed, a terrible weapon in the hands of an adept.

Entering the shell shop, I found piles of conch and other large shells which the divers obtain from the bottom of the sea. Further on were those of a smaller size, and as room after room was visited, we came at length to the small, delicate ones I so eagerly sought.

I gave a half dollar in silver for as many as I could easily carry in a rush basket. Oh, how American girls would like to have walked through that shop, rude as it was, and emitting a nauseous odor, yet piled full of beautiful marine shells, though they might be shocked at the appearance of the women and girls, they would certainly be in ecstacies of delight as they looked upon the exquisite cowry shell-work, the feather and mat work, the bead trimming, and the gaily made jewelry so plentiful.

I returned to my floating home in time to prepare the evening meal, which consisted of salt beef, bread, sardines, wine, and sugared oranges. The men on deck were buying monkeys; and a little animal called the "Mongoose," was in great demand with all. The chanty men wanted biscuit, and waited to receive them. The white bull-dog drove the chattering crowd into the rigging, and after the mate had teased them long enough, he gave them some hard bread, which they folded in their turbans, and then went ashore as happy as larks.

The barque "Sunny South" had been disposed of, the "La Some" had at last cornered the other slaver, and the deep booming of her twenty-four pounders awoke the sleepy natives from their siesta.

A walk to the market-place revealed to us that the Sabbath was not known there. The Mohammedan religion holds undisputed sway in these countries, except among the inland tribes, who worship anything they please. Even the most degraded men on the face of the earth admit there is a great Fountain of

Supreme Good, one high and mighty Ruler over all, who keeps this vast machine of land, water, sun, and all the planets, in perfect order, — Nature's great God, — and yet there are white men, blessed with every opportunity of learning of Him, who say, "There is no God, all things are the result of chance."

The Slave trade is smouldering in its ashes. Guinea and Senegal took a long leap when this diabolical traffic jumped across the continent of Africa; but English gunboats and small cruisers have ferreted out the slavers, and followed them so closely that they are now nearly extinct. At Zanzibar are still to be found slaves of all sizes, standing ready for sale, at any price from ten to fifty dollars. When "Old Sides," the homely, black, ill-shaped, lord of the manor, fancies a clean, well-formed negress, he buys and takes her to his harem. He has now over fifty wives, and hundreds of slaves. He is a regular black devil, but keeps on the blind side of the captains that come to this port. Ah, Sides, you are an old wretch, and any one can see it. Have you not seen flesh and blood sold hundreds of times — and how many of your victims have you planted under the sod! But he is always ready to serve the captains with anything the shore produces, his boats and boys being always at their service.

We returned to the vessel, as the damp night air was closing over all nature. Fires had been burning on the beach ever since our arrival; also, singing to rude music, dancing, howling, and gun firing on shore every night. Sleep was out of the question. The

mosquitoes bit us, the heat oppressed, the wild, horrid music annoyed us, from set of sun until daylight. One of the boat boys was cut to the bone while at play, yet he gloried in his scars, and said that some boys were killed with hatchets while engaged in their sports. Rough pastime, young Africa uses himself to, I thought.

At day dawn we weighed anchor and set every sail, bound to Aden. We had shipped four men to fill the places of those we had left in prison. The vessel was hove to, off the point, and received Madame Mass, her daughter, and a female slave, followed by the celebrated Dr. Ray, of Glasgow, Scotland, a man of science also a traveller. The wind dying out just as we came ahead of the largest frigate, the tide carried our vessel against its jib-boom. It snapped like a pipe-stem, and in an instant all of her head gear and our fore rigging was a complete and tangled wreck, serious damage to our own and other vessels growing more threatening every moment.

CHAPTER V.

A Lively Time — Arab Dirks and Yankee Shooters — "To Much Rumpee" — "All Right, Old Kick-Shins" — Prophetic Dreams — On like a Racer — More Swift than Sure — She Strikes the Shore — High and Dry — The Beginning of our Sufferings — Resignation of Madame Mass — Discovered by the Natives — Five Hundred on Board, fully Armed — Submission our only Safety — A Sudden Reprieve — We are ordered to the Village — Horrible Agony — New York Papers Devoured — Perishing with Hungar and Thirst — Desperation of some of the Party — Reason Gone — Left Behind — The Dawn of Hope.

HEN began one of the liveliest times a sailor could wish to see. There lay seven men-of-war, with hot blooded Arab crews eager for the safety of their respective ships, while our strong, new barque with heavy anchors on the rail was borne along by the resistless tide, sweeping the side of the frigate. Swinging booms, boats, gangway-ladders and fancy quarter galleries were swept away like chaff before the wind. Our passengers were hurried below out of harm's way. Our spanker-gaff with all its gear, was broken by the frigate's main yard and fell, striking our mate on his back. He was thus used up for duty, but gave his orders like a brave man. Our Captain was in every place where danger threatened, and at length we managed to clear the first vessel.

Into the second we plunged and made smashing work for awhile. The rigging of both vessels parted

like thread. The Arab crew, half-naked, with daggers in their mouths, boarded us on the quarter, and rushed over the fallen mass at the Captain, who, revolver in hand, kept them at bay. Our crew were tussling with Arabs forward, and the spars of both vessels having released their hold, the ships parted, leaving a handful of dismayed Arabs on our deck. A boat, pulled by natives, dashed to our side, the King's son and the many adherents he always had about him, joined the melee. The best anchor had been let go, and finally brought us up fair under the bows of another frigate. As quick as a cat, the King's son and his followers jumped among the Arab sailors, and with the terrible jambea in hand, drove them from our men. Our Captain and the young Prince clasped each other in a fraternal hug, and as soon as the latter could articulate, said:

"I see too much rumpee, Cap'en; me no see you gittee killed; my men too much fight."

"O yes," said our Captain, "I know the rascals are good with the knife, but they are not used to our revolvers."

Nobody was hurt, though many were frightened, and a great deal of damage was done to the vessels. The Consul immediately came aboard, and all expenses and difficulties were satisfactorily adjusted. "Old Sides" hurried off to us in his boat and was ready to assist. "All right, old kick-shins," cried our Captain, as he pulled away, "we'll be out of this in a day or two."

We lay here two days, and having repaired the

sails and spars, once more raised the anchor to the bows, and left the land behind us without any further accident. The low islands faded away, the lines of green trees being the last objects that pointed out to us the island of Zanzibar. We had fairly left that half-civilized land, and were about to enter the jaws of suffering and sure destruction. The monsoon swept us over the clear blue water. The barque had every stitch of canvas set that the spars could carry, the weather was beautiful, and the lead found no shoal water. The passengers chatted, joked, and slept under the awning; read the many books with which the cabin was stocked, and all hands enjoyed themselves to their full capacity.

I was uneasy all the time. I helped the mate when he picked out the course on the chart, and saw that we were rushing on our way at high speed. For three nights in succession I dreamed that the barque was lost by striking the shore. The ship's company all laughed at my fears.

"O, that's all in my eye; don't you 'spose the old man knows the road? You need not fret about the course or tides."

Such were the remarks that I heard, so I held my peace and retired to my berth at eight-bells. As I entered the companion-way I cast a long look around. Clear blue sky and moonlit water were only present to my view. The gaily bounding barque, steered true as a die, was rushing like a racer before the strong monsoon. All looked safe and right as I laid down, and fell asleep. I was having a happy dream

of home, when I was thrown from my berth to the floor. I arose and heard the cook shout, "Oh, my God! we're lost; turn out, tumble up." I glanced at the clock; it was twenty minutes past twelve. I ran on deck, and saw everything in dire confusion; the clewline and standing gear had snapped, like threads, when she struck the reef.

"Lay up aloft and run the stunsail booms off," shouted the mate.

"Brace back the yards; down with your wheel, and fly about, men," yelled the Captain.

The pale faces of the passengers seemed ghastly in the full moon beams, that fell upon the disordered deck. To hope that she would work back over the reef, was useless. The ponderous anchor thundered its iron chains to the bottom, — the barque was in the power of the strong ground swell. Every time she struck the hard bottom it seemed as if the blow would break the vessel in twain. A long, low line of sand was before us, gleaming like a silver thread, and the man at the wheel could only steady the barque to her death. Anchors were dragged like playthings, and in the mighty grasp of the breakers the doomed vessel was thrown in, on an even keel, far up on the low, hard beach.

Is there any hope of going away from this spot? No. Can a boat live to pass through that towering wall of white breakers? Never. Then here we are, and must take our chances for life or death.

The yeasty breakers combed over our quarters and drenched our dismayed crew. A barrel on deck

soon had its head knocked in, and the men drank the strong black wine to keep up their spirits, and enable them to face the danger. Is there any value in rum-courage? Is it not better that the pale cheek and steady eye meet the danger and face it? We anxiously watched for daylight, which soon appeared, and those whose nerves were strong enough to contemplate the scene, shuddered at the wild view presented. There was no sign of human habitation, no vegetation of any kind was visible. Behind us was the thundering ocean, and a wild barren country ahead. Sand, sand, and dry hills as far as vision could reach. The monsoon would blow in shore for months to come, and to attempt to force a boat out to sea would have been madness. We ate our morning meal in silence, our hearts too full of agony to talk to each other.

The grief of Madam Mass and her daughter was heart-rending to behold, and Dr. Ray was too much terrified to eat, but gathered his valuables into a compact bundle. All his rare curiosities, the result of years of travel, danger, and explorations of inland Africa, must be lost. His electric fishes without eyes; his land and water quadrupeds; his bars of red gold, and all the rare minerals, must be as nothing to him. Madam Mass led me to her room, and with tears in her eyes and heart full of grief at the prospect of her fate, said —

"Here, my lad, find my letters from my husband, my little trinkets and most durable dresses for myself and child, and tie up some eatables in a handkerchief. I know the danger we must run."

"What," said I, "don't you want your gold, your clothes and other valuables?"

"No, I shall have no need of them here."

I unpacked her chest, and large travelling boxes. Splendid bonnets; cloths of velvet and gold; silk dresses; silver-hooped skirt; two bags of gold, and all kinds of ladies' articles were thrown in confusion on the floor.

Her valuable papers and husband's letters she placed in her bosom. She was a wealthy lady, and her daughter was a little lily of a girl,—only twelve years of age. Her servant was a young female slave, sick, and for the time, useless, and she therefore desired my assistance, which I very willingly gave her.

I returned to my room, emptied my trunk of its contents and filled it with baked bread, pickles, cheese, sardines, and bottles of wine. I then went on deck. All the sails were furled except the fore-topsail and foresail. These two proved to be our salvation. At dark we noticed two naked savages on the beach, who, after taking a long look at our situation, ran off in a westerly direction, and were soon lost to our view. We passed a wretched night. The chance of life looked slim to us, and we anxiously waited the dawn of day. When it came it revealed to our startled gaze about forty savages armed with long spears, running up and down the beach, eating the fruit that had been washed ashore during the night. They scrutinized us a long time, and then the whole pack, scattering in different directions, passed from our sight among the hills of sand that ran in ridges

along the coast. In the afternoon, when the tide was low, and the vessel high and dry, some of the crew dropped from the dolphin striker to the beach, and proceeded along the edge of the water two miles or more. We saw them returning before dusk with blanched cheek and unsteady gait. They reported having seen the wreck of a vessel imbedded in the sand; her spars and long boat on the hill, and numerous large pieces of coal lying about on the shore. The sea-boots and oiled clothing of the hapless crew were found in the boat, and the skulls and other bones of the men were bleaching upon the hot sand. These were mournful tidings, and sad forebodings of our fate came over us, when Madam Mass remarked to the Captain that it was a French ship, loaded with coal, and that every soul on board perished there. Fillemane, her daughter, stood by. "What will become of you, my darling child," cried the agonized mother. "Oh, Captain, I see how it will end. Jesus have mercy on us all."

We lowered a boat over the side; it was stove to pieces, the crew barely escaping destruction. The strong surf-boat was next tried, and it was hurled upon the beach with the men in it; no power of muscle or ashen oars being able to force it through the breakers. I have seen heavy breakers since that time, but none in which such power was displayed, as in those whose surf thundered on that desolate shore. No eyes were closed that night; we were too keenly sensible of our peril to enjoy the luxury of sleep.

In the morning the natives began to arrive with

camels and donkeys. They were fully armed with spears, slings, shields, bows and arrows, and daggers. Our Captain called us all aft, and pointing out to us the uselessness of fighting that large band of savages, said, "Boys, I tell you just what I think, — those devils will take us any how; we cannot get away. If we kill a hundred there will be five hundred more to fill their places, and we shall be wiped out after all. Therefore, our best course will be to come to terms of peace with them; we had better try to do so, but if we cannot get along without a quarrel we must all of us die. For my part, I shall do the best in my power (here he glanced at the savages who had formed a circle on the beach) to save our lives and personal property, if there is the first ghost of a chance." In this view of the case we all agreed.

When the savages broke their circle, they rushed into the boiling surf, with daggers in their teeth; their long black arms propelling their slender bodies toward the vessel. The water between us and the shore was full of black heads. We could have killed a hundred before they reached the vessel, but our salvation depended upon keeping quiet, and in a short time they had full possession of the deck. Three chiefs then approached the Captain and mates, with daggers in hand. The officers were ready to treat for peace and life, or fight until they died. The men's knives were held in their sleeves; handspikes and iron belaying pins were conveniently at hand. The brawny cook stood well armed in the galley, and even I, myself, had a pistol in my

pant's pocket, and a carving knife tucked down the back of my neck. A number held their breath, waiting for a signal for them to spring into the dusky crowd. Our fate hung on a small thread. Farewell, home and friends, thought I; good bye, young life, for another world, — when, to our astonishment, Madam Mass walked up to the head man, or chief, and showed to him a piece of old parchment. He looked angry upon seeing it, but through an interpreter told the Captain that our lives were spared. That little parchment was a protection from the King of Zanzibar, whose will none of these tribes dare to disobey. We showed the chief the English flag, and its appearance had a wholesome effect on him. Too well they feared the dreaded king, or a visit of a man-of-war that could throw their town into ruin in four minutes, and capture every one for a hopeless slavery. Many of the savages being clamorous for our lives, we began to doubt their kind intentions, but the principal chief, whom they called "Ali," sprang among the hot-headed, tumultuous blacks, and with a war-club distributed them helter-skelter, right and left. This knock-down argument stopped all further outbursts. Our chance for life was good for the present, and we were glad of an opportunity to breath freely once more.

How many crews have been placed in our trying situation, and have not escaped to tell the tale? The report in the columns of many papers has been, "Never heard from." Why? Because the ship struck a reef; all hands were murdered, the vessel demolished, the

last vestige of men, vessel and cargo destroyed,— far from home and assistance. The wife, mother, and friends waited, year after year, for the return of the husband, son, or friend they loved so well, whose bones, alas, lay bleaching on the shores of some distant land, and never should fond eyes behold that loved form again in this life. Years of painful, weary suspense, glided slowly by, and to them a mystery ever shrouded the fate of the lost. They grew reconciled in time, when the last ray of hope had expired, and hoped to meet their darling on a fairer and a brighter shore.

By signs the natives managed to impart to us their wish that we should find our way to their village, and the interpreter, after a long confab with the chief, told us to take our valuables and leave the vessel. The chief pointed out the direction in which we were to go, and immediately his followers began to ransack and plunder the barque. It was a splendid prize for the natives, and in their eagerness to plunder, they exhibited a desire for us to be out of their way. The Captain had two loaves of wedding cake, of which he could not eat a morsel. I sat down and ate as much of it as I thought might last me at least three days, then, having drank a bottle of white wine, felt well-filled and strong. I pressed the ladies to eat, but their hearts were too full of sorrow to do so. I then shared the cake and wine among the crew.

The scene on deck beggared description. It was an African hell in all its glory. The savages were saucy, and, knowing the advantage they had over us, were for taking our lives, while the chiefs were plundering the

cabin. We all quitted the ship in haste. My chest of wine and food was tumbled over the side, and towed to the shore, but was never seen again by us. Everything that could be moved was thrown to the natives swimming in the water, and all that would float was pushed to the beach, the heavy articles sinking close to the side of the barque. I implored the men to leave the gold and take plenty to eat, — but they saw no need of doing so, and unfortunately for themselves, did not.

I assisted the ladies ashore, then returned to the cabin, secured a box of crackers, a box of cigars, a bundle of papers, my pistol, and some tobacco. These, together with my wet garments, made quite a load for me. The mate was calling to me to come along, or I would be killed by the savage plunderers. The scene around was fearful. The natives had full swing. A bag of gold that was on deck, I threw over the side. Jack Bridges caught and saved it, while I leaped into the surf, and waded to the beach, all the men laughing at my load. Two of the men had a box of dollars, both hard at work getting it along, and going high up on the beach, they opened it, each man taking his part. The bag of gold was in charge of the Captain, who looked ten years older than he did before the wreck. The empty box was buried in the sand, and off we started, the bull-dog running along the shore, barking joyously. We left the beach, and followed the camels' tracks among the sand hills. Night came on. We laid down in the sand and slept soundly. Thus passed the first

day. The second was the same. We travelled steadily all day, toiling under the burning sun, with nothing but a few crackers to eat, yet I felt tip-top, and supported the delicate girl as best I could.

What a sorry looking company we were, trudging wearily along. The second night we burrowed in the sand, and had sweet, refreshing sleep. The third day we lost the trail, and many felt their spirits sinking to low-water mark, when they gazed on the vast range of barren hills spread out as far as the eye could reach. We had no food, no water, no hope of finding the natives' town, wherever it was; yet with true Yankee grit, we marched on with no reliable leader, and had gone too far to think favorably of turning back.

Now the pain of thirst began to tell upon us. The dog panted and reeled as he ran. The weak child at my side cried continually, the mate taking her under his care. I had a shirt tied up full of dollars on my shoulder. "Captain, here go the dollars," I cried, and down they fell on the sand. Others followed my example, throwing away muskets, letters, and all encumbrances At dusk we found an old deserted hut, standing solitary on a flat, sandy shore. We ran eagerly to a lake that greeted and gladdened our sight, but found it to be a bed of salt mixed with desert sand! The men in their disappointment tore the hut to the ground. We dug in the sand for water and found it, but it was as salt as the ocean itself. We laid on the ruins of the hut that night, tossing in agony.

The fourth day was the same in its character as those that preceded it. "Water, Water," was the cry from agonized lips. We ascended a rocky hill and took a view around. A barren waste presented itself everywhere except to the eastward, where a long, blue line marked the ocean. We concluded to try to reach it, and started over the hills in its direction. If there had been a blade of grass, or even a tree, we should have devoured it. That day we walked over vast sheets of isinglass, flashing like mirrors in the scorching sun. We next came to large, cool caves among the hills, and in them sought repose. What horrors of Tantalus did we undergo. Every time we laid down, we saw in bright visions, our homes, our friends, the well-filled tables, and gushing streams of water. When we awoke, the terrors of our situation stared us in the face, more horrible than ever.

I had copies of "Harper's Weekly" with me, containing sketches of the "Lynn Strike." These papers were shared among us, and eagerly eaten, and with the pictures of home and familiar faces, were digested by our hapless company. I tried to eat my boot-straps, but my tongue had become so dry that I could not swallow. It was high noon when we came from the cave, and continued our journey; when night came, we again laid down to suffer for a still longer period the pangs of hunger and thirst, praying to heaven to relieve us of our misery. The fifth day our sufferings increased terribly. We reached the ocean late in the afternoon, and found ourselves

standing on a high, rocky bluff. The waves beat in fury on the rocks, three hundred feet below us. There were huge fissures in the cliff, leading down to the water's edge, through which the wind blew heavily.

We laid on the rocks and gazed at the cool, blue waters. "Come, Captain," cried Madam Mass, "I'll take your hand and Fillemane's, and, jumping from this cliff, end our misery." The Captain chose to abide his fate. Seven of us scrambled down the rocky chasm to the sea, and on turning a corner of the rock a sight met our eyes that sent the stoutest-hearted man reeling with sickening fear. There was lying in ashes, that had burned out years ago and yet retained their place, the ghastly, grinning skull of a white man! "Great God!" we cried, "what agonies are in store for us!"

We washed our bodies, and returned to our companions at the top of the rock. Jack Trull swore he must have a piece of raw man, or a drink of dog's blood, "quick, and no fooling; and if you have got a barker, Ned, that can pick us off, you are the lucky man to die. Ain't you willing to, that some of us may live to tell the news at home? I tell you, Ned, I'll stand my hand." Thus with many oaths forced from his lips by the desperateness of his condition he ran on. I arose from the ground, revolver in hand, and pointed at the poor dog. My mute appeal was answered by a loud "yes," and, "do it quick" from all except the Captain. He embraced the faithful animal, then turned his head away from us, and cried like a child. The next moment "poor Tige" had

howled his last howl. One barrel of the pistol was now empty. For whom were the full barrels reserved?

The dog's throat was cut, and every precious drop of blood saved in a tin can. The ladies took a deep drink of it, as also did all present except the Captain. He cut a piece of meat from the carcass for himself, and some for the ladies. Every drop of blood was drank, and the tin lapped clean. The body was carved up and eaten, and although raw, it was far superior to leather or paper. The next food to pass our mouths must be a piece of raw man or woman! The thought was fearful in the extreme.

The mate and ladies here gave themselves up to despair, lying down to die, and imploring us to end their misery. Some of the toughest of the party were losing their reason. I told the Captain I could hold out a day longer, sure. The gold was divided, and we left the little party of five, who could go no further, to perish by inches. "So help me God, we will send you help if we find any," cried the Captain, and off we started down the coast. At set of sun we climbed a high hill, and as the foremost man gazed with anxious eyes, he caught sight of a small white speck in the distance. It appeared no larger than a white dot, it was so far away. It was the loosened sail of our barque, flying in the wind. We yelled and laughed with delirious joy, and embraced each other with streaming eyes. It was the only hope for the lives of both parties, but it was miles and miles away. If we could reach the wreck we would yet have a chance for life.

CHAPTER VI.

Plenty of Gold but no Food — A Parting — The Last Good Bye — Our Strength Leaving Us — All Grows Dark and I become Unconscious — Aid from the Natives — "Agoa, Agoa" — At the Wreck Again — Arrival of Those we Left Behind — Faithfulness of the Slave Girl — Dr. Ray makes Up his Mind — Queer Antics of the Natives — Food and Water Found — Councils on Shore — Shall we be Killed or Ransomed — Buttered Gold — Dexterity of the Negro Women — Our Fate in Suspense.

ON we struggled that night, reaching a deep, dry gully, where two natives' huts stood. We hunted around for something to eat, and found a goat-skin bottle, ornamented with the cowry shells strung about it. But, O horror! it was empty and dry. Nothing else was found in or about the hut. There was a narrow path that led over the hills. The cook pointed it out to us and said, "Captain, four men and myself will strike off on this path, and we may find help before you do. We will do our best for all hands." I wished to go with them, but the Captain said, "No, Ned, you must hang to us; you are better off than any of us. You are light, young, and keep up good heart, and must stay with me."

The cook had twenty pieces of gold, a pair of scissors, and to please him, I presented him with my pistol. We had been neighbors when we were boys, and the ties of friendship between us were strong. He and

his four brave companions bade us, "Good bye," and started up the narrow path. When they reached the brow of the hill, they turned their faces towards us, and with a farewell wave of the hand, disappeared from our view, forever. No tidings of their sad fate ever reached us, and the heart sinks at the thought of their probable end.

Our little party, with bleeding bodies, tongues hanging from our mouths, and clothes in rags, plodded on through the rocky ravine. Sharp stones cut our feet, our legs were swollen and blistered by the sun, and more than twenty times that eventful night, we were ready to lie down and die.

At about midnight, Bridges and Webster fell upon the sand completely gone. The gold made a hard pillow for them. They cursed the wretched fate that seemed to await them, and began to tear their clothing to eat. The Captain and myself kept on. I had thrown away all the gold except two pieces. These I put in my pocket, where they soon chafed me so much that I drew them out and tossed them away. I was as weak as a child.

The Captain was continually moaning for water, while we followed the bed of the ravine to the sea shore. Can any one conceive of our agony at this awful moment? Softly the moon's rays fell on the ocean waves in sheets of silvery radiance. We struggled to the beach, and rushing into the salt water, laid there in a delicious trance. What was death to us now? The ocean refused to swallow us, as wave upon wave threw our worn, emaciated forms back to

the strand. We drank the salt water until we were filled, and laved our parched bodies in the cool liquid, remaining for some time in the water. All about us was as still as death, with no sound save that of the hoarse rolling of the surf, that dashed in fleecy clouds on the hard, shining sand. Thus ended the sixth day at midnight.

We rested on the beach sand until dawn. Sleep was out of the question. We were fast passing the bounds of earthly sleep or hunger, but the demon of thirst had us in his iron grip. Oh, what would we give for just one draught of water! "Water, Water! for God's sake," was our piteous moan. We could not speak; our tongues hung swollen and black, from our mouths.

O, the agony of thirst! Faint, bleeding, and despairing, we struggled on, and as we turned a corner of the beach, the wreck lay exposed to our sight. It was all of five miles from us. Our strength was gone; our low spirits came not up, as we looked upon the barque, her topsail streaming in the strong wind. With a hollow groan I sank down on the beach, moaning in agony. The Captain staggered a few steps farther, and with his hand on the butt of his revolver, sank in his own tracks, his eyes fixed on the wreck in the distance. Had we sought to gain our object and failed in sight of it? Must we perish here, after struggling so hard for life? The bright sun paled in the sky; all grew dark about me; I was in a death-like trance, and knew no more.

How long I remained there I do not know, but

when I again opened my eyes I was lying on my back, beside the Captain, among the hills of sand. A savage, with a long spear in his hand, having some of our cotton cloth wrapped about his body, stood before me. His woman had wet my mouth with water from a skin bottle which she carried. The Captain was recovering, and after much difficulty sat up and made motions to the natives. Taking eleven pieces of gold, he gave them to the savage, and pointed, first to me, helpless and prostrate on the sand, then to the hills lying far back from the ocean. The natives understood his meaning, and after giving us another drink of the brackish water, disappeared in the direction the Captain had indicated, followed by the woman with the skin of water.

We remained there in the broiling sun until late in the day, when, to our joy, we saw our two lost companions appear before us, led by the woman who had given the bottle of water to her man, he having gone farther back to find the party of ladies, the mate and the seaman, who had lain down to die when we parted. The two men presented a wretched sight. Power of articulation was gone, and the thirsty sand drank eagerly the crimson drops that trickled from their lacerated feet. We laid on the sand and drank water that the woman obtained by digging in the sand, and gave to us in little shells. We were but a short distance back from the beach, and of course the water was brackish.

At dusk we started for the ship, and cut our feet badly on the cuttle-fish bones that lay in heaps upon

the beach. We made slow progress, but neared the camp of the savages just after midnight. The light of the moon enabled us to see everything clearly, and the tumult in the tents made by the dusky crowd as we approached, was trying to our nerves; especially as we thought that they might despatch us there on the beach, and none of us remain to tell our sorrowful tale. But our prospects took a milder turn. The chief, "Ali," and a dozen of his followers, kindly assisted us along. We were very weak and faint. I called out "Agoa, Agoa,"—the native's word for water,—and soon we were all tasting that which we had brought from home, and procured by the natives from the wreck. Oh, how I wanted to gulp down the pure water, but, for my own safety, was obliged to take it only in small quantities. The Captain and Webster both had cramps and spasms, caused by drinking too much.

A lot of cotton cloth made us a bed, and we slept till the sun was high in the heavens the next day. That noon we all went on board the wreck, and occupied the berths in the forecastle. The cabin was completely gutted, and torn to pieces; destruction was on very hand. As I was bathing my swollen limbs in cool water that afternoon, I saw in the distance a number of human forms approaching. They came slowly nearer, and at dusk we recognized them, as the party we had left behind to die. Some of the natives, headed by their chief, ran to welcome them, and placed them on the donkeys' backs. The cook and his companions were not there. Poor fellows!

we have had no story of their fate. The ladies and the rest of that party soon reached the shore, and were safely placed aboard. Two of them became crazy when they drank of the ship's water. The natives lashed the frantic men to the ring-bolts in the deck, and watched over them until they came out of their horrible agony. The hard, rude hearts of the natives were opened by our miseries. The ladies were placed in the berths, and every attention shown them. The little girl seemed torn to pieces with pain. The mother could not speak, but clung to her daughter as only a mother can twine herself about one she loves. We had doubts about their ever becoming well and strong again; no medicine, no pure and nutritious food, no flour or bread of any kind; nothing but salt beef, tea and tobacco could we find on the wreck; but in ten days time the ladies appeared on deck, and their strength gradually returned to them. One of our seamen officiated as cook, while I hunted for food. Bread was what we wanted, but I could obtain none.

The little slave girl, young and full of life, bore up bravely, under all her sufferings. Being a native of Zanzibar, she was not injuriously affected by the climate, as were the remainder of our party, yet she cried with joy when she found she could have pure water to drink. Throughout all our sufferings she clung with devotion to Madam Mass and her daughter, doing all that she could to alleviate their misery.

Dr. Ray seated himself on the edge of a bunk, and in broad Scotch dialect, declared that all England

could not send him again on so perilous a voyage. The loss of his valuable curiosities and his experience thus far with African life, had combined to completely destroy all his ambition to become an explorer of unknown countries. Could he put his feet once more on the brown hills of Scotland, he would stay there, and not risk his bones again in collecting electric eels and African gold for the scientific men at home to admire.

The natives now kept away from us, and held consultations on the beach every day. They were clothed in cotton cloth pillaged from the barque, and many of them were funny looking objects indeed. They were rigged out in all kinds of clothing, and made a grotesque appearance, as, full of pride over their new capture and captives, they strutted on the strand. One of the chiefs had on a lady's skirt; another a shawl, and over that, cloth enough to make a ship's sail. It was a common occurrence to witness two natives cut open with their daggers a bale of cloth, and each grasping an end of an entire piece fasten it to his body and whirl round with a rapidity equalled only by the motions of an expert dancer. This would continue until a third person interfered, and with one stroke of his dagger set the two cotton-wound natives free. Both would then run away in high glee, and at their leisure disrobe themselves of their plunder.

The twelfth day after we came on board the wreck, Jack Trull died, lying in the Captain's arms. We sewed the body up in strong canvas, and at night, as it lay on the deck, I stood watch over it. I felt

very uneasy, at best. The savages were at work under me, tearing the sheets of copper from the hull, and I expected a dagger in my back each moment; but the weary night wore slowly away, and the next day we took the corpse ashore and buried it. Dr. Ray and the Captain read, with great trouble, the funeral service, after which we returned sadly to the forecastle, feeling our own weakness, and knowing that our lives hung on a slender thread. The next day we visited the grave of Trull, and to our regret found that the wild dogs had dug the body from the grave, torn the stout canvas in pieces, and eaten a portion of the remains. As we buried it anew, it was not in any way disturbed again; heavy iron and wood keeping off all intruding "coyoties" or jackals. Myself and three others were taken down with dysentery, but by pounding the iron cable and swallowing the rusty flakes, mixed with water, we recovered.

We had now nearly devoured the small quantity of food, and skins of dirty water that the natives had given us. The hold of the vessel was half full of sea water, and going down into it one day, we found, to our great joy, a barrel of pork, a keg of butter, and a small bag of gold. I dived three or four times for two articles that I spied lying on the bottom, and brought up safely a can of oysters, and a pine-apple cheese. These were given to the care of the ladies. The men returned to the labor of fishing up the pork and other articles. I took a piece of iron and struck the huge tank amidship, and to our

great surprise and delight, we found that it contained nearly eleven hundred gallons of pure, cool water. If the savages had known that we had found it, they would have taken it away from us, as they had the water in the casks and butts. We contrived to draw it off, and hide it in the forecastle, under the ladies' berths. We had plenty to read, smoke, and drink, and we really began to feel somewhat happy.

The natives gathered in circles on the beach each day, debating whether to kill or spare us for a ransom. They knew something of the value of money, and were continually after the "fluse," as they called the specie. We covered the gold with butter, and it remained on the floor twenty days, the savages often walking over it, yet perfectly ignorant of the treasure upon which they were constantly stumbling. They seized us one day and searched our bodies for hidden wealth, but found none upon us. I began to pick up their rude language, and before I left the wreck, could ask for many little things. They kept watch of all my movements, but I boldly stole from them articles of clothing, and carried them to my fellow sufferers. The negro women often threatened me with the long spears, which they threw with great dexterity and precision, and I narrowly escaped being transfixed by one, that measured fifteen feet in length, and at another time had the blade of a dagger laid on my throat. I closed my eyes, and expected to feel the long sharp edge cutting through my jugular vein, but the black devil contented himself by throwing me down and tearing from my waist the fancy belt I wore there.

My chest was broken, and lying on the beach; my garments were trampled in the sand; a full barrel of molasses was capsized and lost; the boats and casks were all stove, and the savages were boiling rice in our kettles with the wood thus obtained. I wondered how they lived in this desolate country, and before I escaped from their villainous hands, I had my eyes well opened to African life. The men among them were at work day and night, stripping the wreck, the younger ones carrying the plunder up among the sand hills, and the women loading the camels and donkeys with everything that they could lift. The animals were driven away in a westerly direction, accompanied by girls and boys. Only the older persons were allowed to wear any clothing. The young people were naked, and wore no ornaments except a string of amber beads, or a long yellow stick run through their ears. All of the natives were covered with vermin, which they soon communicated to our persons.

Many times did we strain our eyes to catch a view of a passing sail. English men-of-war that were sent to scour the coast, we never saw. And as our arrival in Aden had been expected, and the barque not appearing, great anxiety was felt for our safety. The husband of Madam Mass had chartered a vessel, and manned her at his own expense. They sailed along the Arabian coast, but of course could not glean any tidings of us, for we were eighty miles south and west of Cape Guardifui, among the dreaded tribes of the "Soumaulies," the most warlike and cruel on the eastern coast of Africa.

The chiefs still gathered in council, and their weapons were never out of their hands. Were they afraid of our little sickly band, or had the saying "dead men tell no tales," reached them, and were they about to test its truth by killing us and sparing the ladies? Ah, the nature of these men is not like that of the whites, but treachery, malice, hatred, cowardice and revenge are predominant traits in the character of the native African. The hand that clasps your own in the greeting of "Saub, Saalm, Saub," may the next hour be reddened with your life-blood. It would seem that nothing but the bayonet and bullet can elevate these nations. In a half-civilized state of mankind, gentle words and treatment appear to be useless.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chief's Watchfulness — The Cook's Queer Barriers of Fat — Do They Mean to Starve Us — Slavery or Death — Which shall it Be — Our Fate Decided by a Goat — Our Ransom Price Fixed — Our Treatment Changed for the Better — The March Commenced — "Old Abdallah" — Mahommedan Prayers — Camel Train Met — Green Grass Once More — Arrival at the Well — A Feast of Welcome — Preparations to Resume Our March — The African Girls Anxious to Rub Noses at Parting — We decline the Honor — Five Days of Marching — Our Destination in View.

HE chief, "Ali," was a large man, in height over six feet, and as strong as a lion. His second in command was very tall and slender. These chiefs did nothing but watch our actions, and harangue the dusky crowd when they left their labor on the wreck. They cut the masts away close to the deck, after three days of hard labor, and this being done, it was no wonder that the "Lady Elgin," and other cruisers did not discover us; the savages were shrewd on that point. The falling spars struck some of the natives, busily engaged in pillaging, and as they were dragged from the rubbish, their companions began to belabor them with clubs, and rub sand in their gaping wounds, a form of "medical treatment" which would not prove very acceptable to white men.

The tumult they made was deafening to our ears, and we felt relieved when it subsided. Soon they were

again at work demolishing the wreck. They even tried to take the few pans and kettles we had in the galley, but our new cook, taking advantage of their superstitious dread of grease, hung up fat pork all about the place, thus keeping the dusky crowd outside of his dominions. They threatened to kill him if he did not deliver up the articles, but, safe behind the oddly constructed barrier he had planned, he laughed at their efforts to dislodge him. Our Captain appearing on deck just at this time, the bright buckle of his waist-belt caught their sight, and he would have lost the bauble, or his life, had he not seized a piece of raw pork, and rubbed it on the glittering buckle.

We had now been on the wreck twenty-three days, and were getting tired of such wild proceedings. We saw that the negroes intended to starve and worry us to death without killing us outright. To become the victims of such a lingering torture was what we most dreaded, and we regretted that our lives had been spared thus long only to meet with so diabolical an end. A lingering, starving captivity is horrible. Can human beings have the heart to inflict such cruelties on one another? No. They are devils in the human shape. We shudder at the fearful outrages that the spirit of the arch-fiend, encased in the form of man, can impose on his helpless captive.

We were now all weak and sick; the very monkeys died of starvation. Birdseed, tea, pork, and water formed our every day ration. Our condition was daily becoming more and more dreadful. The boat of the French ship lay on the sand, about a mile off.

We tried to get it to the sea, weak as we were, but the savages with poised weapons drove us back to our place of refuge, and then hauled the clumsy boat far up among the sand hills. All hope of escape in that direction was thus cut off and abandoned. We prayed and hoped for a cruiser to show her white sails in the offing; but none appeared.

The barque was now completely stripped, and the savages held their noisy councils on the beach every day. They always had a black and a white goat with them, and we understood that if they led the black goat from the circle, it was all over in this world with the male portion of our party. Being thus subject to the caprice of four hundred natives, debating for so long a time on our fate, was torture to us. At length, after many more days of jabbering and manœuvering, they led the white goat from the ring and threw it on the deck of the barque. A few natives followed, who killed and dressed it before our eyes, then cut up the meat and gave it to our cook, taking care to keep clear of the pieces of fat pork that kept guard over the galley. The voice and arm of the chief "Ali," had carried the day; we were to be ransomed for a large amount of money and a new sword for each petty chief. These terms were ratified by our Captain, as soon as he could comprehend the state of affairs and what was wanted.

The manner of the savages soon changed towards us. Formerly they kept aloof, and were ready to put us out of the way at any moment. Now, they brought us sugar, rice, clothing, and shoes; also,

boxes of cigars and handkerchiefs. Madam Mass had her black dresses and shawls returned to her. They urged us to eat the well-cooked meat of the goat, and kept about all that day, almost burthening us with their attentions to our wants. Such a turn of affairs astonished us, and made us so happy that we cried with joy. We knew we were soon to leave the wreck which had become to us a prison, and commence our march for the natives' settlement.

No rain had fallen in this part of the country for four months, and was not likely to, for months to come. We knew we should have hot and tedious travelling to undergo, but anything was better than staying where we were. We expected to suffer from want of water, and it might be from many other causes, but we must go on to our deliverance. The savages left the barque at sunset, and we went to work making canvas belts in which to conceal our gold, while the ladies kept watch at the companion way to warn us should any native approach. We soon had the gold sewed up in the belts, and lashed snugly under our armpits and about our waists. The ladies also received their share, which they carefully hid. We ran a great risk in doing this, for had the chiefs by any chance learned of our efforts to retain the gold, there would have been no bounds to their rage; but for once, good luck was on our side, as they did not search us after we left the wreck.

We were allowed one more day of rest; the next morning the natives came and assisted our party to the beach. We went first to the encampment, where

a scene of the utmost confusion was presented to us. I never shall forget the sight; such destruction of property I never beheld. All of the barque's furniture was smashed to pieces; clothing, flour, sugar, and apparel lay trodden in the sand; the bare hull of our floating home was fast burying itself in the shifting sand, and the paint was turned white by the salt spray that had dried where it had fallen, and encrusted the well-modelled hull. Tears filled our eyes as we took a long, farewell look at our once beautiful vessel, and followed our guide among the hills which were a short distance behind the encampment. This guide was a man whom we christened "Old Abdallah," as soon as he joined us. He was advanced in years, and the only native who was to accompany us on our weary march. We struck off on a well-beaten path, and in a few hours' time came to the edge of a wide lake extending miles across the land. I thought that our travel here would end, but the trail we were on led through the lake. Without a moment's hesitation, "Old Abdallah" waded into the water which came nearly to his knees, and held that depth the whole way across, with a hard, sandy bottom. It was the hardest wading and walking we experienced on the whole route. The declining sun shone in our faces before we reached the opposite shore, where, on the dry, hot sand, our guide prostrated himself and went through his prayers with great earnestness, showing how firmly and truly he believed in the rude forms of the religion he professed. Here we had our supper of cooked rice and pork, and after a long, quiet smoke and earnest talk, fell to

sleep on the sand. The guide had rations of his own; he ate only a morsel, then, with a piece of cotton tied over his head, laid down near us and was soon asleep.

The whole party slept soundly that night. At break of day we were aroused by hearing the old guide chanting his prayer. This led us to suppose that he was a Mohammedan devotee, for the other natives had never to our knowledge indulged in such acts of devotion. We disposed of our meal before the guide had finished his prayer, and patiently awaited his movements. He took his morsel of rice at a single swallow, and started off on the old path, while we quickly followed his footsteps. Thus, day after day, we travelled over the hot barren waste, under the blazing heat of a tropical sun, until each seemed ready to sink exhausted to the earth. The water we carried in skins began to fail; the rice was almost gone; the pork was full of sand, and gritted on the teeth when we ate the greasy morsel. There was nothing to cheer the eye; it was all a waste of sand behind, a sea of sand before. Still the guide kept straight on, seeming not to care for heat or hunger, and to our anxious inquiry, only waved his hand to indicate that we were to go ahead — how far we knew not.

Our little party was fast failing, and slept heavier each returning night. Madam Mass, as she laid down, drew her pale little daughter to her breast, uttering no cry, shedding no tears; it was useless, for there was something in her heart that checked all

expressions of emotion. The sixth day in the desert, we beheld a cloud swiftly advancing, and in a few moments saw that it was the dry dust raised by the feet of camels, approaching us at a rapid pace. They passed us at a good trot, laden with plunder, and managed by young women. The last "ship of the desert," as the camel has been called, halted when it reached our party. A young girl jumped from the camel's back, and threw two skins full of water to us; also a large bag of raw rice. We drank of the water until all were abundantly satisfied, and the skin went back to the girl's hands empty. This was the water camel, and there were full skins still lashed to his pack and hump. The girl exchanged a few grunts and words with our guide, mounted without assistance to the hump of the animal, and slapping him on the neck, hastened along after her wild companions. She soon reached them, and all were quickly out of sight, going over the sea of sand as though they had a compass to direct them.

The next day the guide gave out a glad cry. We looked in the direction in which he pointed, and saw a line of hills rising above the sand. They were scarcely visible to us, but plainly seen by his accustomed eye. We could tell, by the way in which he laid his head on his hand, that there we should soon find rest. "Margi?" I asked. He nodded. "Agoa," I added. He nodded in the same way. "All right," cried I, "with food, water and rest, we will be content." The mate laughed at my capers, and said testily:

"Why do you care about the old fool? he has led us out here to die, I suppose."

"Recollect, sir," said I, "if he deserts us we are all gone up; he is our only hope for a safe journey to the natives' town."

"Well," cried he, "if ever I come again to this God-forsaken country, I hope to be cooked alive by the black tormentors who are masters of this fire-place."

"Don't let us crow until we are out of the woods," I replied. "One thing is as sure as a gun, we'll know enough not to handle hot iron a second time."

"But blast me if I can see any 'woods.' If I could only put my eye on a down-east pine tree, I'd die happy; but out here in this old hole—" then, addressing old Abdallah—"Say, old moke, what time does this train start for Bangor?—He don't know anything; he's worse than a white pine dog."

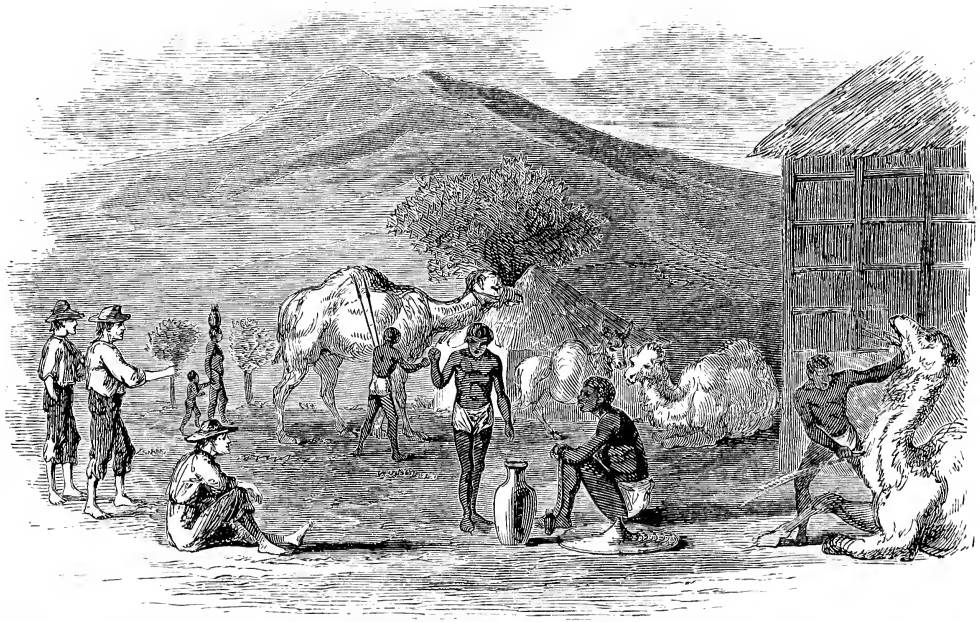
The men laughed at this last sally, and faces that had been sober and wan for many a day, beamed with new hope. Old Abdallah quickened his steps a little, just enough to keep well ahead. That night we were ten miles nearer the hills, and our spirits rose when we thought of once more seeing green grass and pure running water. As we lay in the sand we heard a strange noise. It came from the direction of the hills, and soon we heard camels and natives approaching. Old Abdallah hailed them, and they came near to us. The company, consisting of nine camels and their drivers, halted, and the men dismounted from the humps. They had not seen the shipwrecked party, and took a long stare at us in the partial darkness, then nimbly mounting, and

crying "Hah, Kah Hah," to the ungainly animals, kept on the same track we had travelled. At the end of another day of hard travelling we reached the sand hills. The sight of the dry, dead grass, was welcome to our eyes, and as we kept on our way, the tufts began to look brighter and more refreshing. As the night settled down, we ate our share of the scanty rations, and laid down on a bed of dry grass. It was indeed to us pleasant to arise in the morning and find our heads and bodies free of sand. Our path led among low hills that the short, dead trees seemed to cover. These trees were of many kinds, all small, withered, and covered with thorns and prickles. Just ahead of us ran a long ridge of high hills, reaching the summit of which, we gazed down on the plain below, where vast groves of trees, clad in living green, and the huts of the natives peeping out from the tough and twisted branches, greeted our vision. Down the hill we went, and in less than an hour's time, were crawling under the short trees, and parting with our hands bushes of many-colored flowers and the vines that stood in our way.

Ahead of us were a number of naked girls dipping water from a large sand hole, and bearing it away in leathern bottles, to their little huts in the shade of the groves. They ran to us with glad cries, and then ran away from us, as though they were afraid we would capture them. Abdallah rushed to the spring and filled his water bottle; then washing himself with the water thus obtained, took a long drink, and fell to praying with great zeal and fervor. The black girls

were soon engaged in bathing the heads and limbs of the ladies, and then running to us refreshed us with long draughts of cool water. They permitted us to drink all we wanted, for which we felt grateful, and then throwing ourselves under the cool, dry shade of the overhanging boughs, we speculated upon our future prospects. A camel was led out in front of us, and made to kneel as though he was to receive a load; the men gathered around and held a curious ceremony over him, keeping his head pointed in an easterly direction. The butcher then stepped to the animal's head, and drew his long dagger across the poor brute's throat, at the same time bending the head back on the hump. The hot blood gushed in a stream to the thirsty sand. The neck was severed from the body, and laid on the ground; the body still retaining its position, bled for five minutes or more, after which the carcass was dressed in quick time, the hind quarters given to us, and the stomach saved as a royal dish for the great man of the tribe. We soon had fires on the sand, and the meat, by being held over the blaze was about half cooked, and when eaten forming something of a barbacue for us. This feast of welcome was followed by the young girls bringing to us little rice cakes spread with sugar. I knew this fine reception would soon play itself out, but some of the men thought we had arrived in a land of milk and honey, and expected to live high, and have no more hunger nor suffering.

Two months were almost gone, and we saw no chance of leaving the country, yet our time of de-



"Water was obtained from sand holes. A camel was led out in front of us, and after a curious ceremony had been performed, the animal was killed and a feast followed." Page 82.

parture was near at hand. The chief had a motive power in old Abdallah, and in four day's time he appeared before us, clad in gay-colored garments twined around his body and head, the ends hanging down and flying in the breeze. Long spears were in his hand, and a water bottle slung about his neck. Camels and donkeys, laden with plunder, were formed in a line of march, and tiny flags fluttered from the spear heads that were thrust into the loads. The warriors slung their weapons and shields over their shoulders, and slapped us familiarly on the back, while the war drum, borne by two huge negroes, preceded the party, and thundered its noise over the land. The young ladies of color were anxious to rub their flat noses against our own, a custom of theirs corresponding to shaking hands at home, but as the bill of fare had been reduced to rice and water, we evaded the parting blessing. After all the preliminaries had been faithfully performed, we started once more, and as the little caravan left the settlement far in the rear, the drum was hushed, and in quietness we plodded on our way. After five days of weary marching, through high and low land, well wooded with short trees and creeping vines, we gazed on our future prison. "Ras-ha-foon" was in sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

Reception at the Natives' Town — Our Prison — The Savages mistake Epsom Salts for Sugar — Walking Skeletons — Our Partial Blindness — The Seide Boys — The Fishermen's Village — Justice as Administered by Barbarians — The African at Home — Our Pitiable Condition — A Proposition Accepted — Yankee Ingenuity Tested — A Midnight Banquet — Ready for Departure — A Strong Guard over us — Off.

ON we went through the low grass and sand, until we arrived within two miles of the town. The caravan was formed anew, and everything put into shape. The two drummers bearing a hollow log, covered with skin tightly drawn, and with heavy clubs in their disengaged hands, were fast striding ahead. The town soon presented itself to our view in its true and native aspect. A large hut for the chief, and an unfinished place of worship, were the two prominent objects that attracted our attention. The low, mat-covered huts of the natives were next seen, then the huts of the fishermen, but what pleased us most, was the sight of a large boat, hauled up on the sand-hills. There was old ocean far in the distance, the water like a long, blue ribbon, stretching in shining lengths along the high and rocky coast, with high mountains on either hand, dry and barren. The drum opened its loud and rude music; the natives chanted their wild songs and flourished their long

spears, with red flags flying. A crowd of natives were seen running to us, armed with every kind of barbaric weapon, from the long, sharp-toothed jaw of the saw-fish, to the sling and shield; while many had guns and swords. With cries of joy they leaped around the slowly moving company, and began one of their regular war dances. The people of the caravan joined in the hilarity of their friends, and mirth was in the ascendant. Every time they came to the end of a line, or chant, they all shouted, "Wy-yal," with all the power of human lungs.

Our men laughed at the queer antics they cut, but the mirth on our part was checked, when we arrived at a large hut, built of rough timber, mud, and grass. Into this hut the ladies were conducted, and allowed to occupy a small, but comfortable apartment. But the natives thrust us into a room about twelve feet square, rough in finish, with a hard clay floor to lie upon. They shut us in, but as there were loop holes through the mud wall, we could see all that transpired outside. We saw enough to make our blood boil with rage. The savages had plenty of sugar, rice, flour, biscuit, cans of meat, and the little extras I had with me in the cabin, and were having a grand blow-out. They wasted the flour and sugar, while taking it out in handfulls. But one thing pleased me,—it was to see some of the party fall upon a small firkin of Epsom salts, and become pretty well dosed. Bundles of mats were unrolled, and thus disclosed bottles of wine. Boxes of cigars, Dr. Ray's specimen chest, flannel shirts, lumps of tobacco, dresses, boots, and

last of all, the ship's instruments, were unpacked and roughly handled by these barbarians.

Our rations, consisting of camel's meat and rice, were passed to us. For three long weary weeks we were confined in that room, fed on rice and water, with now and then a cake of hungee-gungee or millet, mixed with water, and baked by the sun. At length they gave us permission to run at large, and cook our own rice, in an old iron pot that they threw out to us. We were fast approaching the condition of walking skeletons. When we arose, after lying down a few hours, we were blind, and were obliged to wait considerable time for the blindness to pass away. We were also bleeding from the attacks of vermin and bites of sand flies, and at night as we laid down, the long gray lizzard, so peculiar to this climate and place, crawled over our faces and hands. O, how the men swore at the terrible trials they were passing through. No wonder they said, "If ever God spares us to get out of this, we'll keep from this coast forever, and tell others to steer clear of the Soumalies." Strong men wept and prayed, and were helpless. Our clothes were torn and dirty, and sleeping on the bare clay, afforded an excellent opportunity for the vermin to travel over our bodies.

I now took the liberty of going about the settlement, and of learning all I could for our welfare. I wandered off alone to the "Seide" boys village of fishermen. They were the largest, strongest, and blackest negroes I ever saw, — a peaceful tribe, passing their time in catching the saw-fish and shark for

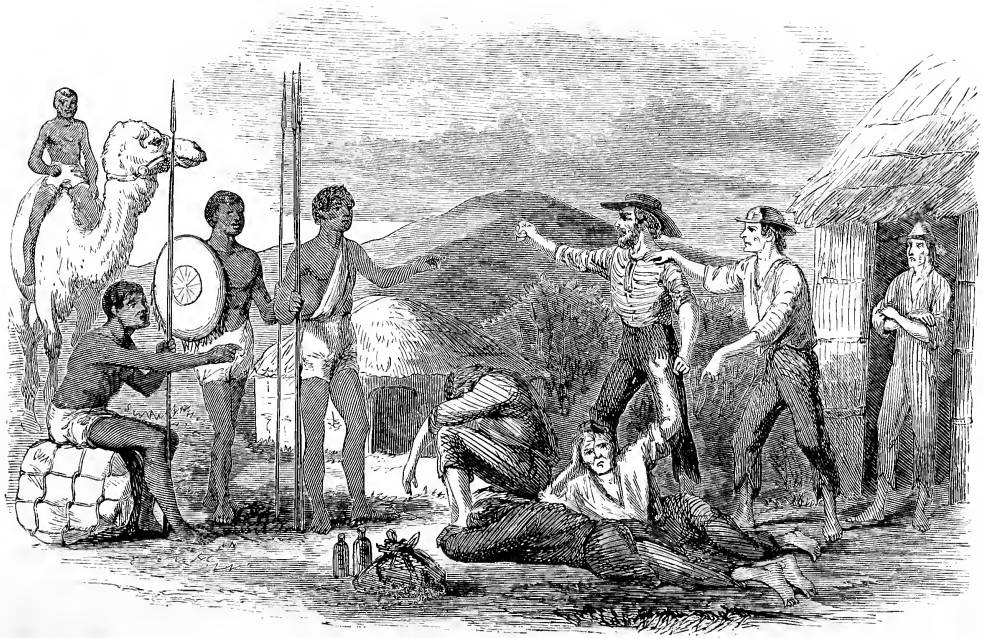
a living. In their crazy old boats, that leaked at a rapid rate, they boldly met the voracious monsters of the deep, and in nearly every instance brought them to the land. This little fishing village lies about twenty miles southwest of Cape Guardafui, and is concealed from sight of the ocean by a high, rocky mountain; but standing at a point near the village, the ocean can be seen to the south and east, stretching far away. A number of saw-fish saws were on large frames, drying in the sun. Some of them measured five feet in length. I had a grand opportunity to study the habits and manners of these fishermen, and was always well treated by them when I entered their huts.

We kept our specie safe around our bodies, and fortunately we were never examined. We had seen none of the money taken by the natives from our vessel since we arrived at Ras-ha-foon. At length the chief, "Ali," came from the wreck with the remainder of the plunder, and five negro captives. It appeared that some of his own tribe stole about three thousand dollars of the barque's specie, and buried it among the hills. The chief found out the thieves and money, dug up the cash, and fell upon the party when they came to recover their treasure. The chief and his followers slaughtered all but five of the thieves, and brought the specie and the remaining plunder and captives, to his village, where the five men, who had often followed him on the war path, were sold into slavery for life.

The Arabs buy slaves of the Soumaulies every time

they come from a victorious contest. When the wild "Wyhauless" and Abysinian tribes meet the Soumaulies, a terrible battle ensues; but the last named tribe, being "fighting men," generally gain the victory. I saw that the women performed most of the hard work, and were perfect slaves to the men, who had as many wives as they wished. The chief "Ali" had nine women in one room, and a number of boys and girls. These formed his "family." Two of his daughters could handle any three men in the tribe, and drive the long "assegie" or spear through the round bull's-hide shield at thirty paces. Human life is held by them in light esteem, and a captor may at any moment dash out his captive's brains.

We could not get any clothes, or cloth to make them of, and had to wear the foul rags that for so long a time had been our only covering. We were reaching again a fearful climax, when we turned our attention to the large dow, or boat, that lay high and dry on the sand. We coaxed the chief to let us launch it, and after many days he gave his consent. It was a mighty job for us poor wretches to get that heavy boat to the water. But our ingenuity and tenacity of life conquered all obstacles, and in three weeks' time the dow was caulked, launched, and rigged, and lay off the shore tugging at the line that moored her. We were patient in all our sufferings and privations during the time we were at work on the boat. We were all emaciated and worn down with fatigue, our hair long and full of vermin, our bodies full of pain, and our hearts full of hope one



"The Chief, after much palaver, gave us to understand that he would take us away if the Captain would promise him seventeen thousand dollars more." Page 89.

day and despair the next. What if the chief should still hold us prisoners, and not take us away from Ras-ha-foon. We could not rise on our persecutors and escape in the boat, for we were closely watched by the savages when they were awake, and when they slept they did so with their weapons in their hands, ready to overpower us if we made an attempt to free ourselves. We now had had seventy days' experience among the African tribes since the wreck of our barque, and were quite willing to bring it to an end.

The chief after much palaver and many signs, gave us to understand that he would take us away in the boat, if the Captain would promise him seventeen thousand dollars more. This modest request was granted, it being understood that the chief was to have the money as soon as the party were landed safe among civilized people. We were glad to escape on any terms, yet kept our smiles at the credulity of our captors concealed from the old chief, for fear he might distrust us. That night we were led outside of the mud palace, and found plenty of meat, dates, rice cakes, and pieces of salted shark, spread before us. The chief pointed to the food, and like ravenous dogs we immediately ate our fill. Oh, how good it tasted to our dry palates, and how it astonished our weak stomachs. The natives stood around, spears in hand, and watched us as we devoured the food they had prepared. We cared not whether it was camel, dog, or sheep, so long as it satisfied our terrible hunger. This feast was kept up till daylight.

Large fires were built and meat roasted. The natives also had a feast. The scene was curious to behold; they first danced into the hot, red glare of the fire, then disappeared in the gloom. This was kept up until the dancers reeled off to their huts, completely tired out with their exertions.

At daylight the whole population, numbering about six hundred, accompanied us to the beach, and once more, after all our round-about wanderings, we could smell the salt breeze from the ocean. Seven well-armed natives went to the dow first, then the ladies were boated off safely. Our little party followed; then seven more well-armed men, and the chief Ali. The ladies, the Captain, and Dr. Ray were taken aft, and the rest of us placed forward of the mast. The hold of the dow was filled with copper, cotton, tobacco, and iron. Strongly guarded as we were, the chief thought there was not enough, therefore he had all of his sons, well-armed, taken aboard. The sail was hoisted, the moorings slipped, and with wild yells of the savages on shore in token of our departure, the dow glided like a shadow away from the cursed land. At this juncture we agreed among ourselves to rise on the crew, throw them overboard, and steer for Aden, improving the very first opportunity that presented itself for so doing.

CHAPTER IX.

Our Boat and Companions — One of the Natives Overboard — The "Stars and Stripes" in Sight — Delusive Hopes — On the Red Sea — Arabia near at Hand — Mocolo — In the Harbor — Old Ali caught in his own Trap — He gets the Worst of the Bargain and Hurries off to save his Life — Kindness of the Sultan — All our Wants Supplied — We begin to Feel like Men — Sights and Sounds at Moloco.

THE boat in which we were swiftly speeding from the African shores, was an Arab built craft of twelve tons burden, and carrying one large triangular sail. This sail could not be reefed, but was tied snug to the long yard when it had to be reduced. The bottom was clean, and she sailed like a witch, notwithstanding she looked so old and ungainly. The chief seemed to understand his boat, and took the helm most of the time. The crew and guards slept by turns, with their weapons at hand. The second night out, one of the natives was lost overboard. This, however, seemed to be considered a trivial circumstance, for the highlands being near, the chief let him swim for the shore or drown. Which alternative he adopted we never knew.

We were watched sharply by the negroes, who numbered double our little band. Our food was rice and dates, served out to us twice a day, and a shell full of water four times every ten hours. There

never was any water lost or foolishly drank. We followed the coast, past the high, rocky Cape, into the straits of Babelmandel. The coast of Ajan was on our port bow, and when the chief ran the boat for the shore, a large collection of huts, neatly covered with mats and straw, lay before us. The head man of the little town received from our Soumalie chief a bundle or two of copper sheathing, and a bale of cotton cloth taken from our wrecked vessel, then raising the sail again, we steered boldly for the open sea. At dusk the highlands of the Cape appeared misty and dim to our eyes.

The dow ran all that night before a fair wind, and at sunrise no land was in sight. We talked but little that day; our hearts were too full of glad emotion to find vent in airy words. Silently we offered our hearts' thanksgivings to God, who had made the barbarous chief an instrument to lead us from captivity and death. At night we could not sleep, for the crew of the boat and the chief's sons kept up a wild and noisy chant, so we laid on the cotton cloth and watched the stars in the clear firmament, or gladdened our souls with the thought of the swiftness with which the dow cut its way through the dark and ruffled water. We saw, by watching the stars, that the boat was steered about North East by East, and as the chief had no nautical instruments, we wondered how he could steer so true, both night and day. Were we bound to Arabia to be sold into the hands of a cruel master, or were we bound to a white man's town? We soon found that we were heading for the port of

Mocolo, in Arabia, a place of which little is known to the civilized, or Western world.

The fourth day after we left Ras-ha-foon, we saw a large and lofty vessel approaching us, which, as it drew near, we discovered to be a barque. Oh, how our hearts leaped when we saw by the rig that it was an American vessel; but the chief had his followers ready for us, and a motion on our part would have been followed by instant death. Our Captain said, "Boys, there is the 'Imaum' homeward bound."

"Yes sir, but it can do us no good, for these rascals have their minds made up to kill us if we attempt to rise on them."

"Yes," responded the mate, "if we had anything to lay out our strength with, a good handspike for instance, we might clean these cusses out."

Dr. Ray advised us to keep quite still, as the natives were all prepared to run us through at our first aggressive motion.

The barque swept on with a light wind, about two miles from us. The Captain told the chief he would give him anything he asked, if he would allow him to signalize the barque. The crafty savage soon hushed him to silence by menacing gestures, and put the dow before the wind to get away from the barque's vicinity. A bright flag was displayed from the spanker-gaff of our countryman. Our flag was there; and the sight of the beloved banner filled us with new joy. The chief ran up to his yards' end, long strips of red bunting, and having thus exchanged courtesies, the two vessels rapidly drew away from

each other. The chief then patted our Captain on his back, as much as to say, "I am mighty glad you all kept still, for you know I want the ransom money, and did not want you to conquer us." Our Captain then patted the chief in turn, and said, "If I don't get ahead of you, old coon, I hope you will harpoon me with one of your fifteen foot spears, as soon as I get ashore." Of course the chief knew not what he said or meant, but we all understood his meaning.

We were now speeding up the Red Sea, having sailed more than four hundred miles from our starting point.

The next day the brown land of Arabia was descried by the watchful eye of the chief. Steering in its direction, we rapidly drew near to it, and after we had eaten our scanty ration, we could see three mountains, and a place that at first seemed to us to be a pile of square stones.

The boat sped onward; the pile of square stones took the form of houses, and as our dow turned around a long point of land, Mocolo appeared in full view. Mosques and minarets towered above the flat-roofed houses. Many dows lay at anchor in the calm harbor, gaudily and gracefully painted, each having a red flag, emblazoned with the star and crescent, which the red flag on our boat did not bear. The dow was run near to the streets of the town, and moored to another dow. There was a great clamor on the white, sandy beach, and soon many Arabs were pulling off to us in well-manned boats. The first one that reached us was filled with a well-dressed crew clad in turbans,

"As our Dow turned a long point of land, Mocolo appeared in full view." Page 94.

jackets and trowsers, and headed by a handsome specimen of Young Arabia, whose jewelled yathgan, or scimetar, hung at his left side. A splendid shawl was around his waist, wherein was to be seen a pair of richly mounted pistols. Blue trowsers and a heavy white turban completed his costume. With a nimble spring he soon placed himself amongst us, and then hurried to Madam Mass, who received him very cordially, and producing the parchment from her bosom, related her own and our grievances, pointing first to the chief, then to us, clad in rags and alive with vermin.

The chief, Ali, and his men turned many shades blacker, while the lady was relating our sufferings, and as soon as they could speak, began to tell their own story. The young man soon gave them to understand that he cared not to hear them, and soon had the Captain, passengers and ourselves conveyed in safety to the beach.

"How are you, old coon," the Captain cried, to the enraged Ali. "I told you, old fellow, you would get euchred in the long run. You will be lucky if you get back to Africa without the ransom money."

"Yes, old kick-shins, what will you give, to save your neck from the bow-string," shouted the mate, as he was being rowed to the landing.

The cargo of the Soumaulie dow in which we had been brought, was seized and taken ashore, while the chief and his men were allowed in town, only long enough to purchase provisions for their homeward trip. This done, they hurried to their craft, and to

escape the hands of the executioner, Old Ali and his crew, cheated, and raving with rage and mortification, set all sail, and at sundown had measured many miles of salt water on their outward trip from Mocolo.

Madam Mass was among friends, and caused them to take an interest in us. The place to which we were conducted was a large building, six stories in height, the residence of the Sultan and his family. Streets, houses, bazaars, tombs, people, camels, and richly dressed Arabs met our wondering gaze, on every hand. No white men lived here; the proud Arab, and the humble negro were the only classes of people. We could partially understand the Arabs when they spoke to us, and led us to the third floor of the western wing of the palace, where a room, cool and pure, about forty feet wide and ninety feet long, with a fine hard floor, composed of chanaum, awaited us. The room had eight windows, and a richly carved closet or wardrobe. The Sultan heard our story, and told us to make ourselves at ease and want for nothing. The head butcher, a hideous looking negro, but a master of his trade, soon had a full supply of mutton and rice, in course of preparation for our repast. Large white jars of cool, pure water stood in the corners of our apartment, and a large room on our left, with a bath-tub full of water, was ready for our use.

We cared not to bathe until we had had our hair cut, and the old rags that for so long a time had been our only clothing, thrown aside. A slave soon appeared with a large quantity of white cloth, an-

other followed with shears, needles and thread, which we knew well how to handle. After a most regal supper of mutton, rice, dates, garlic, and clear cool water, we had our surplus hair cut from our heads; then, combs, razors, and soap being provided, we rushed into the bath, and with grateful hearts and moistened eyes, enjoyed it as we never enjoyed one before. Our bodies presented a sorrowful sight; no civilized man would willingly contemplate us longer than for a single moment, blistered and blood-bespeckled skeletons as we were, laughing with joy at the success of our ransom plan. Here we were among kind friends, and our former masters were speeding back to Africa, chagrined and wild with rage. Verily, "it's a long lane that has no turning," and we could truly say that we had been snatched from the jaws of hell, and thanked God that we were safe from the wiles of our implacable enemy. That warm bath-room was a heaven below, to our happy little party. No oaths were dropped; no loud talk used; we felt the subdued, gentle spirit of kindness and humanity overshadowing us, and we came from that bath, better men. The rags we had worn were put far from our sight, the cloth was measured off, and in less than three hours, every man was clad in shirt and trowsers, feeling clean and happy. The remainder of the cloth we made into caps and jackets, and employed our time and exercised our skill in making them neat and well.

The next morning we saw the ladies and Dr. Ray handsomely attired in shawls and full Turkish

trowsers, with large and gaudy turbans on their heads, and altogether quite Oriental in their appearance. The Captain and mate were dressed in blue garments. We complimented the party on their grotesque looks, and they complimented, and laughed at us in turn.

Stopping in-doors for three days, we viewed the town and scenes around us from the windows, and on the morning of the fourth, we went out to enjoy a nearer view of the place. Long strings of men and camels were winding their way through the narrow streets. Houses and shops were open; the hum of business was heard about us, and the stream of camels seemed never to lessen. The noise of the loom and hammer was heard; the porters staggered by with heavy burdens; the women, shrouded from head to foot in robes of blue cloth, peered out at us from behind their heavy veils. Everybody was civil to us, and made way for us to walk through the close, narrow streets. "How are you, Ras-ha-foon?" cried Jack Webster. "How are you, Mocolo?" echoed Bridges. "And how are you, Yankee land?" I responded, "We 'll see you one of these fine days."

CHAPTER X.

Dates Brought us — Bible Scenes — Howlers, Contortioners, and Lepers — Veiled Women — Arabian Beauty — Camel Trains — Mocolo and the People Described — A Mysterious Building — The Bazaars and their Trade — The Call from the Minaret — An Agreeable Surprise — Opening of the Tombs — A Day of Festivity — Gay Scenes — The Bedouins dash into Town — Splendid Horsemanship — The Holiday Over — Glad Tidings — Good Prospects.

E returned to the palace, feeling tired, but pleased with our walk. As soon as we were quiet, and sprawled out on the cool chanaum floor, two slaves brought to us a heavy bundle of dates. These were divided equally, each receiving twenty-four pounds. We laid them in the huge, carved cupboard, so that each man had his own share to go to and eat.

We constantly saw the old Bible scenes enacted before us. A watch-tower capped each of the three high mountains; two women were grinding their grain in a hand-mill; the leper walked the streets, crying "unclean," his body turned from brown, to white, or red, in large blotches or spots, the people invariably shunning his approach. The howlers contortioners, and dancers, were on the beach performing their devotions, and entering into their religious exercises with a spirit that would astonish a Christian. Carried away by their enthusiasm, they placed

themselves in every conceivable posture, chanting all the time, and frothing at the mouth, loud, and rude music accompanying their devotions.

The women were to be seen in the streets in great numbers, walking erect and stately, yet, during all the time we were there, I saw the features of but one Arabian woman. I was strolling away, one afternoon, alone, and had toiled through the dusty streets, seeing the places of trade and the tombs, when, as I came to the wall that ran around the Sultan's tomb, I saw a child with his face painted red and green, and large hopples on his ancles to keep him from going astray, fall over his clumsy drag, and cut his face on the ground. I ran and picked him up, brushed the dirt from his eyes, and calmed the agitation he manifested upon finding himself in the hands of a white person. While I was thus employed, the mother of the child ran to take him into the house. I gazed full at her, as I made a "saalam," and saw a lithe, brown figure, clean and well-formed, clothed in dark blue cotton cloth. Her round, tapering arms clasped her child, and with a frightened look, and hasty step, she sought the shelter of her house. She had a perfectly oval face, clear, regular features, and coal-black eyes. A profusion of long, black hair fell over her gracefully sloping shoulders; her eyelashes were stained black with "yokel," in order to give a brighter look to the eyes. Her teeth were white and regular; bands of pure gold were on her arms, little silver hoops in her ears, and I thought that if all the Arab women were like this one, Arabia had its share of female beauty.

Hundreds of camels and donkeys were constantly passing from the town to the interior of the country, and others arriving with skins of water, bundles of grass, wood, gums, clay, fruit, and vegetables. The water is placed in large jars, holding sixty gallons, and thus kept cool. These jars are made in the town, and quite a traffic is carried on in shipping them to other countries.

Mocolo contains two mosques, three minarets, two public houses, two large tombs, and, as near as I could judge, two hundred houses, and bazaars. Their watch-towers, as seen in the engraving, overlook the whole, and from them warning is given of danger on land and sea. It has a good harbor, filled with Arab dows, from nine to a hundred tons burden, well armed and manned. Two large dows were being built on the beach when we were there, and a pile of cannon lay near the cemetery. The men of the place are well dressed in embroidered jackets, bournese, and caftans; gay turbans and wide trowsers. Many of them wear sandals; others, yellow shoes turned over at the toe. A thick and costly shawl is frequently worn about the waist, wherein are thrust the ugly jambea, and long, costly pistols. Their matchlock guns are nearly nine feet long, and the barrels banded with many silver rings. Their chief pride is in their horses, which are pretty and smart enough, but never trot. They run with the swiftness of the wind, but only when danger presses. Next to their horses they glory in their arms, the scimetar they use being a splendid specimen of bar-

baric skill and taste. The higher grade of people are easily known from the lower class, by their costly weapons, and the rich quality of their dress.

Dogs, cats, goats and sheep are common. The latter were known as "fat-tailed sheep," and had an abundance of wool on their bodies. If Barnum could have possessed the great goat of Mocolo, he would have astonished everybody. He was five feet in height, and for safety was chained to strong posts. Every animal that passed trembled in fear of the monster. Three negroes had constant charge of him. One of our men exclaimed, "Well, sure it is a goat, but I thought it was an elephant."

The tombs are splendid structures, and have been built many years. The larger of these has a dome covered with bright metal, which flashes in the sun, and is an object of constant care and devotion. Thousands of small fish swim near the beach, the fishermen taking large quantities in nets. These fish are strung on wires and held over the fire until they are thoroughly cooked. When salted, they are delicious, resembling the sardine or capelan, and are much sought for by the keepers of the side bazaars, who sell their goods to purchasers who stand outside. The bazaars are well filled with various articles; rice, eggs, bread, fish, garlic, shells, dates, ostrich feathers, and eggs, millet, dourrh, ghee, (the native butter) and oil, being the principal articles of trade. Side shops can supply gold, precious stones, knives and pistols, clothing and leather work. A large building in the town, from the dome of which great quantities of smoke poured

forth day and night, was wholly tabooed from Yankee curiosity, and we were never permitted to see its interior.

Every morning before the break of day, the "muzzimen," from the upper railing of the high minaret, chanting his prayer in a loud, steady voice, called the faithful from their homes to the divine service in the mosque. Our men aroused themselves as his sonorous tones reached their ears, and cried to each other, "Say, Bill, Jack, and Ned, don't you hear him calling the watch? Rouse out, the Dutch have taken Holland, and the wind can't blow." "Say, old fellow, how many bells is it?" asked an anxious one, going to the window. "Come out of that," yelled another, "the chap is saying mass for you; look at the young mokes filling up the bath tub." This allusion was made to the slaves filling the great tank in which the Mohammedans bathed before entering the church.

That day the Sultan sent horses for us to ride. The ladies and one of our men gaily dashed away, on the splendid steeds, closely followed by a number of black grooms, well mounted. The King of Zanzibar never forgot the young Yankee who rode the horse that none other dared to ride, until the noble animal was under complete control. The Sultan of the town had thus shown his courtesies to us, but we dared not risk a fall from a flying animal, and were thus obliged to forego that pleasure; but at dusk the steeds bore safely back the riders, who were all well pleased with the day's sport.

One very hot day the tomb of the royal family was

opened, as were also the smaller ones, and the town was given up to rejoicing and festivity. Crowds of natives in gay costumes paraded the streets. The children were hideously painted. Mimic battles were fought, flags streamed from all prominent places, and the cannon that were mounted, belched forth their sharp and loud thunder. The women had their arms and ancles banded with gold, the invariable thick veil covering their faces. Horsemen galloped about on fretted steeds, the long gun strapped on their backs, and hands full of colored flags. Throngs of men, women, and children filled every place; the desert wanderer was there, the merchant, the sailor, and the slave. Howlers and dancers out-did themselves; sweetmeats and fruit were on every hand. The day was still further honored by the appearance of about two hundred wild Bedouins, who dashed into the town, firing their long guns, and whooping like loose devils. They came to pay their annual visit to the Sultan, and were a rough-and-tumble set of men, all riding noble horses, which they managed with skill and ease. These warriors spent the night in the caravansary, and quietly returned to their desert homes on the morrow. We went back to our room quite satisfied with an Arabian holiday.

The harem of the Sultan was in the same building in which we were located, but we never had an opportunity to see his wives. We had drank nothing but water for many months, and, although in a coffee bearing country, we had none offered to us. Though we could not complain, for we had been

treated like brothers, yet we were getting weary of our mild and easy form of captivity. We felt like a person who had completed a visit and wished to go home, yet did not want to inform the kind host to that effect. But we had recovered our strength and cleanliness, and felt grateful for the kind treatment so generously lavished upon us, and did not wish to be an encumbrance to the Sultan.

Week after week had glided away, and yet no mention had been made of our quiting the country. We were the first white men that had stopped in Mocolo for many years, and so long as we conducted ourselves with propriety, we were welcome guests. At length as we began to grow more and more weary of the monotony, the Captain told us he had made a bargain with the Sultan to have us conveyed to Aden, in one of his own dows. This was glad news to us, and we felt really happy at the prospect of soon being among men of our own color and manners. Another lot of dates was given to us, and leaf tobacco in abundance; also one long pipe for all of us to smoke. The gold which we had brought in our belts was taken in charge by the Captain, yet we cared nothing about it, so long as we had a plenty to eat, and were advancing to freedom and the comforts and blessings of a civilized life.

CHAPTER XI.

Thoughts on Leaving Mocolo — The Boat and Escort — Loaded up — Farewell to our Dusky Friends — A Good Bill of Fare — Aden in Sight — Our Raptures on Seeing an American Ship — All Hail, Stars and Stripes — Passing up the Harbor — Joyful Meeting of Madam Mass with her Husband and Friends — Ashore — Speech of the Captain of the Guide — The Sailor's Boarding-House at Aden — The Hindoo Landlord — Rough Scenes and Tough Scenes.

THE large dow of the Sultan lay in the harbor, a gaily painted craft with a carved figure-head. She carried two masts, one large spar for the mainsail, and a small one near the stern to spread more sail when the wind was light. We were anxious to be on our way, and heartily cheered the Sultan when we saw him leading the ladies to the beach, in order to conduct them to the dow, in his well-manned boat, which in four trips placed aboard our little party and twenty Arabs. The Sultan's son and attendants, the crew, the cooks, and slave boys, together with six sheep, and provisions, tanks of water, wood, and a large iron kettle, making a heavy load for the dow.

The flags were flying from ship and shore; the Sultan waved his hand to us, and we cheered with all our power; the moorings were slipped, the triangular sail hoisted and trimmed, and the dow, keeling over with the strong wind, rapidly left the harbor. A long copper cannon on our boat, was loaded and fired as

fast as the gunners could pick up the piece and lash it anew; for every time it was discharged, the force of the recoil burst the rope fastenings, and the gun came end over end into the boat. They made out to fire it nine times before we had gone a mile from the harbor, and then, tired out with the hard work, they allowed the piece to lay where it last fell.

All hands turned to look at the town we were fast leaving, and to wave our hats and turbans to friends on the shore. Farewell, dark but kindly faces, and, good-bye, hospitable town; may peace and plenty be at your doors. Mocolo! Farewell.

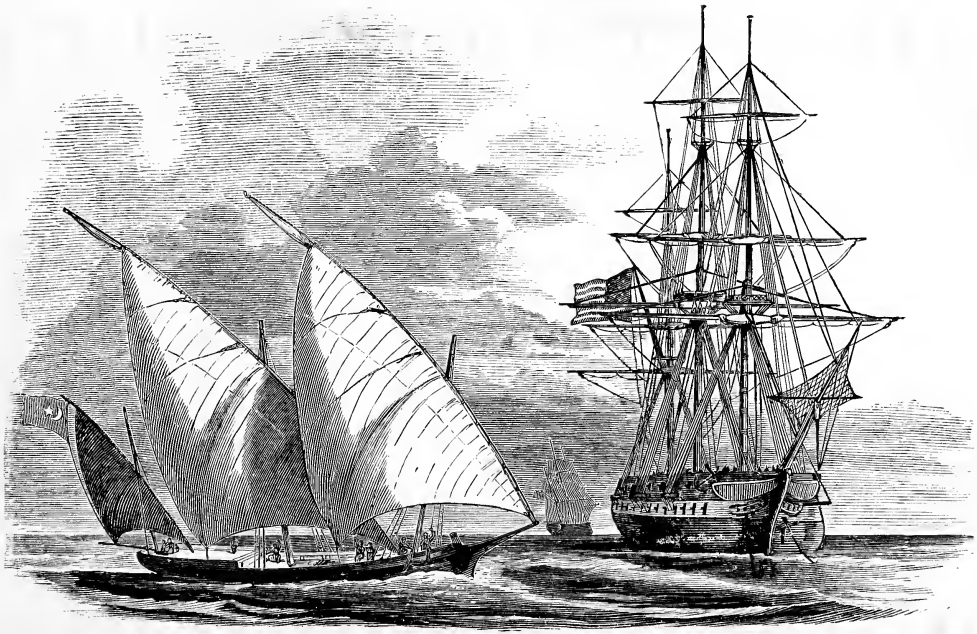
Gaily we bounded along the shore. There were two or three native dows coming down the coast, beating against the wind. These dows sail well, but cannot lay up to the wind like a Yankee schooner. They sail fast enough running before the wind, but a schooner would make three feet to their one, when beating to windward. Soon after the great kettle was placed in the bottom of the dow the cook had a sheep killed and dressed. Mutton, rice, dates and coffee, formed the bill of fare during the whole trip of four days. The coffee was served in little earthen cups; it was black, strong, and without sweetening, and after taking a small portion, we greatly preferred water, not having been accustomed to taking coffee in Arab fashion. The tobacco was excellent; the Arabs smoked their long pipes and took solid comfort. They did not hinder us from going anywhere on the dow, and they and ourselves were on the best of terms during the voyage. We had plenty to eat and drink,

time to sleep and smoke, and as the dow was making good time over the water, we were perfectly content. The full moon at night shed its pale light over the sea; the days were healthy though hot; and the wind strong and fair, wafted us right merrily to our destined port.

As the sun was setting the fourth day after we left Mocolo, we had the pleasure of seeing the high and rocky mountains that encompass the town of Aden. The long night wore away, and daylight brought us a view of our surroundings. We were near the lofty, towering hills; the surges of the Red Sea lashed the rocky shores, and our gallant boat that had borne us safely, scattered the spray in showers from its low, lean bows.

Soon the shipping lying at anchor burst upon our sight, and we neared it rapidly. The vessels were setting their colors, at the crack of the sunrise gun, and up from a large ship ran a ball of bunting. It broke, and the glorious flag of freedom was displayed to our tear-dimmed eyes. We cheered, the Arabs cheered, and all cheered together. The crew of the ship dropped buckets and brooms, and ran to the rail, to gaze on the few white men among our crew of dark-hued Arabs.

Our Captain shouted to the ship, "Crew of the wrecked barque, GUIDE;" and then, as we swept past them, the sailors sprang to the rigging and cheered us lustily. I glanced at the ship's name, and can never forget the feelings of joy that filled my heart as I read, "OCEAN MONARCH, NEW YORK." What a



"Our Captain shouted to the ship, 'Crew of the wrecked barque, GUIDE;' and then, as we swept past, the sailors sprang to the rigging and cheered us lustily." Page 108.

pleasure it was to know that we were so near our countrymen. There was the flag of our native land dancing in the breeze, and farther up the harbor was another Yankee ship.

On we went, passing English, French, Russian and Hamburg steamers, men-of-war and vessels of all kinds. Suddenly the rudder of our boat became unshipped and floated away with the strong tide. Two of the Arab crew jumped overboard, recovered it, and then secured it to its place. The men-of-war boats, with long sweeping oars, plyed between the steamers and the wharf, their straw-hatted, blue-collared crews staring in surprise at us, while the negroes on the coal-lighters dropped their tow-rope, and looked on in wonder. The songs of the sailors, as they worked the brakes of the windlass, or sheeted home the topsails, fell joyously on our ears. How gay we were; all suffering and care lay buried under our glad excitement. The houses and hotels on the shore next came in view, and all around was life and bustle. Vast piles of English coal met our gaze, and far up the harbor, a little island was fairly buried under it. Heavy batteries were mounted on the sides of the mountains, and signal stations ornamented their tops.

The dow soon came to anchor, and our Captain landed. Anxiously we awaited his return, and when we saw him approaching with the Consul and other white men, we felt that our wanderings were at an end. The shore party were quickly boated off to us, and among them were the husband and family of Madam

Mass. Words cannot express the deep emotion which stirred their hearts, and they cried with joy, to be once more folded in loving arms. The gallant Frenchmen greeted us kindly, and invited us to call on them if we were in want. Our Arab friends watched all the proceedings with great interest, and after taking a week's recreation in Aden, they returned to Mocolo, but not empty-handed, as the Consul generously rewarded them for their trouble, and kindness to us.

We were taken ashore, and Madam Mass and daughter shook hands with us all before entering their carriage. They thanked us kindly for the assistance we had rendered them during our long and sad experience, desired us to remember them if at any future time they could be of service to us, and wished us a safe and pleasant voyage home, and happy meeting with all our friends.

It was upwards of half a mile to the public house, but we soon reached it, and with light and happy hearts, entered its cool halls. The chocadores, or native police, watched us with a considerable degree of interest, and the many ladies and gentlemen stopping at the hotel, half laughed as they looked upon us through their eye-glasses. The Consul had a bath prepared, and a native soon approached us with a good supply of clothing for all of our party. Presently the Captain and mate appeared before us, clad in neat citizens' dress, and looking finely. They waited until we all were clothed in our new suits, and the Captain then said,—

"Boys, the mate and myself intend to go to the States by way of Alexandria, Marseilles, and Southhampton, in the steamer that sails in less than a week, and will take home any letters you may wish to send. I shall pay you all off to the time the vessel struck the beach. I have secured a good boarding-house for you, and the Consul is at hand to aid you when you need his services, but I advise you to get a homeward bound ship as soon as you can."

He then paid us off. My own share was thirty-six dollars, and all of us were content and happy. The Captain then conducted us to a boarding-house, kept by a Hindoo named Marker, and left us to do the best we could for ourselves.

We entered the domicil and saw that they were preparing dinner, which was soon ready. Strange faces we met at that board, and drunken sailors who came rolling in to their places at the long table. Eggs, bread, sardines, liquor and meats were before us. The knife and fork were held in my hand the first time for one hundred and twenty days. I had forgotten many of the rules of society, and made several blunders. The other men of the party loudly called out, "Trot them spuds down here. Hurry up that soft tack. Say, Jim, or what's-yer-name, chuck the beef along this way; do look alive for once, man." Others were still, and busy with their food. The water, served in thick tumblers, was cool and to us delicious. The cigars and pipes were in full blast as soon as the men had finished their hasty meal. Papers of English, French, and Hindostanee print,

were about the room. The beds in the chambers were only such in name; wash basins and towels were scarce, and loud and hard words were heard on every side.

That night as the men were around the table, playing cards and smoking their pipes, the door opened, and a bulky individual, a little the worse for liquor, staggered in. He called for sardines and wine; and having had his fill, he brought his clenched hand heavily to the table and shouted,—

"I am the bully mate of the 'Deleganie,' show me the man I can't whip."

He then glared around the room, and observing a little Frenchman that sat near me, he addressed him in a harsh and insulting manner. "You go away, or you get hurt," calmly replied the little steward. The drunken fellow advanced, as if to crush the spunky little man, who met him with a quick blow, fair in the mouth, felling him to the floor. "Get up, and go aboard," said the steward, and raising him to his feet, he hurried him into the street in quick time. The "bully mate" never showed his ill-used features in that house again, and the little steward was voted a good fellow. Boxes of sardines and rolls of bread were then produced, and noisily washed down with strong "Old Tom."

Why is it that a sailor will, in eight cases out of ten, become drunk as soon as he gets where there is liquor? Are these men hardened, or is it to prop up a false courage that they indulge in this soul-degrading habit? A great many think they are not

sailors if they are not able to toss off a stiff glass, smoke, chew, and roll out big oaths. They have an idea that it is manly, and raises them in the estimation of a sea-faring community, while at the same time its tendency is to lower them in the eyes of their superiors and their more intelligent shipmates. In some deep-water ships there are good, upright men; humane and brave. These study hard, keep a good character, and rise to position, while the slip-shod, drunken men, who go in for a good time, are always found in the long boat, and leading their old, careless lives,—"a gentleman for a day, a dog for a year." Thus they go on, until they hear the watch called for the last time in this world, and, with their faces to the wall, have plenty of time to repent of misspent lives, and of having thrown away the golden chances within their grasp. But come, chum, the air is too close here,— tobacco fumes, old tom, and curses are plenty; let us get a mouthful of fresh air.

CHAPTER XII.

Respectable Again — A Tropical Rain — All Afloat — Stampede of the Boarders — Houses in Ruins — A Welcome Letter from Home — Parting with our Captain and Companions in Captivity — What is to be Seen at Aden — An Enraged Native — Donkey Tricks on Sailors — A Curiously Tattooed Arab Girl — Passports Obtained — We Ship for Bombay — A Good Berth — Preparing to Leave Port — Ostrich Feather Merchants — One Trick of Many.

I NOW began to feel like myself, once more a man, and in respectable trim, — with my two suits of cotton clothes, my face smooth, and free from all traces of my long captivity, and my health fully restored. As soon as possible I hastened to the wharves and endeavored to find an opportunity to ship for home, but among the numerous craft that lined the bay, none presented itself, and at night I returned to the house and found my dog-bed in an upper room. I had not remained there long before I heard the pattering of a steady pouring rain upon the flat roof. This was the first rain I had known for more than five months, and I put my head out of the window, to enjoy the cooling shower. Soon I was startled by the voice of Bridges, who shouted, —

"Ned, are you awake?"

"Yes, I am, and here at the window."

"Well," said he, "if this rain keeps on, you will see the devil played in this town."

"Why," said I, "what harm can rain do? I am glad to see it come."

"Don't you know," he continued, "what the Bible says about houses built on sand? Whew, how it comes down; sounds as if the whole mill-dam up aloft had burst. The rainy season has set in, and I'm for getting out of this shebang, plaguy quick."

I struck a match, and soon had a luminary in my hand. We dressed and hurried down stairs, opened the door and looked out. Solid, white sheets of water, were falling from the heavens. I turned to go back, and tumbled over a drunken sailor, lying on the floor, buried in a deep sleep. I roused him, and laid him on the table. On going into the front room, we found the boarders lying about at random.

"Come, Marker, why don't you lead us out of this old trap, the walls will be coming down soon?" yelled a half-tipsy man, as he pushed his mat of hair from his eyes.

"Yes, me go, me tink me house come down. O, dam, dam, see de water come in," answered the half-crazy Hindoo, and ran off to pack up his household goods, and save his little property.

When daylight appeared, there were no signs of a breakfast, or of a move to get any. We rolled our clothing in small, hard bundles, and ran for the large hotel. Native houses were falling in ruins at every corner we turned; verily, the foolish man had built his house upon the sand, and was reaping the consequences. The braying of donkeys, and the cries of men and women fell on our ears, as we went to the

hotel. We waded to our waists, in a rolling stream of yellow water, bearing dead poultry, animals, and all kinds of household rubbish upon its surging surface. After tumbling down, hurting our feet, and meeting with sundry other mishaps, we at length arrived at the strong hotel, built on a sure foundation of rock. Still the solid rain poured upon the town, ran down the sides of the rough mountains in broad rivers, and we gazed with awe upon this tropical deluge. The hotel was filled with men and women, of all descriptions, and the other large buildings were equally crowded. The ships in the harbor filled their tanks; the reservoirs were overflowed; camps and roads washed away, and the damage done to the main highway alone amounted to many thousands of dollars. The famous Turkish wall was broken and tumbled down; many animals were killed and drowned, and one hundred and forty natives' houses lay in ruins. Thus much for the greatest rain that had fell on Aden for seven years.

The day after the deluge, as I sat on the hotel steps, I saw a native on a camel, wading towards me. He made his "salaam," and handed me a letter. I looked at the address, and fairly yelled with delight, — it was from home! I paid the messenger well for his trouble, and he said, "Capen and de missis go munyana, in de big smoke boat." "All right," said I, "I 'll be there to bid them good-bye; my respects to the party," I hastily added, and ran away from the crowd, that I might read my letter in quietude.

Good news to an absent son! A mother's love

and kind advice; a father's warning, and a soldier brother's manly greeting. And this little missive had travelled land and sea, for three months to reach me. O, kind letters from home, — they are the life buoys that keep a wanderer's soul above the deep waters of crime and despair. The tie that binds heart to heart grows stronger as farther and farther the wanderer speeds from home; and these messages of kind, anxious friends, keep a man in his path of duty, and ever looking forward to the time of a safe return, and a happy re-union with those he loves.

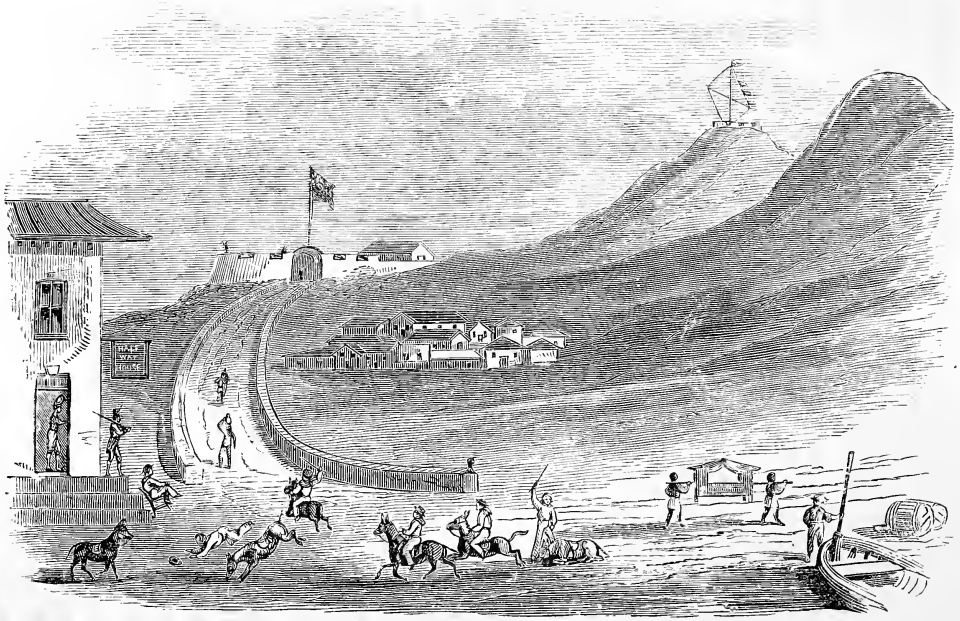
The barque had been expected home the month that I received the letter, — but to us it seemed as though we were yet on our outward voyage, still going onward, with no idea of reaching the United States for months. I penned a long letter, stating the particulars of our wreck, captivity, and safe delivery from the power of the blacks. I went in a "dingy" to the steamer, saw the ladies and our three male companions in captivity, had a talk with the Captain, and gave him my letter. Then with a full heart, and a warm and strong farewell grip of the hand, I left them, never more to meet in this world. The officers safely reached the States. My letter, and one written by the Captain, were alike on most points, and created much excitement at home, and in mercantile circles.

While in Aden I was fond of visiting the little wharf at which the passengers and tourists landed, and of watching them as they indulged in their many whims. Here was a gay French lady and consort, bargaining for a pretty gazelle, held by an Arab boy; an indul-

gent father buying fruits, comfits, and little toys, for the pale, well-dressed children at his side. There was the seeker after curiosities, turning over lumps of pure, branching white and colored coral. There the English ladies, in flounces and silks, chaffered with the ostrich feather merchants, and besieged by beggars asking for "buckshees." Sailors and soldiers, Arab and negro, civilian, and men-of-war men, all mingled and talking, — the donkey boys leading up their animals; the "chocadores," or native police, clad in blue, with yellow and red turbans; and, amid the noise of the escaping steam, the chants of the lighter gangs as they moved the huge barges, formed a busy and most interesting scene.

The high power of the English is manifested in every place the traveller visits in the Eastern world. By the power of cold steel, muscle, and gunpowder, the barbarous nations feel the power of Mr. John Bull, who handles the natives roughly at first, and then smoothes the victory over with missionaries and trade, to the end, that his own interests may be advanced. The English farthing is converted into the hard rupee. Their men-of-war fill the natives with fear. English cannon planted on the commanding points, and English laws established in the courts, keep the natives in awe, while the red banner of Britain flies from every place where a shilling can be made.

We proposed mounting a donkey, and going to the city for our passports. We found one in good trim, and ready for the jaunt. We were soon astride; and



"The donkeys knew well the part they were to play." Page 119.

the driver, a half-naked boy, with a sharp stick in hand, beat the donk' into a swift gait. Off we went, passing the police station, where a native was striking a gong to inform the people of the time of day, and soon reached a good, substantial, and well-kept McAdamized road. We were not long in arriving at the Half Way House, at which we dismounted to obtain a cool drink of lime-juice, and a few cigars. Soon a crowd of jolly man-of-war's men hove in sight, laughing, shouting, and apparently bound to make the most of their liberty. We enjoyed our smoke, while they went into the house to indulge in tamarind, and lime-juice drink, or a glass of rum. Out they soon came, each one with a cigar in his mouth, and hard rupees in his pocket. The drivers had been well paid at the Half Way House, but it was the part of wisdom for all novices in donkey riding, to keep their eyes open. The animals were running with all speed. "Where are you bound to?" "Take care, or I'll run you down!" "Hard a port, you lubber," and "Steady as she goes," were a few of the exclamations we heard. The donkeys knew well the part they were to play, and as we neared the long and muddy ditch that lay on the side of the highway — a nice, soft place in which to throw a rider, and not kill him, — the mysterious words were yelled from the throats of the panting drivers, and the animals stopped and wheeled about as quick as a wink. What a collection of stars, flying men, and dry mud was then to be seen. There we were, in the ditch; and away went the donkeys and the drivers back to

the port. There were some lucky ones, however, who held fast to their animals, as they knew of these tricks.

We got up as best we could, and proceeded on the road through the guarded gate and fort, where the Sepoy soldiers, in red coats and cross-belts, stood leaning on their muskets. Heavy cannon displayed their iron lips through the embrasures; the shot was neatly piled up near the gun carriages, and all seemed in good order, and ready for emergency. Before us rose a high stone arch, marking the spot where a fearful battle was once maintained between the Arabs and English, in which, as usual, victory was gained by the white men. There, in the cool shade of the arch, we halted to rest, and note the characters that came within range of our observation. Camels and mules, bearing loads of wood, bales of merchandise, or gaily dressed riders, were constantly passing. The venders of fruit, candies, cakes and milk, were there; the juggler, the beggar, and the Arab girl, clad in robes of blue or purple, a pure white turban on her head, rings of gold and silver on her arms, and a winning smile on her features.

From this we sauntered to the Canteen, where soldiers and sailors were eating and drinking, as though it was the last meal of shore food they would ever eat. Pies, cake, milk, meat, ale, eggs, brandy, fried onions, mutton chop, and fruit of all kinds, were to be had there. We found the cook-shops of Aden to be institutions of considerable note, popular places of resort, to which the liberty men go, as soon as they get to the town.

We looked on, as curious spectators, for some time, and then wended our way to Playfairs, to get our passports out of Aden. We found a long building, standing solitary in the square, within which English justice is meted out to contending parties. A native came out of the court-room, and threw a handful of money on the ground, danced about, beat himself with rage, and tore a handful of hair from his head. Having finished this foolish performance, he picked up the money, rolled it in his waist cloth, and walked away, muttering threats, but was closely watched by a chocadore.

Near by stood a dashing Arab girl, having on her feet what appeared to be a fine pair of net-work socks, but upon a nearer view, we saw it was tattooing, of the best kind, and, to gratify our curiosity, she allowed us to look at the sentences from the Koran, stamped upon her forehead and breast. Rings of solid gold on her ancles gave to the India ink ornaments a neat and rich appearance. I was pleasantly engaged, smiling and chattering in a mixture of Arabic and English, to the Arab girl, when I was called by an official, who came to the door, and politely ushered into the presence of the magistrate. Our passports were duly made out and signed, and, as American subjects, we were at liberty to leave Her Majesty's dominions in an English ship. It was our only chance to leave the port of Aden, and one step nearer home.

With good recommendations and papers, we were all prepared to strike out on new paths of adventure.

Accordingly we went straight down to the port, and were fortunate enough to stumble upon a Capt. Smith, of the English ship CHARGER, who agreed to let us work our passage to the port of Bombay. We then sauntered to our old boarding-house (thanks to the rain, it had been nicely cleaned and repaired,) and entered to take our last meal, and last night's repose in that tumbled bed.

As soon as day dawned, we were on the wharf, eating fresh dates, and looking for the CHARGER'S boat, which soon appeared, rowed by two frowsy-headed boys, who were too lazy to lift the oars in style. We turned the boat, and seated ourselves on the thwarts, and pulled to the ship. Capt. Smith looked at us from the moment we left the wharf, and as soon as the boat struck the side, he exclaimed, "you are the lads for my boat: you can pull side and feather stroke. I want you in that boat. Ship's boys, come out of that and stay on board after this." This was a good move in the right direction. My friend was sent to the port forecastle, and I was allowed a berth in the forward cabin. The steward, a native of Greenock, Scotland, came to me and said, "I have coaxed the old man to let you stay with me. I have never had a Yankee companion; and if you are willing, I 'll give you a good place to sleep in, and cabin grub, for I sympathize with you." This was another stroke of good fortune for me, and the steward and myself held good friends during the passage.

The CHARGER was a one thousand ton ship, and hailed from Belfast, Ireland. She was composed of

as much wood, iron, and canvas as two Yankee ships of the same tonnage, and was, in sailor parlance, "a perfect brute." She carried twenty-eight men besides the officers, and her cargo of coal was nearly all worked out. It was a duty of the crew to assist in unloading, they being placed at one hatch, and a gang of natives at the other, both engaged in hoisting the coal from the hold, and dumping it into lighters alongside. My friend and myself had been nicely freed of that duty, and while in port, we were for a greater part of the time, ashore with the Captain. Our companions in suffering were divided among the English vessels about to sail. Bridges and Pratt went to the "Delganie," but eventually sailed for London in the ship "Annie." Welch had to go alone in the "Delganie" to Bombay. We bade each other a last and kind farewell, and went aboard of our respective vessels. On Sunday, the ostrich-feather merchants came to the CHARGER. Being in rather a sportive mood, one of the ship's boys cut open a large bag of feathers, and the crew carried them aloft by the handful. The feather sellers were wild with rage, but as the splendid plumes were dancing in the wind from the cross-tree, they dared not climb up after them. After the dealers had left, the feathers were taken down and shared among the crew. This is but a sample of the tricks that are practised by sailors when lying in foreign ports.

CHAPTER XIII.

Clearing the Hawser — A Day's Liberty, and what Came of It — The "Charger" Underway — Life on Board a "Juicer" — Lively Rations — Sick Men attended by Rats — The Dogs Put on Duty — I become a Fancy Painter — A Rough and Tumble Encounter — Narrow Escape from Another Wreck — Among the Water Snakes — Nearing Bombay — End of Sixty Day's Tacking.

AS the CHARGER had lain in port many weeks, with both anchors down, it was no wonder that her chains were turned and wound about each other, for they took an extra twist every time the vessel swung with the tide. As soon as the last lighter left the ship's side, the men went to work to clear the hawser; this was done by paying out and unshackling the chain, and at dusk the ship swung by one heavy anchor. The next morning the Captain gave all hands a day's liberty; and well dressed in their best suits, they received their hard silver, and took their seats in the boat. We pulled them ashore, and returned to the ship. At sundown they began to return, most of them in liquor, and ready for a fight, while those who were sober, brought with them a number of ostrich eggs, baskets and dates, as the results of their day's adventure. That night one man fell from his hammock, and injured his head so badly that he was sent to the hospital.

The next day the ship, after having received a lot

of camel's meat, under the name of "beef," was put in readiness for sea, and the morning that followed witnessed us moving down the harbor to take aboard a number of dogs and horses that a military and sporting gentleman wished to have sent to Bombay. When off the point, the anchor was dropped, and the lighter, with the animals and their Hindoo attendants was made fast to our side. The horses were safely slung aboard by stout tackles from the yards, and the dogs passed up by hand. The animals had a large part of the deck set off in frame-work stalls and benches for their accommodation, and as soon as all was quiet, the lighter was cast off, and its men soon warped the boat to the shore. Our anchor was then hove to the bow, and sail made. The "Delganie" was already under way, and borne swiftly along with the ebb tide.

Fourteen days is a fair passage for a sailing vessel from Aden to the west coast of Hindostan, but as the monsoon was still blowing, it would take our old ark many weeks to cross the Persian Gulf. We ran down the shores of Arabia that night, and at daylight were alone on the ocean. The north-east monsoon was fair in our teeth, and we saw at once that we must beat the whole distance to Bombay. We stood to the south and east for three days, when land was reported on our starboard bow; still on we went, close-hauled to the wind, and my Yankee curiosity getting the better of me, I ascended to the fore-royal mast-head, and took a long, steady look at the land. The high, towering cliffs were familiar to my

eye, and could not be mistaken. The dreaded land, that for so long time had held me captive, was plainly in view; it was Cape Guardafui that was looming up before me. I felt sick at heart, and descended the rigging in time to hear the order, "stations for stays." The wheel was rolled down, the ship's head swung to the wind's eye, the jibs slatted and filled, the ponderous yards flew around like magic, and we were on the other tack, making a north half-westerly course. Good bye, stern old cape, you never shall have another chance of bleaching my bones.

Every fourth hour, day and night, it was, "stations for stays," I had an easy part to sustain, and each man had his station and duty. But this "all hands" sort of work the men growled at; it is an old saying, "growl you may, but go you must," and the CHARGER'S crew fully understood it. The fresh food was soon exhausted, and the men now had to come down to sea-rations. The biscuit would walk from the plate if did you not keep an eye on them; every cake of hard bread was put in pans and baked over, to kill the live stock. The pork was good; the beef was so hard that the men tried to cut images and boxes from it, but it always split in the grain. The day that rice and molasses were served was the best of the week; on the same day we had mashed potatoes. An American crew that would eat the CHARGER'S rations could not be found. Lime-juice and sugar were served out to all hands at noon. The Hindoos who had charge of the animals had plenty to eat of their own stores. The fare in the cabin was a little better than

that which the sailors received; of this the steward always had a part left for himself, and gave me my share. No wonder that before the ship reached Bombay, all hands in the forecastle were down with the scurvy; but after the fresh vegetables had been eaten for a week, they recovered. One of the Hindoos said to me, "Inglese beef no good; bread no good; ship no good; but de Mericab very good." I thanked him for his compliment.

Two of the men were taken sick and confined to their hammocks in the forward cabin. They fought the rats at night, and slept during the day. Many times did I run at their call, to dash the savage intruders away from the poor men when they were too weak to strike at them. I let loose about twenty of the dogs, one day. They proved excellent ratters, and after that, by the Captain's orders, the dogs had free run about the deck. Some hard fights ensued between the rats and the dogs, the sailors helping the latter, until by the time the ship reached port, not a rat could be found.

The English seamen were full of boasting, but the others bestowed everything but blessings on the ship and its owners, every time they came on deck. They each received two-pound-ten per month, and that in silver or gold. The tea given to the men was strong and good, but the coffee was a mess of water bewitched, the fragrance of the berry being lost in dirty water and tea leaves; this the crew growled at, and refused to drink. The men every day swallowed the lime-juice, and then the off-watch retired to the

forecastle to make and rig models, and fix up slush lamps; for they had to make lamps and oil by their own contrivance, or have none at all. I painted the steward's chest with armorial bearings and fancy colored flags, and as soon as the Captain saw it, he issued the order, "get up the paints and oil, and set the watch to mixing them." This was a grand time to paint a ship,—fine weather and a drying wind, and he was bound to put that kind of work right along. Finding that I had some knowledge of ornamental painting, he ordered me to do my best in that line, and in three days I had the job finished to his satisfaction.

My popularity with the men before the mast was from that time gone; and, "that cussed little Yankee knows too much," was an every-day expression. At length a giant of a man, who hailed from Kingston, a man that I had taken care of when sick, arose and said, "I've heard enough of you lubbers jawing that Yankee youngster; he is the most active and kind-hearted fellow aboard this yere hooker; show me the man that dare say another ugly word against him." Two or three men immediately picked a quarrel with the bold speaker; but like a tiger he sprang among them, singled out his assailants, and knocked them about like wisps of straw. The cook, a little Frenchman, who owed the speaker a grudge, joined in the melee. Seeing a knife gleaming in his hand, I ran and joined the combat, and with one good kick, sent the cook hors-de-combat. The giant grasped my hand and said, "I can whip any four of them; I

have been here more than once, and can go in again," The cook ran to his galley for an axe, and having found it, jumped at my noble friend, but the latter put forth his long, brawny arms, seized the excited little Frenchman, wrested the axe from his hand, and then took him up and dashed him under the spars that were lashed on deck. From that time forward, the men had no more to say about "the cussed Yank;" the huge fist and ready eye were always near them when I appeared on the deck. They all made fast friends with me, except the burley-headed Englishman, who seemed to have an iceberg for a heart that kind acts or civility could not thaw; instead of growing more pliable and friendly, he grew more ugly each day. My friend called him out, and not coming when he was called, my champion brought him forth and nearly broke his back for his unmanly disposition, closing his performance with, "Now, you go and make friends with Ned, or I'll swab the deck with your lazy carcass." He quickly obeyed this mandate, and looking like a used-up man, came and said to me, "I have run you down hill long enough, if you did do the painting, and set us all to work, don't let us speak one to another the rest of the trip. But I'll be square with big Bill before we get home." This was but a specimen of this shipmate's quarreling, yet when the scurvy had eaten into his flesh, he was as humble and gentle as any man aboard the ship; "easy blows kill the devil," holds good with the worst of seamen.

We ran near to the eastern shore of Arabia, and

still the Captain stood on. I had just relieved the man at the wheel, and as the ship drew near to the land, I took a long look at the rocks and white sand-hills. "Captain," said I, "don't you see the glint of gun barrels behind those rocks and hills?" He took his glass, and after a long squint through it, exclaimed, "Yes, I do; and naked men also. Stations for stays; roll the wheel down, my lad. Hard a-lee. All forward haul. Main topsail, haul. By jingoes, I believe the hounds can reach us with their long guns. The water is very shoal here." The ship, as she came on the other tack, turned up sand and discolored water. With a light heart I righted the wheel; the ponderous craft had escaped the danger.

The CHARGER carried a heavy press of sail, but was a dull sailer; rolling topsail yards, and patent reefing gear, were the only easy work on her. The rigging was poor, and the men had a lively time when a squall struck her. It was near the change of the monsoon; the sky was dull and brassy, and the stifling heat became more oppressive each day, and we heartily wished ourselves safe in Bombay. All the heavy work was done while the men chanted, the singing making our work lighter. There were some fine voices among the crew, and in the dog-watches all kinds of songs were sung. "We're Rolling Home," "Radcliffe Highway," "Annie Laurie," and "The Wild Boy," were the favorites. The scurvy had reduced the crew to twelve men, but as every tack took us nearer Bombay, the men grew more cheerful.

We now met many little native vessels running off from the land, and knew that the port was not far distant. We had been fifty-four days at sea, and were tired out with beating the ship to the windward. The water about us was full of long water-snakes, black on the upper part of the body, and white beneath. Several of these were taken in nets and buckets, and measured from four to nine feet in length. Sharp knives cut their heads off, and the bodies lived four hours after the operation. On the 8th of January, 1861, after three days of pulling and hauling, the land appeared in sight, and the blue mountains loomed up in the distance. Native bungalows swept past us; the stately, homeward-bound ships, with swelling canvas, and we ran far to windward the "Delganie," just about to enter the harbor. The pilot boat, painted red, and well-manned with a native crew, placed the white pilot and his boy on our deck. The sick men crawled from their low hammocks to look at the land. The ship was put about: the light-house was in sight; and close hauled to the wind, and with a fair tide, we passed smoothly up the roads, and came to anchor in the harbor, among the crowded shipping of many nations. Our long seige of sixty days' beating and tacking was over.

CHAPTER XIV.

At Bombay — Visit to the Consul — Kind Reception — A "Bully" Captain after some Men — A General Dislike — I Run the Risk and Ship for Home — A Strange Crew — The "Boy Bill" — Rough Sport — The Cargo and Manner of Loading — "Yankee Ned" in the Tank — Bum-Boats and their Stock in Trade — One Day Ashore — Palanquins — Banyan Trees — Myriads of Doves — Ready for Sea — The Pilot Aboard — A trial of Speed — Our Yankee Clipper Wins.

AS quick as our light crew could work, the sails were furled, and everything made snug; every rope on its proper pin, and the rigging that hung in bights separated and hauled taut. The decks were swept, and the quarter boat lowered, and soon we were ready to accompany the Captain ashore. The sick men sat on the bitts and windlass, eating raw potatoes and onions, procured from a shore boat; the natives were besieging the steward and cook for their patronage. Some of the crew were anticipating a jolly time, as soon they had a liberty day given to them, and others were fast running themselves in debt, by purchasing every kind of nick-nack that came to hand.

"Boat is ready, sir."

"Charley, toss those pad fenders out. Cushions all right."

Down comes the Captain, a large umbrella in his

hand, and a helmet hat on his head,—a perfect picture of content, as he put his long legs on the cushion, and took a backward look at his clumsy, black ship. Before us was Bombay in its glory; not the old Bombay in Sepoy hands, when the white man expected to have the guns of the dark fortress turned upon him, but a large, thriving city, teeming with wealth from China to England. The harbor was full of ships; the bundas lined with boats, the store houses full to excess, of the products of every zone. Hotels and printing offices; merchants' exchange; grand old ruins, and palaces of the nabobs; streets lined with shops, in which everything a stranger can want, may be procured; clothing shops, curiosity bazaars, coffee houses, and a theatre. Verily, the genius of John Bull has brought the heathen to an advanced state, for his own interests, and so long as the bars of rupees come to his own treasury, he is content.

In glided our boat to the Burra Bunda, and there we were, among large and small dows, lighters, bungalows and merchant boats of every kind; the sailors were lounging in their boats, under the awnings, eating fruit, smoking, and telling tough yarns. The natives on the wharf, clad in light garments, were selling all kinds of fruit, cakes, and toddy rum to the sailors who had a few annas to spare; all kinds of carved work were thrust upon us,—fans, boxes, pipes, and sugar cane. The natives were skipping about, as merry as larks, changing the gold to silver and copper. The custom-house officials were

inspecting every article that was landed at the bunda, and smoking their hubble-bubble pipes constantly. We followed the Captain through the crowd, to the American Consul's office. There we found some dozen seamen, each endeavoring to have his claims settled; but without ceremony, our Captain made known his business to the Consul.

The first thing that greeted my eye was a large notice,—

"THESE ROOMS ARE HOT AND SICKLY."

What do we care for that? Why don't he ventilate the apartment. It is only a clever dodge to keep the begging seamen out; but still they are always here, and will not vacate until they get suited with a good chance. The Consul heard our story, and then said, "There are four ships here that are going to the States; you can take your choice. The "Spirit of the Times" goes first, the "Typhoon" next, and the "James Robinson" and "Minnehaha" will follow." The men at the door beckoned to me, and I went to them. "Don't you go in the 'Times,' she is a hard boat, and the captain shows too much spirit for us. She is a prison afloat, and is just from China, where half of the men ran away; here comes the captain; the old tyrant."

In came a hard-featured individual, dressed in snowy white, a flashy gold chain dangling on his vest; and puffing like a pair of bellows. The loungers shrank back as he strode into the room, and looked about. He spoke in a short, snappish tone, and I saw

that his words and manner were all bravado, the moment he came in. The Consul told our story, and the Captain jerked himself about and exclaimed, "I want men, and must have them. — Won't you go," he inquired, fixing his hard, gray eye on me.

"Yes, I'll go," I replied, "I shall get to the States in your ship as soon as in any."

"And you, too, you'll go of course?" said the Captain.

"Yes, I am there if you are willing," answered my chum.

"Well, I like that in you; nine dollars a month, and plenty to eat; you can't growl at that."

"Sir," said the English Captain, "these young men have been on hand for all emergencies, day and night, since we left Aden. I hope they will do as well under you with wages, as they have labored for nothing on my ship. Good bye, Yankee Ned; good bye, Charley; do right and you will get along well enough. Take my boat and go aboard, and collect your little traps, I shall go off in a dingy. Good bye, lads," and away went the Englishman to his consignees.

"Don't one of you want to ship?" asked the hard-looking captain, as he turned to the seamen who stood wondering at our hastiness.

"No sir," one of them answered, "We'll hang out here till all is blue, before we take your saucy clipper for a bridge to the States."

"Oh, that is what you all say; but you may find harder men than me and my mates," and rising he continued, "you men who have shipped with me,

will please sign the articles, and go on board to-day ; report to Mr. Benson, and go about your duty."

I saw that this Captain had a great swagger, but felt sure that he would treat men like men, when he understood the character of those he had shipped. He rolled out of the office, casting a bitter glance at those who filled the entry as he passed. Mr. Fairfield gave us all the needful garments, besides shoes and socks, and we were soon skimming back to the CHARGER. Our dinner was soon put out of sight, and then, after bidding farewell to the crew, and receiving many little tokens of kindness from their hands, we left the ship, and the boys pulled us to the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES that lay up the inner harbor.

We approached the high, round stern, and were much gratified in looking upon the carving and gilding, and the white letters, "New York," which looked home-like to our eyes. We mounted the ladder, and stepped upon the long, smooth deck. Everything looked clean and ship-shape. We reported to the mate, and then went to our berths to stow away our luggage, and put on our working rig of every-day clothes. The lighters were not alongside, so the men had an opportunity to take a resting spell. There was a motley crowd on deck ; men from every nation of sea-going people. Dutch, Irish, English, Kanaka, Portuguese, and Scotch, and three Yankees in a crew of twenty men. The mate's voice rang out, "Here," you boy Bill, get your broom along this way."

"Lay up there, Cleaves, and bind that worming to the stay."

"You, Peter and Jacob, come here and wet the deck."

"Boy Bill, what are you saying?"

"Nothing sir," he answered, as he folded his little bare arms over the broomstick, and his large eyes looked saucily at the mate.

"Ah, you Bill, you are the most delving, prying, saucy cuss in this world. Don't you heave any more butcher knives at me. I'm glad the Captain will send you home; go to work, you young cuss, do you hear? quick."

This "Boy Bill," as the men called him, was as handsome, agile and clean a lad as ever trod a plank. He had a fine head, was as keen and bright as a sword, with a splendidly formed body, yet he was only twelve years old. His round, smooth arms were covered with India-ink marks in which he gloried, and in his room, in the boys' house, he had all kinds of rare and fancy toys that he bought in China. He had joined the ship in Liverpool, and young as he was, drank the strongest rum, chewed and smoked tobacco most of the time, and was up to every kind of deviltry that his quick and fertile brain could devise.

"There," said the Captain, "is the hardest boy I ever saw, or expect to see. Banging and confinement, hunger, work, or any punishment will not break his high spirit; he is the only smart little fellow I have seen for years, yet I shall send him home on the first vessel that goes and will take him." The Captain confined him in the hold, but was glad enough to free him and let him come on deck, for his yells of mad-

ness and blasphemous songs, made even the men, hard old tars as they were, look surprised.

That night, when he had finished his supper and smoked, I called him into his room, and we sat down on the camphor-wood chests. I talked kindly on different subjects, and at length asked, "Bill, have you a mother living?" He threw back his dark hair, and with his gleaming eyes fixed upon me, exclaimed, "Yes; and O, my God, what am I? O, my mother, God forgive me." His head fell on the pillow of his mattress, and he cried as if his heart would break. He had his cry out, and then said,—

"O, Ned, you are the first person that has spoken a kind word to me since I ran away from home. O, my mother, I'll be a better boy as soon as I quit this ship."

I had touched the right string, and when he left the ship, he wanted to leave to me all his little curiosities, none of which would I take, except a small Chinese idol, to remember him by. Thus, many a youth is like "Boy Bill," when he slips from home and a mother's care, and if he gets with a hard set of men, he becomes as near like them as he can be. No boy should go to sea, unless he goes with a good christian captain; and even then he may be ruined if he has not the moral courage to stand up boldly against the thousand wiles of the artful enemy.

There was a quarrel the second night that we were aboard. One of the mates had his head severely injured by a heavy bottle in the hands of one of the men, who hailed from Kentucky. This mate was a

drunken, quarreling man, a giant in bulk and strength, and a brute in manners. He was soon taken to the hospital, presenting a sickening sight as he left the side of the ship. The Chinese steward had a dispute with my chum, and as he came out of his house, knife in hand, I sprang upon and disarmed him. Two of the men had a fight in the fo'castle, and beat each other so badly that both were unfit for duty. The natives who cooked their food and slept aboard, were always at swords' points; and I soon began to think I had got on board of a hard boat, but I kept aloof from all disputes and skirmishes, and soon gained the favor of officers and men.

The cargo came faster every day. The wide native boats swept down the muddy river, their large triangular sails filled out with the flowing breeze. Letting the sheets fly, they put their helm down, and came round in good style, alongside of the ship. The crew of the bungalow tossed the sacks of linseed on a staging; two of our crew pitched them through the port-hole, others carried them to their proper places, and piled them in rows until the hold was filled. We then loaded wool, tea, and other kinds of freight, until the "'tween decks" was packed full, and the cargo was all in. We were to sail in about a week, and we improved the time to see Bombay. The men were getting uneasy, and the Captain allowed one watch at a time their liberty. I patiently waited my turn for a run ashore, and did not trouble the Captain for money or liberty.

The water tank that held twenty-two hundred gal-

lons, and reached from the deck to keelson, had a large oval cover of cast iron, which by accident, was dropped to the bottom of the tank, then containing about nine feet of water. Every method, to pick up the heavy cover, was tried, but failed: some one must go down into the tank and raise the iron. The men did not like the idea of doing so, and I offered my services to recover it. I descended with a rope under my arms, and at the seventh dive raised the cover. Chilled and confused by the icy-cold water and loud echoes, I was drawn safely up and rubbed with flannels and liquor, and to my great surprise and satisfaction, had a few rupees and a two days' liberty given me.

On Sunday the "bum-boats" were always alongside, and in them could be found every kind of article to please a sailor's fancy. The boatmen were always ready to trade or exchange books, boots, clothing or anything else that came handy. "Changee for changee, John," was the cry. Thin boots at a dollar a pair; a song book and a Bible tied together for a dollar; army clothes, dates fresh from the tree; ginger from China; silks, fans, sandal wood, ivory, curious work-boxes, needles, liquor, flags, monkeys, grapes, guaras, cocoa-nut oil in large quantities cheap. These, with ottar of roses, and splendid perfumes in a heap, with eggs, toys, ostrich feathers and tomatoes, formed a collection that pleased all hands. Indeed, there are many pleasant hours spent in the bum-boats of the natives in the large East India ports, and many little articles can be seen in the quiet homes

of New England towns and villages, that were purchased from these floating shopmen.

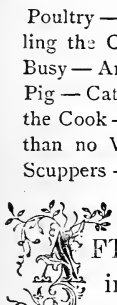
I had a fine time ashore on liberty day, and I went alone. For eight annas I hired a rude buggy drawn by a mule, and was carried safely through the streets and out into the open country. I passed palanquins occupied by lazy Europeans, and borne on the shoulders of natives, who went at a dog trot, the perspiration rolling down their dark faces, while they kept up their running chant; cemetaries with their tall columns and ghostly headstones; groves of cocoanut trees, and fields of bright flowers. The banyan tree, with its numerous trunks, afforded me a cool shade, and I became interested in the palaces, and temples, and fields of rice and cane. During the ride I met natives, whites, pagans, and Jews, bond and free: crippled beggars and handsome Hindoo girls, the latter with heavy jars of water on their heads. After a long and pleasant jaunt I turned the mule's head to the stable, and, as I gave the ostler his "buckshees," or perquisite, I cast my eye across the road, and saw an immense flock of doves. The noise made by their flight sounded like the rumble of distant thunder, and when they settled, they covered the square from side to side. The doves are highly cared for, and any person shooting or maiming one of them being heavily fined.

I wended my way to the ship, my arms full of curiosities and fruit, and found it ready for sea, and waiting for the pilot. I looked at her fine, sharp bow and clean sides, and thought her a beauty. The next

day, after dinner, the old pilot came aboard. "Come lads, show your muscle and the ship's heels, and beat that steamer just weighing anchor." The men sprung to duty; the anchor was lifted from its slimy bed, the men singing "Rolling River" and "Cheerily she goes;" the fluke of the anchor was out of water; the sails run up and sheeted home, and with a famous wind, the ship, with flying colors, left her berth. The steamer did her best to beat us; the crews of the ships at anchor cheered. Our gay old ship heeled to leeward, and split the water into foam, as, like a racer, she cleft her way with wind and tide. Soon the steamer was far astern, and as we hove the ship to, off the light-house, the pilot left us; his last words to the Captain being:—"Your Yankee clipper can beat the sailing world all hollow."

CHAPTER XV.

Homeward Bound — Good Living — Mysterious disappearance of Poultry — Something Like a Race — A Terrific Squall — Doubling the Cape of Good Hope — In the "Trades" — All Hands Busy — Antics of the Live Stock — Laughable Adventures of a Pig — Catching Porpoises — A Battle with a Shark — Death of the Cook — An Inhuman Burial — In a Calm — Any work Rather than no Work — Squally Weather Returned — A Roll in the Scuppers — Off Bermuda.



FTER the pilot left us, and dashed away in his small boat to the large one that was fast approaching, we squared the yards, and were far out of sight of the steamer before dusk. Our deck was encumbered with pigs, goats, ducks, and fowls. Fresh vegetables in baskets were piled up all around the deck, and the water tank had been newly filled. It took all of the next day to put the articles in their proper places, and to clear up the decks to our satisfaction. Every man knew the part he was to perform, and the watch he was in, and we quietly settled down into the old monotony of sea life.

Our second mate was a gentleman and a sailor, and even the first mate, stern as he was, relaxed for the time his usual vigilance over the men. We were homeward bound. Yes, and the clipper was reeling off the knots at a good pace. The weather was fair, and the moon shone in all its silvery beauty, as we

danced away over the Indian Ocean; and every body but the Captain had a happy face. We had left the land of Arabs and Hindoos never to return to its hot and sickly shores. A trackless path was before us, a lost trail behind; and, like an albatross, the canvas-clouded ship was lessening the thousands of miles of water that lay between us and home. I did not hear the crew speak of the sights they had observed on shore, or the caves of Elephantea, where the huge stone idols stand, nor of the splendid palaces they leaned against when they were tipsy; but "old Tom," Portuguese girls, and a free fight, were mostly the topics of conversation that occupied their time in the dog watches.

Baskets of onions and potatoes were hid away, but some of the crew found them, and night after night stole the onions to eat in their mid-watches. The large coop contained about one hundred and forty fowls, and every egg that was laid was drank in the men's coffee at six bells. Sometimes three or four dead hens would be found in a single day, and they died off so fast with a broken neck that the men had their share of them; every two weeks a pig was butchered and the crew rejoiced in sea pie and duff. We had good living and enough, but the Captain sometimes cast a black look at us as we gathered around the mess-kid. Standing with folded arm and his pipe in his mouth, he seemed to say, — "Go it, my dears, put my profits in your hungry stomachs, but by-and-bye I'll work it out of you." He was nervous, and excitable, running to the deck at all hours of the

night, prying into every hole and corner, and making the men take a pull at the sheets and halyards when they could not gain an inch.

We were soon off Maritius Island, and had squally and rough weather. I have seen that ship lugging topmast studding-sails when hauled on the wind when the top-gallant sails were furled. She worked up to windward like a pilot boat, and no ship that we met outsailed us. We came up to the English ship "Shakespeare," and kept along with her two days. Every rag of sail-cloth was set by the English ship to keep her within hailing distance, and yet we drew away from her. It was a lovely day; no sign of a squall presented itself, and the "Shakespeare," under a cloud of canvas, was staggering along in our wake. Our Captain came on deck, snuffed the air, and looked around the horizon, and then in nervous haste ordered the light sails to be taken in, and topsails secured. The men who were on deck soon had them roped up in good shape, and the Captain exclaimed, — "Come on, old Squall, I'm all ready for you;" and then to the ship behind us, — "You'd better take in your muslin there, astern, or you will lose it."

The wind had died away to little puffs, while ahead of us the clouds were gathering in battle array. The men ran to throw their dirty clothes in buckets and tubs. The squall rushed over the water, raising a solid wall of foam as the wind swept over it. The clouds were as black as ink in one spot, and from the centre poured forth sheets of hot, blinding rain. It struck us like an avalanche; but the strong ship met

the white wall in fine style, and poking her long, black bows through the foam, she staggered and rose to an upright keel, and like a thing of life, scud before the fury of the white squall. Blinding flashes of fire streamed across the sky. The thunder cracked and echoed like a dozen cannon fired at once. The deck was flooded, and swashed slowly from side to side as the high waves tumbled the ship about. But where is the English ship? Why, there she is; sails half furled; jibs and top-gallant sails blown to ribbons. The squall was over. It went muttering and rushing away to leeward, and we were all right. The sun broke through the parting clouds in gorgeous splendor. The wind came fair; both vessels were on their regular course, and that night we ran away from the "Shakespeare," and at sunrise were all alone on the ocean.

We held the fine weather and fair wind, and in quick time doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The season was mild, and we ran near to the shore, the table lands looming up blue in the distance. At that point we met an ice ship and a barque from the good city of Boston, bound to Bombay. From it we received home papers, and a happier man never existed than myself when I pored over them and read of familiar scenes and places. We were well to the westward of the land when a hurricane overtook us; but by the exercise of good seaman-ship and the use of a stout suit of sails, the ship was saved. Immense green waves broke over us as we lay hove to, and no one dared go forward of the main-mast. The

gale sung and shrieked through the taut rigging. With only a spencer set, and well guyed, the long, sharp hull lay nearly head to these running seas, and generally went through them, deluging the deck with solid cataracts of water. The land was in sight under the lee, and we thought that before morning we should have sand in our teeth, and lie dead among the splinters of our ship. But a merciful Providence decreed it otherwise. The gale abated as the sun settled in the west, and the sea came in more regular waves and rolls. The morn broke through black, rugged masses of clouds, and cast a ghastly light on the watery scene. Under lower topsail, and fore staysail, the ship began to work to windward, and as the night watches passed into daylight, we saw the low, rocky land sink from sight.

Light winds and calms followed this last gale, and at the end of two weeks we struck into the S. E. Trades. The steady, clear air wafted us along, and as soon as we had the full influence of the Trades' wind, everything was set, from skysail pole to the water's edge. Stunsails were set from royal to the rail on both sides, and the ship was a little low hull under a huge pyramid of canvas. It was pleasant at night, to look up at the towering white sails, still and cold as marble, filled out in every seam by the steady following breeze, and watch how gently she rolled on her way.

Now our work had begun. All day it was scrub and paint, scrape and hammer, tar and grease down, turn in rigging and set it up, and do all kinds of

work that a seaman has in hand when the vessel enters the Trades. The Captain fed us well, and worked us well; the men and mates working in harmony together. The Captain and his family were always on deck. The cockatoos made the air ring with sharp cries, and the goats and dogs chased each other about the deck. The Captain laid his spectacle case down, and the goat chewed it to pieces. At another time he laid a ball of twine on the deck, and as soon as his needleful was gone, the Captain looked for the ball, and saw a small portion of it hanging from the goat's jaw. He took the end and pulled out the twine, fathom after fathom, until he had it all safe in his hands again. All the pigs but one had fallen by the cook's relentless hand, and that, a little black one, having broken out from his pen, one Sunday, made live fun for all hands. The bareheaded Chinaman was hard at work chasing and trying to corner him; but the pig rushed to the starboard forecastle door, and tumbled through it on to a Dutchman who sat reading his prayer-book at the bottom of the steps. The angry Dutchman threw him on deck, and his next move was to rush down the ventilator, and fall heavily enough on the stomachs of two men who were lying in the upper berth, in order to get the pure air. With curses loud and deep, the pig was again thrust on deck, and the steward put an end to his breaking out forever, by sticking the animal and letting his life blood run out of the scupper hole. This was the last of our few pigs, and as we picked his rib bones, we wished there were more on board just like him.

Having no more pork to eat, we kept a sharp lookout for porpoises, and at length had our patience rewarded by capturing two large fish; these were cut into strips, and when well seasoned by hanging and drying, were made into balls and fried. The very next day after we had captured the porpoises, as I mounted the rail and naturally cast my eyes to the water, I saw a monster of a shark keeping up with the rapid pace of our ship, and with his cold eyes turned up to the clipper. I hastily jumped from the rail to the deck, forgetting the job that I had to do aloft, and soon had the shark-hook and chain well baited with porpoise. The Captain came running to me with a new line in his hand. "Here, Ned, bend this on; he is a lunker, and will give us a hard try." I delivered the cleared line and hook to the Captain, and as soon as the bait was near the water, the hungry monster rolled on his side and swallowed hook and bait. "Lay all hands along here; here is some fun for you. Take him forward of the fore rigging and rouse him up if you can." Easier said than done. The monster lashed the clear water into foam. His agony was fearful to behold. He turned, twisted and splashed the water about, until, at the end of half an hour, by the exertions of all hands, the long gray fellow was brought struggling to the fo'castle, and set upon by the crew with axes, hand-spikes, and bars. The shark with his double rows of teeth bit the iron work on the fo'castle deck as if it were lead, and the slaps of his tail, on the deck were heard to echo far and near. But after a while his majesty gave up the contest, and upon measuring

him we found his length to be seventeen feet. The men felt happy over his execution, for the shark is the sailor's inveterate enemy.

Still the ship glided on, steered as true as a boat was ever guided; the ship work was completed, and "everything," the mate declared, "looked like a fiddle." We slept on deck at night, rolled up in mats, and talked about the pleasures of home. By day the men made models, pricked India ink, and prepared their cold weather garments. We were near the equator, between the two continents, thousands of miles from land, when we discovered a leak. Our ship was deep loaded, and must have been wrenched in the hurricane. The water poured in at the rate of eighteen hundred strokes an hour but by the constant use of our good pumps we kept the water down. It was pump all the time, night and day. The water soon began to lessen, and in two week's time one man could pump her out in an hour. Still the pump was kept jogging easy most of the time, and the ship drove on, cleaving her way to the Northern clime.

Our cook, a creole from New Orleans, was taken sick with the dysentery and pined away each day, until at last he was a pitiful object to look on, being reduced to skin and bones. The Captain dosed him with many kinds of drugs, and one day he called out to the men, — "Come here, and take this body for burial." The warm body was dragged from its berth, the eyes open, and looking life-like to us. It was placed on the deck, rolled unceremoniously in a blanket,

and placed on a plank, tilted on the rail. The men held the inboard end of the plank, and we waited to hear the funeral services read; but the mates kept aft, and only two or three men were present. The Captain raised his hand; "over with him, boys," came from his hard heart and lips, and away he went, whistling, and playing with his dog. The men held the plank and fervently said, "Good bye, Cookie;" and, "God have mercy on your soul; may you rest in peace," fell from my lips. Then the plank was tilted, the corpse slid into the clear, blue ocean, and remained half out of water, for the dry blanket buoyed it up. "My God, can it be possible that the corpse is following us?" said the second mate. The Captain, white as a sheet, took one look at the sunken face turned toward us, and bobbing up and down in our wake, and from that moment was a raving, tearing man, always nervous and half crazy. The mate began to dislike him, and the men treated him with contempt. Angry threats grew to be plenty; this bad spirit manifesting itself in the crew, hard words soon came to hard blows, fore and aft. The men at the pump had a fight; the Kanakas drew knives; the Irishmen took the pump brakes, and laid the murderous-minded natives out on the deck; the second mate refused duty, and a Dutchman was put in his place.

We had left the "trades," and were having calms with light baffling winds and sizzling hot weather. Thus we were for two weeks, the sails hanging flat up and down the spars, or slatting and fraying when the gentle swell struck the ship. The Captain

whistled and cursed himself sore, for a fair wind, and every kind of work that could be thought of was ordered to be done. Even the great iron cables were roused on deck, pounded, coal-tarred, and stowed away. At length the squally, shifting wind began to blow; the nights were darker than a miser's pocket; gusts of wind and torrents of water swept the ship day after day, and a tropical hurricane drove us out of our course, and gave our men plenty to do. Everything above the cross-trees was sent down. Our rigging was snapped, and had to be turned in again. The lee rail was under water many times, and the poultry, men's chests, and men themselves were washed from one side to the other. A howling south-easter came upon us, and when it moderated, our ship was under lower topsails to the eastward of the island of Bermuda.

CHAPTER XVI.

Approaching Cape Hatteras — "Steer Small, my Hearties" — Sailor's Rights and Sailor's Wrongs — Spearing Rats — A Howling Gale — Fierce Combat with the Storm — Good bye, Hatteras — Beating up the Coast — New York Pilots — Tug Boats at Hand — Familiar Scenes — We are visited by Runners and False Friends — Jack Tar and the Land Sharks — In New York Harbor — "Let go the Anchor" — A Narrow Escape — My Native Land Once More — By Rail to Boston — The Long Voyage Over — Home Again.

THE island of Bermuda bore West by South, twenty miles, when the gale abated, and the wind came out steadily from the eastward. We were now five hundred and forty miles east of the State of Carolina, and knew if the wind held good four days, we should be in the power of the gulf stream, and off Cape Hatteras, that place so much dreaded by seamen. I have been around Hatteras eleven times, and only twice have seen pleasant weather. Our ship spoke, off Bermuda, a Portuguese brig, with a very large crew, bound to Rio Janerio, and kept company three days with a Boston schooner, that could sail two miles to our one; we also met two English barques that were bound to New York. Every vessel except the schooner was under a cloud of canvas; but that sharp, long, heavy-sparred fore-and-after jogged along under easy sail just ahead of us. The barques were

soon but little white specks astern, and "steer small, my hearties, don't lose an inch," was sounded in our ears. As we turned the iron wheel, from daylight to dark, the schooner, tired of this play, and feeling sure she was on the right path, dipped her colors, hoisted the huge gaff-topsails and outer jibs, and walked away from us like a dolphin from a shark, so that at set of sun we were alone on the sea, ploughing our way straight for the land of freedom. The cook's burial was often talked of by the men, and our disabled second mate. "I have never seen a dog thrown overboard in that way," he would exclaim, and then run on, "I 'll be flabbergasted if I could do as bad as that if I was the old devil himself."

"I 've seen bully Waterman sit on his cabin-house and shoot men from the yards," said Mat Conolly.

"And I 've seen men jumping overboard in New York harbor, and the decks flowing with blood," said Brown; "blast me if I don't hope there will be a law that will make shippers smart, some day. The idea of a man coming aboard, and calling the men all aft, and saying, 'I 'm the captain, God Almighty, and this is my mate, Jesus Christ; now look alive, you devils, or you will wish yourselves in hell before the trip is up;' all this in New York and 'Frisco."

These statements, roughly made and interspersed with oaths that exhibited their depth of feeling, was true. How many unknown bodies are taken from the docks and find a place in the dead-house, no one can tell. They are mostly the bodies of mates and

seamen who are never missed or recognized. The old maxim on shipboard in mid ocean is kept before the seamen's eyes, "Don't do as I do, but do just as I tell you." The sailors have well realized the fact by this time, that "There are men, who, clothed in brief authority, would make hell yawn and tyrants tremble." But those old times of barbarity are fast passing away. Whipping, beating, shooting, and starving the men are, to use a common expression, about played out. A good captain is loved and followed to the death with a friendship as firm as adamant, but a brute of a man has a revolver ball put through his head, and the avenger escapes the penalty of the law. Men that sail in "hard boats" take precautionary measures to maintain their rights, and this step has been taken by them none too soon. The law of the land is beginning to throw its protecting arms around the seamen, and every one is learning the fact that curses and kicks will never make the sailor a better man; but that good food and kind treatment will do it all.

We ran by the floating fields of gulf weed; the flying-fish and dolphins had left us, and the cool, pure air of America fanned our sun-tanned faces. Still we ploughed on through the curling sea, for the girls at home had hold of the tow-rope, and our craft was sweeping along by day and night, straight for abiding places of those we loved.

Our forecastle swarmed with rats, and many a watch below I spent lying in my bunk and spearing them with a sail-needle fastened to a long rattan.

This sport of mine, continued day after day, had the effect of somewhat lessening the number of passengers; in fact, the rats began to be scarce, and finally quit running over us when we were asleep.

One day the captain called me into his cabin, and when we were alone, questioned me on many subjects, and wound up by saying, "Well, I am without a boy, and as you are but seventeen years old now, you may rise in the profession."

"But," he continued, fixing his hard, gray eyes on me, "I like you, and if you were my boy, I'd make you in two years a mate of a clipper ship, or hang you dead."

I told him I was much obliged to him for his kind offers, but had no idea of changing my own parents' love for that of another, and preferred to battle my way up the ladder alone. At this he put his hand over his eyes, and then waved it to the door, and I returned to my duty again. He had shown favor to my chum during the passage, and had been kind to me the whole time, for I was always on hand for anything; the quickest to stow the royals, and do any work where a heavy man could not go; but I was quite overcome by this last interview. Was it because I was cleaner and more civil than the others, or had I a fair face and nimble body that took his eye? I never knew to what I was indebted for his favorable attention.

On went the ship with a fair wind most of the time, and making about eight miles an hour on an average. At the end of the eighty-sixth day from Bom-

bay, a fearful storm came rushing down upon us from the westward. Dark masses of high, towering clouds ran across the sky; the breeze began to pipe and ripen to a gale; the ship was stripped for a battle with the elements, and under lower topsails and main-spencer, plunged into the yawning black sea. All that night it roared and howled, and at daylight it had a fresh hand at the bellows. The cold wind and rain chilled us through. Pea-jackets and oil suits were called into play. The ship thrust her sharp bows into the angry sea, and reared her forefoot out of water. Life lines were run fore-and-aft the deck, and everything was well lashed to ringbolts and bitts. The topsails were blown to fine rags, and whirled away on the wings of the wind. At last the vessel was hove to, and was better able to ride out the gale. The Captain's family, sheltered in the warm deck-house, gazed from the windows at the raging sea and water-soaked men clinging to the weather-rail and rigging. The white-capped waves tumbled over our bow, but the ship quickly rose and shook them off.

"When you see this craft scud," cried the Captain, "it will be before a wind that can blow the horns from the devil's head."

The men chewed their hard bread and shook their dripping forms in silence. The officers clung to the weather-mizzen rigging, issuing their orders through the red speaking-trumpet.

"Look out there, a sea is coming! hold on everybody!"

Tons of water struck the ship. It reeled and trembled with the shock, and arose to meet another big, towering wave. No fire could be made, or warm drink served out to the men, and all on deck, wet and chilled, felt dispirited. The howling gale lasted three days and nights, and then it calmed away, leaving a tumbled sea that tossed us about at its mercy.

A fresh breeze soon fanned our cheeks. New and strong sails replaced those that had been blown away, and once more we were on our course for Sandy Hook. The wet and weary men went to their berths in the fo'castle, there to find everything wet, broken, and topsy-turvy. Dry goods were all in a heap; pipes broken, tobacco and matches wet through. The port-watch had the deck, and the cook was in his galley trying to start a fire, with which to dry the garments, and make ready a pot of strong coffee for all hands. The sun shone brightly on the heaving sea, and the ship crept slowly towards the land. We gladly bade good bye to Hatteras, after a touch of its quality, which it so delights to exhibit to homeward-bounders, knowing that they will appreciate calm weather when they get it again.

Two days after this we had a lovely, fair wind, and reeled off the knots at a rapid rate. All eyes were strained for a sight of a pilot boat dancing out, and at midnight a bright light was seen nearing us. It was on board of boat "No. 2," and the little craft soon spoke us.

"Ship ahoy, where you bound?"

"New York."

"Do you want a pilot?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Gracefully the schooner dashed up to the ship's wake, and the little boat, well manned, pulled for us. The pilot was put aboard, and the boat scudded back to its place on the deck of the sharp-featured pilot vessel. The pilot immediately took charge of the ship, and every sail was set that would draw.

Day dawned upon us, and we were fast running by the Jersey shore. An ocean steamer passed, splashing the blue water into foam with her broad paddle-wheels. Outward bound ships, barques, and brigs, were beating against the morning wind. The low land within sight was part of our native land, and that thought filled us with glad emotions. The wind died out and came only in faint puffs, dead in our teeth. Ahead was a large, black tug boat, bearing down on us. She came near and spoke our Captain:—

"What will you charge for a tow up to the city?"

"Two hundred dollars," answered the tug.

"Won't do it; I'll give you one hundred and fifty."

"Split the difference."

"Well, give us your hawser."

The ten-inch hawser of the tug was then made secure to a light line which flew circling in the air, and fell on our forecastle deck. The new stiff hawser was made fast and parcelled, to keep it from being cut, and the tug-boat took a steady pull upon it to see that all was right. The hawser was stretched as

straight as a bar, and our ship moved through the ruffled water, with its sails unbent and sent down, rolled up and stowed away, and the long, heavy yards squared; the rigging was hauled taut, and every rope coiled on its proper pin. On went the tug, dragging the passive ship along in her frothy wake; our ensign and colors were flying, and the crew lounging over the rail enjoyed the beauty of the day. The highlands were soon at hand, and we were cheered by sight of the green grass that clothed the hills and shores, and the white houses that peeped from groves and valleys, while right ahead of us came a large fleet of colliers and market boats.

The crew employed their time in speculating on the rousing times they would have as soon as they got ashore. Sandy Hook was on our port-bow, as onward we leaped. It seemed to me that I could walk, like Blondin, on the taut hawser, that ran from ship to tug. Everybody on board felt the magic influence of the shores, that lay bright and green before us. The men smoked and chatted; the Captain and pilot walked the deck in earnest conversation, and the mates kept their eyes aloft to see that the colors blew clear, and that the spars and rigging were in perfect trim. The Chinese steward anxiously inquired, "Where de New York? When we go dere?" and settled his mind in the remark, "Me hab one good time."

"Don't you get shanghied the first day," put in the mate.

"Yes, me go to Shanghie," answered the yellow-faced Chinaman.

"Yes, I reckon you will; and to 'Frisco, too, if you don't keep those pig eyes of yours open."

"Ah, no fear; me all right," was the response, and he ran to look at his pots that were boiling over on the stove.

The crew pointed out familiar places, as our rapid and straight passage opened new views. Ahead of us lay four boats on the water, full of birds of prey, in the shape of runners for the sailors' boarding houses. Ah, Jack Tar, you don't know how many hands are waiting to grasp your tar-stained, hardened flipper that now rests on the rail; that hand will be clasped by every one that can make a dollar from your generous nature. There are plenty of smiling faces to greet you, and fair, thieving hands to pluck the last shiner from your pocket, and then bid you seek another ship.

The health officer inspected us, and as he examined the crew, nodded to the Captain, signifying that he had approved a bill of health, and on we passed. The runners made fast to us and jumped aboard.

"How are you, Tom, Dick, and Harry? Glad to see you."

The crew led the runners down the forecastle steps, and rum-bottles were produced and went the round of every mouth. Each runner took two sailors under his charge, and the men's hands were filled with the runners' cards. Fine cigars and plugs of tobacco were offered and taken, and the liquor beginning to work on the men, they talked on every subject, and told all they knew.

"Say, bully, who keeps the Home now? Has Bill got out of chockey yet?"

"What are the going wages; and how're times?"

"Is Little Mary in the same place, and what's the play at the Bowery?"

Another inquired, "Where can I have the most fun in the shortest space of time, and how much can I get rigged out for?"

Questions were rapidly asked and as rapidly answered; and, as I expected, one of the runners came to me. "Hallo, Charley; blowed if I saw you before. Don't know me? the devil you don't; you and I have jogged along Broadway night after night. Want some money, cigars or rum? anything you want, here I am."

"No sir," said I, "I don't want you, your cards, or your gifts; I am capable of taking care of myself, in the presence of sea or shore pirates."

I expected that he would have dashed my teeth down my throat, for my bold answer, but he only said, with the glaring eyes of a tiger, "My bold pup, we 'll have you yet."

"Sail in," I replied, "I can travel on the angle of a diamond as fast as you can."

"All right," said he, as he joined his companions.

The mate came to me and said, "Stick to the ship, and give those hounds the cold shoulder." I was sorry to see my chum in their hands, but at length I took care of him, and made the runners wild with rage in doing so.

On we went, through the Narrows and past Staten

Island. The granite forts and black, muzzled cannon were on either hand; the glorious stars and stripes waved from every flag-staff and mast, and the proud and noble city of New York was before us, with its forests of masts, church spires, and towers, its noise and bustle.

The captain of the tow-boat cried out, "cast off that hawser," and the runners jumped to do it; Why should Jack Tar work, while such good friends were aboard? The hawser sparkled in the water, as it was hauled aboard the boat. The headway of our ship was lessening every moment, and soon the great chain was rendered over the windlass and ready to run.

"Let go the anchor," shouted the pilot. "All gone sir," responded the mate, as the best bower left its shoe.

The chain rumbled and surged on the windlass, as the ship swung head to the tide. We were at our journey's end; ninety-two days of sailing and toiling were over, and the ship was safe in port, at last. The runners sprang into their boats and left the ship, saying to the two men that still remained, "Bring those two youngsters, anyhow."

"You 'll bet I will, drunk or alive," answered the runner that I had rejected.

"Well, see that you do, you will have a gay time doing it."

Supper, of cold beef, tea, and hard bread, was ready. One of our own crew, an Englishman, who was a bully in the forecastle and a coward in danger, kept the beef kid to himself, and when I asked him to

pass it round to the men, he cursed me up hill and down dale.

"Oh, you are drunk," said the runner. "Give the beef to him." "I'll not do that till I get ready," blurted out the bully, as he clasped the kid.

"You won't?" I cried. "Pass that beef to me." The man jumped at me, and lunged his sharp knife, with a murderous stroke, full at my eyes. I dodged the keen blade, his heavy hand grazed my ear, and with the thought that self-preservation is the first law of nature, I tripped him up and gave him that which satisfied him that I was his master.

The men shouted, "Bully for you, Ned; give him room according to his strength;" and the humbled man crawled up the ladder minus his teeth, swearing vengeance, which never came.

"Don't you think you will go to my house?" asked the runner, addressing me. "No," said I, "I shall keep ship, if the officers are willing, and go to the Home when I get ashore."

Our supper disposed of, I ascended the forecastle steps and walked the deck, gazing on the gorgeous sunset, and laying out plans for the future. Only the anchor watch was on deck, and the small lantern in the rigging was fast going to sleep. At midnight I was relieved of my lookout, and, tired of watching the thousands of lights ashore, I coiled myself up on the old canvas for rest. The men below were dreaming of jolly times, dashing girls, full tumblers and plenty of tobacco. I turned my thoughts to the dear ones at home, anxious for the welfare of their

absent, roving boy, and felt grateful for the preservation of my life, health, and strength.

Sleep and reveries were rudely broken by the mate who shook my shoulder, saying, "Come, my lad, get your peepers open, and hurry the buckets and brooms along," and then, handspike in hand, he went to the forecastle door. His deep voice rang out on the clear morning air, "Come out of that, you sleepy swabs, and wash her off." The men with half-closed eyes, and slow steps, crawled out from the fo'castle, the mate counting aloud each man as he appeared. "Come, show yourselves up here in double quick time, or I shall fetch you out; don't think you're ashore yet. Come, heave water there, my bulls, and don't have any black looks."

The work was soon done, and the deck swabbed dry. The runners busied themselves in lashing up the men's bedding, and all hands slipped on their best clothes, and hailed the tug boat with joy. The anchor came to the bow with the chanty of "Oh, Riley, Oh," and "Carry me Long," and the tug walked us toward the wharf at Brooklyn. Our breakfast was rapidly dispatched, and I found myself obliged to keep a sharp eye on my little property. The ship entered the dock; the side of our floating home rubbed the capsill of the wharf; fenders were put over, warps run out, and the runners' teams were close at hand, and took the men's luggage away in quick time. Most of our men followed their luggage, taking French leave of the ship. Thieves from the dock swarmed into the forecastle. They stole my

blankets and bed, but I drove the whole gang of robbers out, and locked the doors. All but two of the crew had left the ship, and were hurrying aboard the ferry boat.

"Bully for you, my lads," said the mate, "I'm glad you are here, pass this quarter and stern fast to the big posts on the dock." In an hour's time the ship was well secured; the tug had left us, and we found ourselves in company of such vessels as the "Free Trade," "Kathay," "Great Republic," and "Storm King." The docks were lined with every kind of craft, and the wonder of the sea, the "Great Eastern," was passing up the harbor.

At the end of three days, I bade the ship and its officers farewell, and the Captain's family parted from me with assurances of their respect and friendship. I followed my luggage to the ferry, and from thence to the Sailor's Home, where I felt myself once more among true friends and advisers. Money was advanced to me, and in an hour's time, by the aid of a warm bath, a barber, and a clothes' dealer, I was transformed into a spruce looking young man, feeling in good humor with everybody. I passed up to supper, and with a choking sensation in my throat, and moist eyes, gave a long look at the substantial food and dainties that were piled on the table. No more starving or wandering; something better than raw dog for Yankee Ned now, nor will African sand harm him any more. A tear was the first drop of liquid that entered my plate. With a grateful heart, I soon made my way through piles of cold ham, soft

bread, and prune sauce. The milk and tea were excellent, and the well-dressed sailors done justice to the board.

The third day of my stop at the Home, and visiting points of interest of New York, I went to the ship, where I met the crew assembled to be paid off.

Some of the men having been eighteen months on board, had a good round sum due them. The sailors, dressed in citizens' clothes, with their gold-plated watches and chains, rings on their fingers and oil on their hair, thrust the money loosely and roughly into their pockets. They will be gentlemen for two weeks, and dogs for two years. I bade them all good-bye, and with the twenty-seven dollars that I received from the ship, paid my bills, and with my chum stepped on board of a splendid steamer, whose broad paddles winged us swiftly over Long Island Sound to Fall River, where the steam horse took us in charge and whirled us to the good old city of Boston. It was Sunday morning, and as we approached the capital of the old Bay State, the chiming of the bells sounded pleasantly to our ears, and revived long slumbering memories of the past. Reaching the depot, the rattling of coaches and the shouting of hackmen, started us from our deep thoughts. Anxious to reach home in the city of Lynn, eight miles distant, we engaged a coach, and was soon riding among green hills and verdant fields. In due time we reached our little city. As we looked out of our lumbering, noisy coach, no one recognized us. Were we forgotten? Not so; for we were soon at the old

door, and familiar faces appeared at the window. Yes, all were there; thank God, just as I left them, hundreds of days before. I bade my chum good bye, as he went further down the road; and I pulled my chest to the side of the road. Loving arms encircled me, and friendly hands clasped my own. It was a little heaven below, and every one was overjoyed to see me once more safe at home.

CHAPTER XVII.

War is Declared — I Join the Navy — Scenes on Board the "Guardo" — Hard Characters — The "Gemsbok" and her Crew — Taking in Powder — The "Congress" — Outward Bound — Holy-Stones and "Prayer Books" — Fortress Monroe — The Rip-Raps — Scenes in the Bay — Prizes — Sailor's Duty — The Mail Bag — Hurrying up the Letters — Our Mess Cook — What's Up Now? — Departure from Hampton Roads.

MY name and adventures had travelled faster than I had anticipated; the local papers had taken up my brief history, and an account of the wreck had been freely circulated. I was pleased at this, for it awakened a sympathy for the crew, and for sea-faring men in every part of the world. The Captain's letter was printed in the daily papers and sent to the friends and acquaintances of those who were on board the ill-fated vessel. He did not hesitate, notwithstanding his recent experience, to take a new clipper barque, fresh from the builder's hands, and start on another voyage to the same dreaded coast, accompanied by his young wife. It was his last voyage in this world, for the hand of death laid him and his wife in that foreign land. The mate, a young man, took command, and still sails to the east coast of Africa. I hauled off from all danger in that direction, and was at home, living in comparative ease, waiting for something to turn up, when our country was startled from a long repose in peace-

ful pursuits, by the boom of Sumter's guns, the echo of which made the loyal millions wake to the call of "to arms." Without any hesitation, I sought out a number of active young seamen, and we all shipped in the navy, at the North Square rendezvous, Boston. The promptness with which we answered all the questions, much pleased the examining officer, and the doctor soon had us stripped, and after going through a variety of exercises to show off our strength and suppleness, we were passed, and directed to the outfitter, by whom we were soon arrayed in the suit of dark blue.

Don't take too many articles; you have to pay for every piece out of your fourteen dollars a month. Ah! many a young heart that was thumping under the gay suits of blue that day, was soon stilled forever, while others, like myself, guarded by the same Providence, survived, and left the service in as good condition as they entered.

The wagon was at the door; the men tumbled in with their luggage, and away we went through the winding, crowded streets, and into the Navy Yard at Charlestown, where we found a huge hulk moored fast near the docks. The port-holes were crowded with men watching for friends, and endeavoring to inhale a bit of pure air, and feel the sunshine. There were sixteen hundred men confined between those wooden walls, and as hard a set as one would care to be among.

We stepped into the floating ark with our luggage, and beheld a sea of faces, and forms clad in navy

blue. Our traps were stowed away, and again we stripped for an examination by the surgeon. Dozens of half-naked men were waiting their turn to be examined, and we were glad when the ceremony was over. We elbowed our way through the crowd, who were pushing, swearing, jostling, and mauling each other, and among whom the weak had to go to the wall. What a collection of men was there, — the gambler, the thief, the clerk, the landsmen, sailors and men of all grades had met; and the low-browed, prowling roughs were plenty in that atmosphere of crime and vice. The odor of bilge-water, cooking, tobacco, and bad air, was constantly assailing our nostrils. No wonder the spar-deck was crowded with decent men, who could not endure the reeking, putrid atmosphere of the berth and gun-decks.

But we were to get used to all this, sooner or later, for we were on the "Guardo." One could easily recognize the thorough-bred seaman, — he was quiet and wary of everybody, while the landsman jumped at every bait that was held out to him, and was lost in amazement at everything he saw and heard.

In an effort to ascertain our number of mess and hammock, we failed to gain our purpose. We could scarcely find a hammock-hook empty, and not fancying the crowded lower deck, we ascended to the spar-deck.

The visitors now began to arrive in large numbers. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and sweethearts crowded upon the after-deck. Among these were our parents and friends, who were some-

what astonished to see the ship and men. We passed many hours in their company, and almost wished ourselves in their place, to walk quietly away, with no sentry at hand to order us back. As ferry boats passed near the ship, we could see many familiar faces, and often saluted them, as the boats ploughed their way from one shore to the other. We ate but little of the navy rations; the hard-tack, tea and pork were the only articles we cared about, and having a fair supply of money at our disposal, we purchased such other food as we wanted.

We were not long in learning that these ships, like many others, present broad fields for the labors of temperance lecturers. How many speakers are pouring out their eloquence before crowded houses, who could put in motion a grand reform, if they would take an interest in the seamen. I have seen sailors trying every way to keep liquor about them, and when "Grog oh" was piped, their eyes would glisten as they took their regular nip. A great blessing was bestowed upon the sailors, when, the whiskey rations were discontinued on government vessels. One step more in this direction is called for, and that is a law forbidding an officer, high or low, to take liquor to sea.

Recruits were constantly arriving in companies of eight to thirty a day, and though the "Fear Not" and "Cambridge" took three hundred at one draft from our vessel, there seemed to be as many on board as ever. Men for the GEMSBOK were called for, and my chum and myself were lucky enough to be drawn

together. We had been five weeks in the "Guardo," when we left the old, clumsy "Ohio" for the jaunty, neat, clipper barque which was anchored in the stream. "She is a beauty," "I wish I was going in that boat," and "My turn will come soon," were the expressions we heard as the one hundred and twenty-five picked men shouldering their hammocks and bags betook themselves to the boats, and were quickly set aboard the craft that was to be their home, for how long they knew not.

We saw the muzzle of four sixty-four and two long thirty-two pounders projecting from the half-ports. Everything was new and clean. We were told off into messes and watches; new numbers were given, and every man, from that hour, was to sling on his own hook. We lay in port three days. Scenes of great activity were visible around us, in fitting the different ships for sea. Amid all this confusion the frigate "Congress" arrived from the Brazil station, and the uncertainty of human hopes was illustrated by an incident which passed almost unnoticed. A seaman on board of her fell from the fore-topsail yard; his sheath knife entering his vitals as he struck the deck. Thus, in sight of home the storm-tossed wanderer expired, and the body given to his friends for burial.

A red flag was flying at the fore on our vessel to show that the powder was being taken aboard, and during this time no fire was allowed in any part of the vessel. This done, we were ready to sail. The tug-boat was along side, the anchor on the bow, and

soon we were gliding down the stream. As we passed the "Congress," the crew mounted the rigging and cheered us, while letters and papers dropped from their waving caps. Three cheers; and we returned them, to a man.

Smoothly we sailed down the harbor, past the wharves, and shipping anchored in the stream; past the granite forts, the islands clothed in verdure, and inward bound vessels, large and small. Clear sailing was ahead. "Lay aloft there, main and fore-topmen." "Lay out, cast loose, let fall, and sheet home," were the orders that came in rapid succession from the first luff. The barque was enveloped in snowy-white canvas, from royal to deck; the tug cast off, and returned to the city, carrying hastily-scrawled letters and papers; the fast-fading sun settled below the western hills; we gazed on the receding shore, and as the gallant vessel breasted the waves of the wide Atlantic, we felt happy in knowing that we were away from the confusion and vile associations of the guard-ship, with the work of true, patriotic, American tars before us.

Everything passed smoothly. The crew were exercised at the large guns, and sail trimming; the course was laid S. S. W. and away we went spanking for Hampton Roads. As night came on, the landsmen did not relish standing watch, and myself and several others, as substitutes, pocketed a few dollars. Sleepy men were roused from between the guns, and made to walk the deck and keep awake. An enormous quantity of sand and water was used on the

deck. A gang with the holy-stone, and others with blocks of sand-stone, christened "prayer books," were down on their hands and knees pretty busily employed. I was at first placed in the after-guard, but was soon told to go up higher, and made a main-top-man, on the grade of able seamen. I was next put on the main-royal-yard, and it became my special duty to look out for that stick in all kinds of weather. I had enough of royal yards before I left the blockade.

We were soon in at Fortress Monroe, and were placed far up the river to repel any rebel gun-boat that might appear, — a nice place to put a wooden ship as a barrier against the approach of rebel iron-clads, — but none made their appearance. I was soon put into the Captain's gig, for I could swing an eighteen-foot oar, and thus had a chance to stretch my legs on shore, once in a while. The granite walls, the frowning cannon, the sandy shore, and the steamers constantly coming and going, had many attractions for me. Men-of-war were arriving every day, and the Roads began to look lively. The "Rip-Raps" were visited by us two days, and hundreds of tons of stone brought in the boats to our vessel. The men worked all night taking in the ballast, and made the hours pass lively by crying to each other, "O, pass along those rip-raps; we 'll sink the hooker and then the old man will be satisfied." At length there was stone enough, and we went to the lookouts again, night after night.

The Rip-Raps fort, in its solidity and position, is a dangerous obstacle, to an enemy seeking to enter the

river. Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps can bring the heaviest of cannon to bear on any vessel seeking an entrance inside the capes. The frigate "Cumberland" went up the river to shell a rebel battery. Neat and trim she appeared to us, as the little tug took her in tow, and led her up the yellow stream, — the long, black, polished cannon peering from the ports, the crew lounging on the gallant forecastle, and the hull, and bright metal-work gleaming in the sun; while on the wharf, at the Rip-Raps, glistened the slender Sawyer gun that, at the third shot had recently sent the tall, rebel flag-staff and flag tumbling to the ground at Sewall's Point.

That night we all lay beside the guns, momentarily expecting an attack. The day dawned. The frigate "St. Lawrence" came up the bay under full sail, her gay ensign dancing in the clear warm air. Closely following her was the short, dark hull of the "Albatross," towing a prize schooner that she had lately captured. A number of officers of high grade came on board, and after a short speech our Captain Voorhees took leave of us, bag and baggage, and Captain Cavendy, a large and important appearing personage came in command.

The mail-bag was fast being filled, and men were running around, with writing materials in hand. "Who will write me a letter? come on now, quick, somebody; I'll give a dollar," was the word of a blue-jacket who had secured a position to write, but could not think of anything to say.

"What do you want to write?"

"I dunno; write anything, and then read it to me;" and in two minutes the letter was finished. "Bully for you; that's just what I was a-going to say, only I can't think when I want to. Hold on,— just say something to the little gal,— tell her to keep her eye peeled for me when my time's out." Satisfied with the letter, it was sealed with the big, heavy fist of the sailor, and off he ran to give it to the officer, and was just in time.

It was at the close of a day, clear and hot, when all hands were hard at work in getting the ship ready for sea, that we descended to the berth-deck for supper. The hot, fragrant tea was dipped from the mess-kettle, while, a perfect picture of content, the cook was seated on a chest, with a piece of pork and a hard tack in one hand, and a tin pot in the other. Ah, Bolkin, what a knack you had of keeping the bread-bag full. Tea, pork, bread and apple-sauce made a good supper. Six bells struck; eight bells soon followed, and the shrill whistle of the "bosons" rang out on the evening air.

"What's up now? listen!"

"All hands up anchor."

"By thunder, I was just a-going to turn in."

"What! is the old man going out to-night?"

"Well, I reckon he is, and the sooner you are at your station the better."

The shadows of a September night were flitting over the land, and pale-faced Luna was walking the sombre heavens. The stars came out, one at a time, and the warm wind rose from the west, bringing

odors of pine and many wild-wood trees, as we raised the anchor to the bow and drifted down the muddy stream. A fair position was taken, and the men laid on the yards awaiting orders. The ship's head swung with the current, as the orders rang out from the quarter deck. As if by some magic power, spars, which a moment previous seemed bare, were heavily clothed with white canvas that gleamed in the moonlight. Everything was set fair and square, and away we flew, — through the dark lines of gunboats, and frigates, lying at anchor in the roads. Our sails cast a great shadow that to us appeared like a phantom under our lea. No light was to be seen on Cape Henry. The long line of trees and sand was plainly within sight, and the lights of the shipping twinkled and finally faded away.

The white-capped, rolling ocean was before us, and our ship nodded and pitched in the gentle swell. The off-watch went below, and we settled down in the old monotony of night watches. The watchful lookouts sounded their calls from their respective stations, as the ship was heading out to sea. We bade good bye for a while to Hampton Roads, and welcomed new scenes, new joys and perils.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Fine Run — Capture of a Prize — Water Spouts — In a Gale — Washing Up — The Chase — Another Blockade Runner Taken — A Yankee Trick — Rebel Pilots a Little out of their Latitude — Wilmington Surprised — Arrival of the "Young Rover" — We Overhaul a Suspicious Craft — The "Blue Pigeon" Kept on the Wing — A Boat Load of Contrabands Appear and Disappear — Capture of the "Beverly" — I am Off with the Prize — The "Young Rover" mistakes us for a Runner and Captures Us.

UNDAY morning at daylight we saw a small schooner running for the land. Our barque was hauled up to the wind, and the white spray silvered our path, as we dashed away with an eight-knot breeze, and soon the bow-chaser sent a thirty-two pound shot humming across her bows. She paid no attention to it, but crowded all sail for the land. A second shot, which passed between her masts, brought her to. She proved to be the English schooner "Harmony" from Halifax, trying to run the blockade with a load of fish, salt, butter, and arms. The crew were quite astonished when they found that they were prisoners. Four men with an officer were sent to the schooner as a prize crew, and ordered to report at Philadelphia. The sails were trimmed, wheel put up, and our departing shipmates gave a farewell wave of their caps as the little craft glided away on her return voyage.

The weather was calm and pleasant, as we drifted on to the southward. All the talk was of prizes and of chasing strange vessels, when suddenly the air became close and sultry. Away to the windward a dark, low cloud settled. The sea was in great commotion and a column, having all the appearance of smoke, twisted and waved between the water and upper air. The column was in the form of an inverted cone, having a very large base, and moved like a phantom of gigantic proportions, followed by another of the same shape, but of less size.

"Clear away the forward gun."

"All ready, sir."

"Aim point blank, — fire."

The huge globe of iron was hurled from the sixty-four pounder, and flew like a black pea, straight for the swift-moving water spouts, and striking near them caused them to collapse, and with a mighty rush of water, return to the ocean. The welcome breeze came up and filled every sail. The gun was secured, and again we went dipping and bobbing on our regular course.

At night a large vessel, with her battle lanterns gleaming through the ports, came down upon us under an immense spread of canvas. Our decks were cleared for action, the men expecting a lively time, but she proved to be a friend, — the frigate "Savannah," on a cruise. At midnight we captured a schooner with a load of fruit, but found to our chagrin that the Navy boys had charge of her, for the "Savannah" had taken her that day. That night

it was hard work to keep the boat in good trim before a fierce gale that blew like a hurricane. Robinson, one of the crew of the boat, was lifted from his seat by the force of the waves, and thrown overboard, but escaped a watery grave with only a loss of his cutlass and belt. The gale increased. The barque, under close reefs, wallowed in the heavy seas, and far away we could see the glare of the white waves as they overtopped each other, while the royal and top gallant yards were sent down, and the guns double lashed.

The forked lightening played about the masts, the crash and rattle of the thunder being terrible to hear, and so fierce that at every crash it seemed as though the skies were splitting to fragments. How plainly visible became every man's face in the bright flashes. The warm rain poured in broad sheets, and every bucket and tub was filled. As the first flush of dawn appeared in the east, the rain had ceased; the boson's whistle was heard calling "All hands to wash clothes," and every man was happy in being able to soak and wash his garments in the fresh water that came as a blessing during the storm. Scrubbing brushes and white-soap did their duty that day, on flannel and satinet. The crew scrubbed on the deck, with sleeves and trowsers tucked up out of the wet.

The gunboats "Albatross" and "Cambridge" came close upon us, and the respective captains, having exchanged compliments, left and headed to the southward. We then steered for Cape Lookout, with a clear sky, light wind, and choppy sea, and the next day sighted the lighthouse, and stood along the

shore. The lookout from the fore royal yard reported a sail to leeward, heading in shore. All was life and bustle; every stitch of sail was spread, and the lower stunsails had a bag of cannon shot attached to them in order to make them set better, and with the pumps a stream of water was thrown upon the top-sail yard.

As soon as we were seen, the stranger crowded all sail and made an effort to get on the edge of thirty fathoms from shore, and thus escape the danger of being taken as a prize. But it was of no use; we gained on her like a dolphin after a flying-fish. One, two, three shots were fired, the last going through her mainsail, obliging her to heave to, and fall into our hands, and the "Mary E. Pindar," a secesh schooner, was soon flying the Union colors and on its way, as a prize, to Baltimore.

Our barque was put about and run for the land; no vessel of any kind being in sight, save the prize, heading up the coast. We drew rapidly in with the shore. The forts that protected the entrance to Wilmington harbor were before us, and yet we sailed steadily on, fair in view of the batteries. There was no appearance of a man-of-war about us. Flags and pennants were concealed. The crew were hidden beneath the rail, except the men who were needed to work the vessel, and they were dressed in red shirts and old hats. The Captain was the only officer visible on the quarter, and a ragged coat concealed his uniform and straps. The guns were all run in, the ports closed, and a signal for a pilot hoisted at the fore. Steadily we kept on our way; the red-shirts

clewed up the sails and furled them clumsily, and soon the barque was hove to, right in the face of the sand hills, and batteries that could at a moment's warning, blow us out of water.

In the distance lay the city of Wilmington, gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, the large brick stores looming up far above the wharves, and a pilot boat, containing two men, rapidly approached us.

"Hallo, Cap', I'm glad to see you; been looking for you this two weeks," shouted the best looking of the two.

"Oh, I am here, after a fashion. Any Yanks about?" answered our Captain, as he seated himself on the rail, pipe in hand, and quite unconcerned, "I want to be in port as quick as you can put me there."

"Can't do it till seven o'clock, Cap'. If you are loaded with coffee you 'll have a good market. When did you leave Rio Janerio?"

Their boat was made fast to our side, and the pilots stood on their seat, bare-legged and happy.

"Come aboard, my boys, and take a cup of tea; I see you aint in any hurry to go on."

"That 's so, Cap'; we're all right, any how."

They ran up the ladder and stood on the quarter-deck. What a look of amazement was suddenly depicted on their faces; their tongues seemed fastened to the roofs of their mouths, as they realized that they were deceived, kidnapped men. The Captain, with a revolver in hand, pointed to the deck, motioned for them to descend, and they did so.

"Don't be alarmed, my lads, you are on a Union

gunboat now; we won't hurt you if you behave, but keep a still tongue in your head, or I'll tie you to the yard-arm."

This was the old man's warning to the sad, desponding men. We all lay quiet until the ship was put about; and the people on the shore thought every thing right so long as the pilots were aboard. A steady wind came fresh and pure down the river. We were about a gun-shot from the forts and water defences, when the Captain waved his hand, and instantly all the officers and men sprung to the rigging and cheered in the faces of the astonished rebs on the shore. The Union colors danced from every spar on our vessel.

"Cast loose and provide," was the order.

"Load with shell,—ready, two points abaft the beam,—fire!"

The smoke rolled away, as the shells from our sixty-four pounder went like thunderbolts among the rebs, and it was full ten minutes before they could sufficiently recover from their astonishment to fire their guns. Even then they were too much excited to fire accurately, and their solid missiles only sent the water spouting in the air. We then gave them a farewell shot, and with a cheer that sounded loud and long, we sailed off, scot free, with flying colors.

The pilot boat, built of red cedar, and copper fastened, was hoisted aboard and stowed on top of the galley. It was twenty-three feet long, splendidly built, and was of some service to us during our cruising, as it was admirably suited to the creeks and bays; but in

course of time its frailty rendered it useless, and it was split up for kindling wood, and myself and others amused ourselves, and occupied our otherwise idle moments in making models of ships from the soft wood of which it was built.

As for the pilots, they took their capture rather disparingly, and growled constantly at being torn from their homes and families. But growling did not better their fortunes, and they were soon put in mess No. 10, and were joined to the ship as ordinary seamen. They took the oath of allegiance in fear, and after a time became good Union men, and a great help to us on our expeditions.

We stood along the coast until we came to Bouge inlet, which was our regular station, and seeing a steam-barque approaching, we cleared for action. We had suspicions that it might be the "Sumter," but it proved to be the gun-boat "Young Rover," from Boston, on a cruise. She brought us papers and letters that were very welcome, then bore away to the southward and soon disappeared from our view, although where we stood was her appointed cruising ground.

We next chased a large ship, the "James Thompson;" overhauled her, and not finding anything suspicious, she was allowed to proceed on her voyage. At dusk we sighted the "Young Rover," steaming to the eastward. Sounding was now the order of exercise, night and day, and the voice of the leadsman was heard all the time. The "blue pigeon" was the subject of some rather plain talk, and every man who could throw a lead had his two hours in the chains,

engaged in the monotonous occupation of keeping that bird on the wing. A fearful gale next drove us in the direction of the gulf stream, and as the men could not get an "up and down sound," the Captain ordered the deep sea-lead and line prepared. This weighed nearly forty pounds, upon which an additional weight consisting of sixty-four pounds of shot was netted. The men had been hauling the line all night and were rather out of sorts, for they knew there was water under the keel to the depth of more than thirty fathoms. The Captain would not be satisfied. He dipped the glass, and felt the water, and after all, threw the mass of lead and iron from the stern. A long succession of white bubbles followed the line into the sea, ninety fathoms and no bottom; new lines were bent on, and one hundred and sixty fathoms run out, but no bottom was touched; then the Captain ordered the line to be hauled in and stowed away, knowing that the gulf stream could be sounded for miles and yet no soundings secured. The men rolled their cuds of tobacco in their mouths as they gladly hauled in the line. After this the "blue pigeon" was seen flying only when the barque was in sight of land.

It was a cool October day, and we lay at anchor, off Beaufort, N. C., the land being about four miles to windward, when we saw a boat badly managed, loaded with contrabands, coming toward us, a white shirt flying from the mast-head as a flag of truce. We hove up our anchor, got underway, and tacked to pick them up, but looked for them in vain; negroes and boat had disappeared. We cruised about to pick up

any who might remain alive, but not one was found. Soon after, a man at the look-out announced a sail to leeward. We chased her, and finding it to be the Young Rover, we returned and anchored in seven fathoms of water. In the morning we weighed anchor, and the Young Rover, after cruising a week with us, and finding no prizes, steamed for "Frying Pan Shoals," while we went back and dropped our anchor near the Cape lighthouse.

The next morning, for dropping a heavy block from the top, and denting the deck, I was sent to the royal yard, to keep the look-out all the forenoon, as punishment. I went slowly enough up the rigging, blaming myself for my carelessness, and caring not whether any sails were in sight or not. I was looking listlessly from my cool, lofty perch, into the town of Beaufort, when, turning suddenly on the yard, I saw, crawling for the land, through the gray mist of the morning, a large schooner with every sail set. With all the power of my lungs I shouted, "Sail, Ho." The officers had the windlass manned, and the sails all loosed before the Captain could get on deck, and in ten minutes time the ship was under a cloud of canvas, trying to head off the strange craft. I looked down on the busy scene below me, and felt tip-top. How the cool air rushed by my head as I passed an arm round the mast, and watched this exciting chase. The English flag flew from the main peak of the fleeing vessel.

"Oh, you are a good prize, fast enough; slap a shot into her, Mr. Lunt, if she don't heave to, soon."

The Captain was excited. "What water have you got?"

"And by the deep, four," drawled the leadsman.

"And a quarter less four," came the regular song.

"Ready, forward — fire." The lock string was jerked, and the iron messenger spoke in strongest terms to the English runner, "You must heave to." Down came her flying-jib, and down dropped the main-peak.

"Lay down from aloft, Ned, and go in your boat."

I was in the gig as she struck the water, and the next moment slipped around the ship's stern, and away we pulled for the prize. We boarded her, and in a wink of an eye she had changed hands — a good prize to our barque. She was the "Beverly," of Halifax, N. S., fitted to run the blockade, and loaded with salt, powder, clothing, dry goods of all kinds, and a few kegs of butter.

On returning to the barque, my name was called first as one of the prize crew to work her to Baltimore. I was highly pleased at this fine chance to change the dullness of man-of-war life, and with four of our crew, an officer, and three prisoners we took in the "Harmony," I followed my bag and hammock to the schooner. The sun was out hot. The ocean was slightly ruffled by a gentle wind, as we ran up the jib and main-peak, trimmed the light sails, and bore away for the North. This schooner-working was play to me, and I was all right as far as good living and easy times were concerned.

The barque wore round on the opposite tack, and at sunset was almost out of sight. The night shut down dark, warm, and calm. I had a good supper

under my jacket, and turned in for two hours of sleep. At midnight I was on deck, lounging over the iron wheel, and conversing with the master's-mate, when we saw a line of flame shoot from a gun, and a shot whizzed across our bows. The flash revealed a gunboat steaming up to us, and the laughing crew grouped at the guns. Their boat boarded us, and claimed us as a prize, but had the laugh turned on them as our officer confronted the boarding party. A yell of derision went up on the calm night air, and the disappointed boat's crew returned in mortification and anger to the "Young Rover."

CHAPTER XIX.

A Dismal Storm — At Fortress Monroe — Off with the Prize to Baltimore — A Growling Pilot — Contrasted Scenes — Jack Tar and his Prize Money — Transferred — The Louisiana — Hawking Chestnuts — On Board the Minnesota — Good Order — Neat and Trim — Companion in my African Captivity, on Board — A Happy Meeting — Fate of my Old Friend — The Gemsbok — Bad Reports — Exit of Incompetent Officers.

IT held calm all night, and in the morning no sail was in sight. As the sun arose, a gentle breeze sprung up, and after guying out the booms, we laid down on the top of the house and sunned ourselves. We kept a sharp lookout for fish, and occasionally managed to take a few, with raw pork for bait. On the second day after leaving the barque, we found ourselves among masses of gulf weed, and we drew in bunches of it, glistening with round berries, and alive with the little sea insects that dropped and squirmed from the yellow branches. A large turtle was seen floating on the water; but he dove and disappeared before we could reach him. One of our crew was appointed cook, and there being a great plenty of provision aboard, we lived well.

On Sunday the officer read prayers, from his book, and a chapter from the Bible, but the men paid little attention to the formal service, prefering to watch the dolphins swimming around the vessel. The weather

continued mild, with light, variable winds, and the course steered was N. N. E., in order to clear the Hatteras' shoals. The gun-boats "Cambridge," and "Monticello," boarded us, and gave to our keeping their letter bags. The fair wind which we had during the day, at night piped and ripened for a gale; still on we scudded, making the most of the welcome Sou'-wester, and did not reef until the next morning.

Suddenly the wind lulled, and the schooner rolled and slatted in the running sea, the wind coming in squalls from the Nor'west, and, in four hours time it settled into a gale. The mainsail was furled, and preventer sheets put on the fore boom. New lashings secured the sail and booms, and going to the wheel, I rolled it down, while two men eased off the fore-sheets. She was thus hove to, and rode the gale out bravely, though it blew so furiously that no one could look to the windward, more than a minute at a time. The sail stood all the blasts, and it gave us joy to see everything hold so good and strong.

An additional man was at the wheel, day and night, ready to put up the helm and scud her if the case required it. At length the wind abated; the storm-tossed craft could set a little more sail, and head up to the land. The green and white rollers grew smaller each hour, and then the sun's rays burst in gorgeous splendor over the heaving sea. Stray vessels were met, showing spare sail, and the Nor'-wester was at an end.

In taking an observation at noon, we found we had

drifted eighty miles to the eastward of Hatteras, and as soon as prudent, we clapped on all sail to make up for lost time. My only duty was to steer the last half of the night, but one fine afternoon I rigged a lead, took soundings, and found we had fifteen fathoms of water, and a fine sandy bottom. I went to the fore-cross-trees and could distinguish, far away, the loom of the land, by compass bearing, N. W., and returned to the deck, assured that we should see Cape Henry the next day; and at daylight its low, sandy shore was in full view. The wrecks of two vessels lay on the beach, and the lighthouse looked like a ghostly and battered sentinel, whose glory had departed.

The pilot boat "Coquette" boarded us, transferred a pilot to our deck, and in a few hours we were anchored off the wharf at Fortress Monroe. We lay there two days, repairing the little damage the gale had done, cleaning the rusty guns and pistols, for which we had no use, and lying on the house, watched the ever-changing scenes in the harbor; then quietly weighed anchor and sailed for Baltimore.

The pilot we had was a cross-grained, stubborn piece of humanity, and the men told him to "go to the devil" each half hour, complimenting him with the remark, — "Anybody can take a schooner up Chesapeake Bay, and pilots for Government vessels are nuisances." Yet with all the efforts of the pilot to clear shoal water the schooner was run aground a dozen times before we reached the fort on the river.

We saw thousands of ducks on the surface of the

bay, or rising from the reedy shores, and pleasant it was to us to sail past the land with its hills clothed in verdure, and to look upon the farmers' houses so cosily settled among the trees. Occasionally we heard heavy cannonading, the warm Sou'wester bringing it plainly to our ears.

The beauty of the shore was in strange contrast with the scenes on ship-board. The pilot was at the shakey wheel, spurting tobacco juice on the deck, and otherwise exercising himself in dodging the large steamers and outward bound ships that were being towed down the bay. The cook in his seven-by-nine hole was making some "burgoo" for dinner, dirty as a sea-cook could be, and forcibly reminding us that if sailors died as soon as they had eaten their peck of dirt, but few would be long in existence. Will the Navy boys ever forget this little voyage and its incidents;

> With Thompson, Johnson, Beckett, and Ball:
> And "Sally Back," the Captain of all?

We went on famously. The river "pungies" rushed past, and sharp steering was required in order to avoid the oyster, market, and fishing boats that were crowded on our course. We passed them all safely; soon the health officers came aboard, and after an examination, reported our crew "as healthy as pigs;" then with the wind and tide in our favor, we glided smoothly up the harbor. The shrill notes of the fife, with the roll of the drum sounded cheerily on the mild evening air. What a strange medley was about us,—

the scream of the engine whistle, the dash of the steamer's propeller, the long line of deeply-laden barges, the men-of-war lying at anchor, black-hulled and grim with cannon, and the fall of the bunting at sunset.

We lowered our sails and dropped anchor near the guardo "Alleghany," and then furled the canvas to the booms, and cleared the deck so that we might appear respectable. Our officer was soon ashore, and in less than an hour the schooner was snugly moored to the pier, and we had no more to do with the captured vessel. What a glorious opportunity has Jack Tar to get an insight into the "tricks of trade" before any of the prize money he bravely earns comes into his possession. He is humbugged by agents, lawyers, and government rogues so persistently and thoroughly that the "big pile" he so fondly looks for as his own is reduced to a very small one.

The people scarcely realize the value of that living wall, which in the hour of our country's danger, was reared on the Atlantic coast. Too much credit cannot be given to the soldier and sailor at any time; and those haughty, conceited people, who were wont to exclaim "Only a private," "Only a common sailor," may yet be obliged to own the superiority of those humble, brave, and glorious bands of men.

"Come, get aboard the tug with your luggage. Good bye, old boat. Where is old Sally Back? Say, Cap', where are we going now?"

"Well, my lads, you are going to the Louisiana, and then to the Minnesota.

Bang, slap bang, walked the propeller, through the muddy water, and soon we reached the high side of the transport "Louisiana." There were five of us who were to be transferred to the forty-four gun frigate, our master's mate having left for parts unknown. Up we went, bag and hammocks, and were properly stowed away.

"See the beef critters on the forward deck. Oh, I wish I was on my dad's farm in Stoneham," was the first exclamation of Johnson.

"Well, there is a goodly number of ladies here, I wonder if they are religious, or going to the hospital," sagely remarked the ever soft-hearted, dirty, and timid Ball, while Beckett and myself busied ourselves hunting after "Sally Back," and a supply of tobacco. We started to go ashore, when the guard gently dropped the bright barrel of his gun in our path. "Can't help it, boys; that officer of yours said, 'Don't let my men leave the ship,'" and we walked back again over the gangway plank, but soon found a messenger, in the shape of a negro, who was selling roasted and boiled chestnuts.

"Say, old fellow."

"Yes, marsa."

"Just you run up street and buy us pipes and tobacco, and I'll take your place and sell the nuts till you return."

He kindly accepted my proposition and started on his errand. I took his stand, and portrayed, in a loud voice, the virtues of boiled chestnuts, to the passengers, till the stock in trade was all sold. The

people appeared to relish my hawking talents, and I was enabled to give the contraband quite a collection of small change, all of which mightily pleased him, and I received a perfect shower of honest thanks.

Our officer did not appear, and we felt indignant at his forgetfulness of us, and the question came up as to what we were to do, for food and rest. I soon settled this by applying to the lieutenant of the boat, a soldier and a gentleman.

"Well, boys, your officer was unfair to leave you in such a way; he should have gone with you to the frigate; but I'll give you your meals and lodging, and that is all I can do."

This was all we wanted; and, thanks to his kindness, we were provided with food and accommodations as generously as the passengers.

In the evening, while the steamer was ploughing her way through the calm waters of the bay, I strolled to the upper deck, to have a smoke by myself, and was joined by a lady and her husband, who saw me peddling the chestnuts, and in their company the evening passed pleasantly away.

The steamer, with its lofty chimneys towering far above the long, white hull and yellow painted wheel houses, moved swiftly on its way, the dark shores gradually faded into one long, black line, as we emerged into the open bay, and I descended the ladders, retired to my berth, and had just time to catch a cat-nap before the gong sounded for breakfast. Well I knew it was the last bite of steak and soft bread I should receive for many a month to come.

All was dark on deck, but light and life in the cabin. Long tables were filled with passengers who were doing justice to the dainty viands.

The steamer rounded old Point Comfort, and in a few moments the Minnesota's barge was alongside. The floating palace was moored to the wharf, and the passengers hurried, like so many wild school boys, in every direction. We followed our hammocks and bags to the boat; the double banked oars were lifted and dropped with one motion, and straight across the stream we were borne to the frigate, whose fabric of rope and spars loomed up like a monster cobweb, in the dull haze of the November morning. The air was cool and bracing, but well we knew that at noon the sun might scorch us with its furious glare, and at night an extra flannel undershirt might be welcomed as a protection against the heavy night dew.

We reached the MINNESOTA in good time. The oar-blades were laid in; the bow-man fastened his boat-hook to the ring bolt, or boat warp, and ascended the well-scrubbed steps to the spar deck. We were soon assigned a mess, and a place to put our luggage. There were many prize men aboard,—nine hundred men, all told. Everything was ship-shape about the hull and rigging. The eleven inch forward gun was polished to a jet black, as, also, were the batteries on the spar and gun decks. The rule seemed to be,—"a place for everything and everything in its place," and a rule that was well observed. Piles of shot, grape and cannister met the eye. Men were walking the white, spotless deck, in twos and threes.

Others were squatted about the guns, for the deck was yet damp, else they would all have been sewing on various garments. Each one knew his work and his station, and that to do his duty, keep civil and clean was the order of the day, and all that was expected.

Men were washing the sleep from their eyes with salt water; the contrabands were wringing swabs, and scrubbing the copper hoops on the spittoons; and the cross old boatswain was watching all the operations; the fragrance of pure coffee and "scouse" arose from the many mess cloths, and soon the shrill whistle piped the men to breakfast. But not wishing a second meal, I went forward for a smoke. The deck was nearly deserted of men, and the quarter-master walked the bridge with steady tramp.

"Hallo," I suddenly exclaimed, "who is that fellow coming down the deck quite unconcerned about his grub? Bridges, is that you?"

"Yes, thank God, I see you again."

"How are you, Coast of Africa? Well, who would have thought of seeing you? When did you get home, and leave?"

He told me all of his adventures; that he had left Aden in the English ship "Annie;" went to London, from thence to Quebec, in Canada, and walked from there to his home in Beverly.

I was truly glad to see him, from the bottom of my heart, and while in the Minnesota we were always together. Poor Jack! a rebel bullet sent his brave spirit out of this world while doing duty on the

Carolina river, and his bones lay for a long time in Plymouth graveyard, until kind hands removed them to the place that was his boyhood's home. May the dews gently fall on his grave, and on the graves of every other patriot, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores; and may the spirits of those noble soldiers and sailors, as they wing their way to brighter worlds, be able to say, "Our bodies were not sacrificed in vain."

The days wore slowly on; an attendance upon inspection or drill, and muster, comprised all our duty. The pie boat came every day, and those men whose good fortune it was to have loose money, laid in an abundant supply of such fancy rations. Cards, props, and tetotum were always in motion in sly places. Thieves abounded; a proof of which I had, when on going to my clothes-bag one night, I found two pounds of tobacco, and a black silk neck-tie gone. I told no one of my loss, for it would have done no good; and the next time I went to open the bag I found a new pair of pants, and shirts rolled together. I put them on and wore them out in time.

Prize crews were constantly coming to the frigate; and one day, as I lounged by the big gun, I saw a barque, under full sail, flying up the bay. It was the "Gemsbok." I could not mistake that high, black bow, and the tasty figure-head of "Miss Gemsbok," as the old tars used to call the dashing wooden girl under the bowsprit. I have seen the men sit on the dolphin striker guys and look, for hours at a time, at that pretty figure-head.

In came the barque, with flags well displayed, and the swelling canvas taking her over the muddy stream at a flying pace. She dipped her colors as she shot past, and as sail after sail was clewed up, and the wheel rolled down, she lessened her headway, and slowly backed astern. Then splash went the big anchor. The chain tautened at thirty fathoms, the men clustered in the tops, and the next moment lay out on the black yards, and the hemp was speedily put out of sight against the wood. The barque sent her boat to the frigate to report and take us aboard.

"How do you prosper, now-a-days, my lads?"

"O, you hold on till you get aboard; the barque is a prison afloat. We have kept cruising day and night, and if I had had your chance, I should have run away."

"Anybody died?" I asked.

"No; nor we have n't seen a prize since you left. I hope the Captain will put you back to the gig; then you will get enough of pulling about."

"Lay along here, you prize men, get your luggage and go in the boat." In a few minutes we were at our own vessel's side. The Captain was watching us, pipe in hand, as usual. "Ah, my men, you 're all alive; go to your duties." We were astonished at the overbearing disposition of the young officers. The crew were sulky and quarreling, and the orders were given by the officers as if they were despots in command of a gang of cringing slaves. What had made the change?

"I 'll tell you, Ned," said one of the men to me,

"we were ready to rise and throw the first and second lieutenant overboard, take the barque and go pirating, if we had not come here. We will make those hounds leave the ship in disgrace in less than two days. Mark my words and see if we don't."

The complaints were laid before the admiral; As the mortified officers addressed the men, scoffs and groans were freely given in return, and, as they left the ship forever, the crew sprung into the rigging, and gave three hearty groans, and, in doing so, aroused all the vessels at anchor. Old quids of tobacco and curses followed them, and then the Captain came to the break of the poop and made a fine speech on future behavior. After this the men conducted themselves with all honor.

The barque was the better for having got rid of these three officers. One of them had but little sense; the others in their own estimation, knew too much for their own good. One of the latter told the men he was a "tiger," and proved it by his conduct; and the other made the men go aloft in shirt-sleeves during the coldest weather. I have seen officers of the Navy, choice young upstarts, who did not know how many ropes there were in a ship, who could not draw up a day's work, keep a log, or steer a ship, put in command over men who had passed their lives at sea; and yet "the articles" were read over every Sunday, until the men had "death if you draw or offer to draw, strike or offer to strike a superior officer" so stamped on their memories, that the word "officer" filled them with hatred. "I'll lay my life down for

such a one," and "I 'll see that devil sink before I 'll help him," were every-day exclamations. Men are men; not brutes, as some people seem to think. Treat a man like a man, and he knows it; but act towards him as though he was a dog, and you will receive a dog's usage, and deserve it.

CHAPTER XX.

Off before a Nor'wester — A Gale — Suspicious Steamers — "A Full-Rigged Brig" in View — Every Sail in Service — We Rapidly Approach our Game and find that we have been Chasing a Light-house — Auction Sale of a Letter — Beaufort — Cruising — A Practical Joke — "To Grease we Give our Shining Blades" — Foraging for Fresh Beef — A Skirmish with the Rebels.

WE were in Hampton Roads a week, and having taken in water and stores, sailed with a fair wind. The Burnside Expedition sailed on the same day. As we passed Cape Henry we saw a large brig, high and dry, ashore. We dashed away before a cold Nor'-wester, and in eighteen hours from the time we lifted anchor, had the light yards and spars sent down. The gale raged with unabated fury. We had the barque under a close-reefed main-topsail, and with preventer braces on the yard, flew on the waves, straight as an arrow from a bow. We outran every other vessel, and at daylight the gale broke and we cleared Cape Hatteras without loss.

Three days after this heavy blow, there was a still, dead calm. The ship lay with every sail flat to the mast, and a warm, cheerful sun overhead. The man on the lookout reported two steamers fast bearing down on us, so we cleared for action, clewed up the sails, and double-shotted the guns. On came the suspicious steamers; their colors hung so low in the

calm, dead air, that we could not tell whether they were flags or not. As they rushed past our vessel and laid on our port-hand, their long thirty-two's looked us fair in the eye. What a load was taken from our hearts when they announced themselves as the United States gunboats "Connecticut" and "New London" on a cruise. How happy we felt when the old flag danced out on the light breeze; for had those steamers been rebel gun-boats we should have been entirely at their mercy.

We were soon favored with a fair wind that bore us to the westward, and the lookout reported a sail ahead. In a few moments the second lieutenant had his glass up aloft, and announced, with much joy to the deck, "A full rigged brig running with all sail for the land." All the other officers except the Captain were equally excited, and drove the barque as fast as they could. The Captain let them have their own way, and smiled grimly when the officer of the deck told the helmsman to "steer straight into a mosquito's eye." Stunsails caught every breath of air; everything was braced to a hair, and we gained rapidly on the supposed brig. At sunset the Captain gave the order, "Brace up sharp, and take in stunsails." Then the officers saw through their mistake, and discovered by their glasses that we had been chasing the tall light-house of Cape Lookout all the afternoon. The Captain knew it all the time, and thought the men might have a little exercise, and the officers a chance to find out the blunder they had made.

We continued on our way with gentle breezes, and

at daylight sighted a barque near the land. All sail was placed on our vessel, and, to our surprise, the stranger came down on us with full sail. The Union banner danced from her spanker-gaff, and the long "coach whip" proclaimed her a Yankee gunboat. We had cleared for action, and would have been pleased if she had proved an enemy, but it was the gunboat "Fernandina," a dark, piratical looking craft that sailed like a witch.

We ran down the coast under light sail, and had fine weather for a week longer. Our barque was in splendid trim, and all went smooth. In making the crow's-foot fast to the awning I fell, for the first time at sea, and struck heavily on the signal chest. Friendly arms carried me to my hammock, and I laid there a week before I could "turn to" again.

The steamer "Mt. Vernon" came to us, and letters were expected; but only two came aboard, one to the Captain and one to myself. I had great sport, as I sat up in the hammock, and the men crowded around, wanting to buy my letter.

"Is that from a girl, Ned?"

"Yes; one I used to know."

"I'll give you a dollar for it, just to read; you shall have it back again."

There were fifty men, full of fun, at hand, and bound to see that letter; so I put it up at auction, and when the bid reached five dollars, I quietly handed to the excited young man the precious note, and tucked the currency into my wristband. That letter was sold and resold until the game was all played out, and the fun ended.

We had fine cruising weather, with now and then a thunder storm, and, as we sagged down the coast, saw the wreck of the transport "Union" on the low, sandy beach. Glasses soon discovered a large concourse of rebels busily engaged in plundering the stranded hull. We moved forward rapidly like an albatross, and, as we neared them, let fly the whole of our starboard division. The death-dealing globes of iron sent the wood work of the steamer flying in showers of splinters, and the rebs ran up the beach, their coat-tails flying so straight behind them that a person could have played dominoes on their skirts. A score of them had sought shelter in the steamer's hull, and as the thirty-two's and cannister rattled among the wheels and smoke stacks, they must have thought the very devil himself had struck them.

We luffed up to the wind, and gave them the contents of the port-battery, which cleared the beach of every gray-back and horse, and then we threw a few sixty-four pound shells into the shrubbery to have them understand that we knew where they had been hiding. Having thus cleared the beach and woods, we landed in the cutter; set fire to the wreck, and the next day nothing was left but the wheels and heavy machinery. We then beat back to Bouge Inlet, cast anchor for the night, and the next day cruised twenty miles off shore, then returned and anchored at the South channel, off Beaufort.

There were two ships, a barque, and a few small schooners, penned up in the port, waiting an opportunity to run through the fleet, but they never had the

courage to come out. The ships moved down to the fort and lay there, drying their sails every pleasant day, for the six months during which our gun-boat, single-handed, kept them blockaded, and when the fort and town surrendered, they became lawful prizes to the government.

Every day we cruised down the land, and at dark reefed topsails, and anchored. The gun-boats "Brazelerio," and "Amanda," joined us, and a sharp lookout was kept all along the coast, with nothing on shore to greet the eye but dark green pines, and ridges of sand. At one time it was bitter cold on the top-gallant cross-trees for the men on the watch, and at another, in the same week, the men would sweat and lie in the shade. The warm, balmy, Southern air was redolent with fragrance, but the Nor'-westers sweeping down over the pine woods, laden with the Northern snows, were enough to chill the marrow in our bones.

No fires were allowed to be kept on the vessel, except in the cook's galley, and after supper even that was put out, yet still some heat remained, and the galley proved a grand place for the sailors to creep into of a bitter cold night. Men on the deck lookouts kept warm by walking their stations. Those in the tops, after everything was quiet, encased themselves in the bunts of the staysails, and kept their heads out, crying their lookout every half hour.

The idlers on deck sought the galley one cold, stormy night, to pass the time away till their lookout came. The vessel lay at anchor, and rolled heavily.

Twenty men were packed around the cook's stove, and three lay on it, when some evil-disposed person made them prisoners by tying the sliding doors together. Bad air and tobacco smoke made the men bestir themselves, and in the hard jostling that ensued, some unlucky wight capsized a barrel of slush. Curses, not loud but deep, followed, and all tried to emerge from the sad plight in which they found themselves. They could not keep their feet on the metalic floor, for grease was in profusion. The vessel rolled, and kept most of the number on their backs, and at length, when patience, curses, strength and slush were exhausted, the doors slid back, and the watch on deck warmed themselves with laughter to see the men make their exit, attired in their new uniforms of pot-skimmings and fat. The galley was molested no more by night watches; and it took the cooks a long time with sand and hot water for assistants, to cleanse it.

Every day we cruised off shore, and at dark anchored under the land, until, wearied with the monotony, we all longed for a change, and the men hinted around that there must be some fresh beef on shore, and finally obtained liberty to make up a foraging expedition. A picked crew of fifteen men with rifles soon landed. Two men were left in charge of the boat, ready for an emergency, and the party struck up the beach into the woods.

In less than an hour the reports of muskets were heard, and we soon saw our blue jackets on the shore, with a number of rebel cavalry dashing about them.

Our men were retreating to the boat, some of them fighting as they came, others holding on like sharks to the carcass of a beeve they had slaughtered. Those who dragged the carcass to the boat paid little heed to the combat until they had placed the meat in the cutter, which done, they jumped back to assist their comrades and officers. The rebels, confident of victory, tried to "gobble" the boat's crew at one swoop, without killing them.

At the first appearance of the party, the Captain's gig had been lowered, and, fully armed, we pulled with all energy for the beach. The rebs had taken some of our men as prisoners, yet none had been killed. We dashed the gig to the shore, and emptied the rifles into the horsemen. They dropped their prisoners and fled up the shore. At the same moment the guns of the vessel sent the solid shot over our heads and into the woods. The rebs opened fire on us as we pulled off to the barque, but our boats arrived at the gunboat with all the men safe.

We all felt pleased with the result of the expedition. The party stated that the rebs did not want to kill them, but shouted during the melee, that, "an exchange of Yanks' for beef was a fair thing;" and their officer's order of "gobble the whole boodle," showed that dead men were not wanted. The guns were secured, and the beef cut up, and highly enjoyed by all hands, but the Captain never allowed another foraging expedition. We weighed anchor, and that night ran down the coast, taking observations as we went along.

CHAPTER XXI.

Burning of the "York," of Dublin — Fishing — Stewed Gulls for the Officers — Picket Boats — Pitch and Toss — Worrying the Rebs — The "Jeff Davis" — Our Contrabands — Single Stick Exercise — Plenty to Do — Man-of-War Sports — Singing, Dancing and Spinning Yarns — McIntosh promises a Yarn, but Dies before he can Commence — The Men Awed by the Sudden Death — A Burial at Sea.

E kept on our voyage of discovery, and the next afternoon the "Albatross" joined us. We saw a wreck on the beach, and learned that it was the ship "York," of Dublin, an English vessel that had been driven ashore during a heavy storm. She had parted one anchor, and had two hundred fathoms of cable run out on the other, yet she laid well out of water on the beach, and the rebs were stripping her as fast as they could. Most of the rigging was taken from the spars, and all of the sails had disappeared.

We sent a few shot into the woods, and then, with the boats of the "Albatross," reached the wreck and set fire to her in the cabin; we then ranged over the deck, finding not a single article of value but the mate's log-book. We next overturned a can of turpentine in the forecastle, and firing it, soon had both ends of the doomed ship in flames. We left her as soon as the fire had gained sufficient headway to in-

sure her destruction, and went aboard of our own vessel. The "Albatross," as soon as she had picked up her boats, steamed up the coast, and was soon shut from our view by the darkness that was fast settling over sea and land. We wore ship quite near to the burning hull, and discharged two broadsides into the flaming wreck, with startling effect. The tall spars tottered, and fell over the side; clouds of red sparks were floating in the air, firing the dry underbrush of the shore, and the shells, as they exploded, sent the burning pieces in all directions. We lay off and on until midnight, and then sailed up the coast to the entrance of Beaufort.

On pleasant days the men were allowed to fish from the vessel, and hundreds of small fry, called "croakers," so called from a certain noise they produced, afforded us a great amount of pleasure, both in catching and eating. We also caught a fish shaped like a toad, with a stout tail, but this repulsive fish was never eaten. Sea birds were shot, and stews made from them for the officers' table.

The weather was mild for the season; boats were continually being pulled about among the little fleet during the day, and were on picket duty every night. On one occasion they passed the fort at midnight, and planted buoys in the channel, but the rebs pulled them up the next day. Some nights it was extremely hazardous to send boats on picket, yet they went with muffled oars, and well provided with lanterns, compass, water, and food. The guns of the forts were occasionally discharged at random, to

frighten the men in the picket boats. I was engaged, a greater part of the time, in the agreeable occupation of making plans and sketches of the fort, harbor, and prominent points of the land. The vessels in the fleet outside numbered five, but these were not sufficient to reduce the fort of forty guns; it was only by a co-operation of land and naval forces that its destruction could be accomplished.

Burnside was rapidly sweeping through North Carolina, and heading for Beaufort. Intelligence reached us, every few days, of his glorious and steady advance, yet the star-barred rags floated before our eyes from the flag-staff in the town, and the high, slim pole, in the casements at Fort Macon, which appeared like one large saucer overturned on another still larger. Their guns annoyed us every day, but we all lay at anchor just outside of the range of their most effective piece and watched with satisfaction its solid shot skip and bound over the calm water, sending the salt spray in white showers, and hurting no one.

The pleasure boat "Jeff Davis," with a number of contrabands, reached our fleet. The negroes were distributed among the vessels. Two of them came to the Gemsbok, and were soon doing good service in the cook's galley. They were large, fat, indolent men, and, at first, were in every one's way; but they soon had new ideas infused into them, and worked as they had never worked before; one of them exclaimed when his patience was tried,—

"By gol-ormity, massa, I tort de old massa wor a

hard boss, an I had a-nuff to do, but dis am a big boat, an so many bosses,—Oh, wot dis poor nigga gwine fer ter do ?"

All sorts of pranks were played upon them, and as they were fond of butting and fighting in their own style, they were satisfied to their hearts' desire, by a chap from New York, who butted them till they roared with pain.

The boat "Jeff Davis" was a gay looking affair, and the best pleasure boat in Beaufort. Every night after supper the crew were engaged in fencing with single sticks, and found it to be a healthy and pleasant exercise; the constant play of eye, hand, and body rendering it the best kind of recreation to relieve the dull routine of man-of-war life. It was hard and quick work to handle the large guns, and perform the duties of sail trimmer; and musket drill was a work a sailor always dreads. Our men proved no exception to this general rule; they were heartily wearied and sick of it, and when the boson piped the division to exercise at small arms, out of twenty-five men that fired at a barrel in the water, only one hit it; but the figure of a man hung to the yard-arm labeled "Uncle Jeff," was bored through by balls from nearly every rifle and revolver, and many an officer took delight in firing at it, who never had a chance to pop away at a live rebel.

We tarred and painted ship, scoured copper and burnished brass work during fine weather, and made "sin-yarn and spun it," on rainy days. Work of some kind was daily laid out, and, as there were many

hands, it was light and quickly done. Sword mats and fancy work were next given to us; after that the "spinning jenny" was in motion every day, and worked up all the old rigging and rope yarn. The "Rhode Island" passed us, having in tow a splendid little schooner, the "Phantom," that she had taken as a prize, and was leading by the nose to Hampton Roads.

Every fine night when it was calm, and the crew in good humor, we had cotillon and contra dances on the berth-deck. Our orchestra consisted of two fiddles, one guitar, with banjos in profusion, handled with dexterous fingers, and all enjoyed it as long as cold weather lasted. Shades of Warnell, Cushing, Torpey, and Jack Robinson, where are you, and all the careless, dare-devil lads who made the old boat ring? Come, Grimes, chime in, there is a good tune in an old fiddle yet. The songs of Yankee, Irishmen, Englishmen, and Portuguese are pleasant to hear, if sung with true native energy and feeling. Every kind of song was sung; rough jokes played; feats of strength, quickness, and elasticity displayed; jig dancers footed it out by the hour; cards, dominoes, and tee-totums, came in play; crack-a-loo and gambling were carried on slily, and the men tried every way to kill time.

The top-gallant forecastle was the favorite place to tell tales of love, wreck, and the joys and perils of a sailors' life. There the narrator, squatted between the dead-eyes of the fore stay, held forth to his enraptured audience. One fine evening the place

was occupied by McIntosh, a fine looking old sailor, and, as he sat whiffing his pipe, the men congregated about him, begged for a yarn. "Well, lads, let me finish my smoke, and then I'll spin you a twister about my going off." Having said this the smoker closed his eyes and settled quietly back in the bend of the stay, his face calm and pleasant, and the blue cloud of tobacco smoke rising to the black cap ribbon over his left eye. The sprawled out crowd waited some few minutes, and, as he made no motion, neither opened his eyes nor showed any signs of spinning his yarn, one of the men standing by tapped him on the shoulder with a "Heave ahead my hearty." Still no motion. They took his hand; it was a dead man's hand; the spirit of the sailor had fled to a peaceful haven. McIntosh had spun his last yarn, and enjoyed the last pipe of tobacco in this life. The group were awed by this sudden touch of death; with solemn faces the men carried the inanimate form aft to the arm-chest, laid it there, and the surgeon, with his colleague, pronounced poor Mac dead, from disease of the heart. The Stars and Stripes were folded over his cold breast, and the crew retired to their hammocks earlier than usual. The next morning the barque was got under way, and when the land had sunk from view, and the lead had struck thirty fathoms, the topsail was laid to the mast, and an ocean burial scene began. It was a solemn sight and sound, sober faces and deep toned words marked the hour. We took a last look at our shipmate; the plank was tilted on the rail; the flag

withdrawn, and, as the words, "We now commit this body to the deep" were pronounced, the corpse, heavily weighted with solid shot, and encased in canvas, passed over the vessel's side, and disappeared in the bosom of the water, to be seen no more by mortal eyes.

CHAPTER XXII.

My Narrow Escape — Rough Weather — Up Anchors and Off — Hampton Roads Again — The Burnside Fleet — The Old "Brandywine" — Motley Array of Shipping — Liberty Men lying around Loose — A Gala Day — Great Display of Bunting — A Perilous Task — Strategic Feat of the "Nashville" — An Old Sailor Tells How it was Done — The "Nashville" Tries it Again — Off She Goes — An Excited Captain.

THE day after the ocean burial the barque was riding out a gale of wind, lying at anchor. The boat "Jeff Davis," was astern, filled with water, and I was sent, with others, to bail it out. It was a perilous duty, but quickly done, and the men returned to the vessel in safety. Being the last to ascend the ladder, I missed my hold and fell overboard. The counter of the vessel, as her stern settled into the sea, struck the top of my head and confused me, but as I looked through the green water above, I saw a rope at hand. I grasped it, holding on with a determination made strong by the thought that it was my last chance, and was safely drawn on board. The waves ran high, and my escape was looked upon as a miracle, as no boat could have saved me. The next day, as soon as the gale abated, we weighed anchor, and, under top-gallant sails and topsails, cut through the long rolling seas, bound again for Hampton Roads.

Our passage was short; the wind had become tired of blowing a gale, and had settled itself down into a good and wholesome breeze. As we swept like a racer along the sandy shores of Cape Henry, we saw an immense fleet lying at anchor in the Roads. It was the armada of Burnside. Every kind of craft composed it; steamers and sailing vessels; tugs and barges; old ferry boats, and worn-out propellers, all loaded with soldiers who were bound to put the rebels through, in North Carolina. The bad passage, and loss of some of these old boats is still fresh in many memories; also the long storm and pounding those transports had to encounter in passing Hatteras, and crossing the swash of the Sound.

We kept on our way through the line of vessels and well up the Roads, and at length anchored off the steamboat wharf, and near the old Brandywine. We were soon obliged to go to that vessel for stores, and I had a fine chance to study the build of the veteran frigate, whose history is so honorably identified with the American Navy. The feet of the gallant and patriotic Lafayette, and many other illustrious men, who have passed from this earthly stage of action, once walked her oaken deck. The old hooks, on which the seamen once swung their hammocks, were worn smooth and sharp by time and use. The square, bulging stern, and full, blunt bows were in keeping with her upper works; and the curious old gilding and carving had been smothered in black paint. We procured ratling stuff, cordage, and some stores from her, and then pulled back to our vessel. I made the

gig fast to the ladder of the swinging boom, and ran nimbly in on the slender spar, to get my supper as the boson's pipes were sounding.

The supper of tea, cheese, pork, and hard bread was soon put out of sight, and we tumbled to the upper deck to have a quiet smoke, and look at the many vessels that lay at anchor. The whole bay was packed with Union forces, flags were flying from every gaff and truck; the bands in the fortress were playing martial airs, and the long, white river steamers were blowing off their steam. When the sunset gun from the shore belched out its rude call, down fluttered the bunting, and quietness settled over the fleet, only to be broken before eight bells, by a hum of voices that echoed to the opposite shore. The bells of the frigates and gunboats clanged out the half hours, and finally silence reigned supreme; but hundreds of eyes were on the lookout.

At break of day the noise of washing the decks aroused all sleepers. It was a lovely day, and the mild, southerly wind was blowing across the bay with a soothing effect. The muddy tide ran by at a rapid pace, and the boats were swinging at the booms. The port-watch asked the Captain for a day's liberty, and, it being given them, forty of the watch were soon dressed and in the boats, bound for the shore. The men were light-hearted, with the prospect of fun ahead, and as soon as the boat struck the beach, jumped out and ran to the negroes' shanties, where whiskey abounded. We pulled the boats back to our vessel, and at dark went ashore with an officer after

the liberty men. We found most of them waiting for us on the beach, but a number were scattered in and around the buildings, and I was sent to drum up the backward. I found them after a long and careful search, very busy in clearing out a negro shanty, whose rightful occupant would not give them any more supper or drink. Soldiers, as they passed by, gave little heed to our men, who, after gutting the rooms, were satisfied, and staggered slowly down to the boats.

As we were pulling off with the men, our boat being deep in the water, a large sturgeon leaped from the water and fell into the boat. The fish was heavy, and fell on the recumbent men, who jumped up and declared that somebody had hit them, and inquired who it was. Seeing that a fish was the offender, one of them seized it by the tail and waved it over the drowsy heads of their companions.

"Miss Gemsbok, ahoy; we 're coming." "The old man will fix us off for coming aboard this way." "Hold up your head, Bill, the old covey is looking at yer." "Oh, we won't get any more of liberty. Say, Ned, let me fill your place in the gig, you 've got enough of going ashore." These and similar remarks were made as we approached the vessel. The deep laden cutter came alongside, and, as the Captain looked down, he saw three men who could not rise on their feet, and he thought they might as well come up in good style. "Boson's mate," he cried, "get up a strap and tackle on the main yard, and hoist those men up from the boat." This order

was quickly obeyed, and the laughing men on deck hoisted their poor shipmates nearly to the yard. In the morning they were all called to the deck, and the following dialogue ensued ;

"Well, my men," said the Captain, "you were pretty drunk when you came aboard, and did not behave well at all."

"Yes sir, we were a little over the bay."

"What fools you were to get drunk ; you will get no more liberty while you are on this vessel."

"Well, sir, we must stay content, and be patient until our time comes for discharge."

"Discharge you want, do you ? Oh, now you want to leave me and the good ship. Now, mind me, do your duty, and don't think of a discharge ; my men are my children, if they do get drunk. Pipe down, Boson."

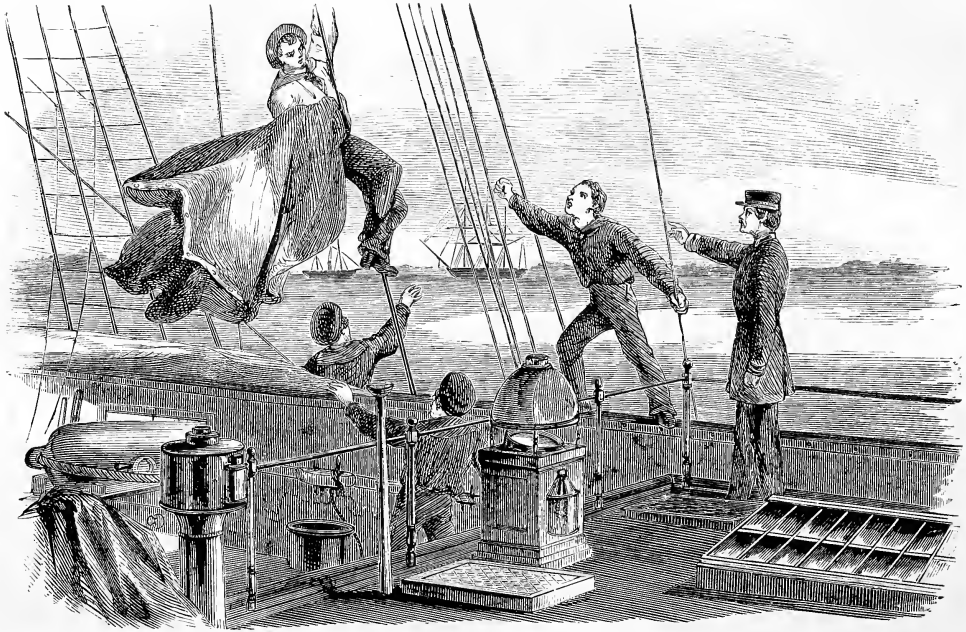
The men returned to their duty, and the Captain to his pipe. He loved the crew at heart, but he would swear at them like a pirate, if they did not work the smartest of any in the harbor. Shortly after this, the starboard watch applied for liberty, but were abruptly refused, the Captain giving as a reason that his men could not keep from liquor when ashore. It was thus that the ill conduct of a few deprived the men of the privileges they might have enjoyed, for no more liberty was given to us on that cruise.

As I had a place in the gig, I was ashore nearly every day with the Captain, yet saw but little to amuse me. Large guns, soldiers, young naval officers, and negroes were the most prominent objects

that greeted our eyes. There were two tailors and one shoemaker in the place, and they coined money at their trades, their little shops being full of articles to be repaired, for which they charged fabulous prices.

We had a gala day in Hampton Roads. The President and suite were at the Fortress. Guns thundered salutes, and flags streamed from every point. The afternoon was foggy and damp, and the flags gathered the moisture and hung limp and still from the halliards. At sunset the fog and clouds rolled away, and the sun's broad disc settled below the western hills, amid the salvos of artillery and rolling of drums. The flags on every vessel were to be on deck at the same time. English, French, and Brazilian gun-boats were near us, and, many vessels of our fleet, the Minnesota included, had the French tri-color flying at the fore, out of respect to France, but none were given to the breeze in deference to the English.

Amid the crash of heavy guns, and roll of snare drums, the piping of whistles, and motions of officers, the large display of flags came sliding to the deck; all but the large tri-color at our fore, that caught upon the topsail brace, and would not come down. Who was the man to run out on the slippery yards, slide down the brace, and bring that entangled flag to the rail. No one stirred to take down the flag. Seeing this, the Captain turned to me and silently pointed to the flag. Up the rigging I jumped, and, scorning foot ropes, ran out on the yard, and slid down the wet, slippery rope, conscious that a false step or motion



"When I stepped on the deck, officers and men grasped my hand, and nearly overwhelmed me with praise." Page 223.

would be my instant death. Every eye, far and near, saw a lithe form hanging over the angry tide on the brace one moment, and the next safe on the rail, with the colors. When I stepped on the deck, officers and men grasped my hand, and nearly overwhelmed me with praise, and with hearty slaps on the back, manifested their congratulations. The Captain only said, "Ned, I thank you," and resumed pacing the deck.

I felt a little proud of my daring, and having the pleasure of out-doing the fore-top men, who were always our rivals in making or furling sail. I knew I could do it; the others dare not try. I had been hand-over-hand from flying jib-boom end to the spanker-gaff many a time, and was the only one that could clear a topsail reef tackle when the sail was full. During my term of service, I had a contempt for danger, that amounted nearly to rashness. I often crossed the royal yards, when the yard came with a bang on the slender mast, and my hands were so numb and cold that I could hardly hold on; but it was to be done, if I were dashed to atoms on the pitch-pine deck. Everything had to be done in apple-pie order, and in perfect time, and if a man was freezing to death, he must wait for the word to reach his ears. I have seen men clinging to the yards, cry, and swear with rage at the cold weather, and the delay of their more backward neighbors, whose laziness, or tardiness might cause them to freeze before they could make the gasket fast and lay down. Sometimes the sails were soft and dry, and at other times as stiff and hard as sheet iron. The men were well enough, and cheerful

in warm weather, but the dead of winter was, as it always is, a season of misery for the sailor.

Our vessel had been furnished with stores, and everything that was needed, and one clear, bright morning we went bounding down the coast. As we came off our old station we saw but one steamer there, and she was under full steam, running up and down the bay. The Captain reported the "Nashville" in the harbor, having run by the "State of Georgia" in a masterly manner. Our vessel was anchored a mile and a half from the fort, and springs put on the cable, ready for action at a moment's call. We soon went in the Captain's gig to learn particulars, the "State of Georgia" having at last come to an anchor in the North channel. I made inquiry of the sergeant of marines, and he gave me an account as follows: —

"Well, Ned, it was the cutest game that I have seen played in these diggings. D' ye see, we lay here day before yesterday, with half steam up, watching the old ballyhoos behind the fort, when the lookout sings, 'Steamer coming from the South, sir.' Well, we thought it was the 'Quaker City,' or some of the blockaders running up to take the letter-bag home, and only had our guns and steam as usual, when on comes the reb, straight for us, and speaks us. The crew were dressed in blue, and the Yankee flag was flying from the spanker-gaff. She hailed us as she dashed by, and our old man answered his hail, and inquired what steamer it was. A voice full of exultation answered, 'The Confederate steamer Nashville, damn

you,' and down came the Stars and Stripes, and the star-barred rag of the rebs took its place. God, how our old man jumped to the guns. The rifled cannon was soon at work and sent a ball to the stern of the flying reb, who then run up under the shelter of the fort, just as slick as a whistle. We fired the tompion out of the gun, we were so confused, but it was no use, there she is and here we are; I hope we'll get a peg at her; but she done it so neat and pretty that I glory in her spunk."

Such was his account, and the lucky reb was safe behind the guns of Fort Macon. Our duty was to watch the port, and we had our hands full. Day after day we lay there at anchor, keeping sharp eyes on the "Nashville." The "Cambridge" came and joined us, and the "State of Georgia" went to Hampton Roads.

The dog-vanes were not stiller than our crew, as night shut down. The moon would not rise until nine o'clock that night; it was as calm as death all around; we had springs on the cables, but they did us but little good. The "Cambridge" was steaming about the channel, making but little noise; the water was as smooth as marble; the night was so dark that an object could not be seen more than a hundred yards, and every man was at his gun or post.

I was leaning against the mizzen rigging, and peering off into the darkness, when I saw a vessel nearing our stern: was it the "Cambridge" or the "Nashville?" A low, earnest, and hurried whisper ran over our ship, and the spring on the cable was tautened,

and guns pointed sharp aft. On came the steamer, feeling her way down the South channel. Our Captain could restrain himself no longer, but shouted,—

"Fire, fire, and load as fast as you can. Musketeers, pour a volley into that fellow."

As the flash of our large guns threw a glare of red light about us, we saw the "Nashville" right off our port-quarter, about a good stone's throw from the muzzles of our guns.

"Keep cool, men; fire away; fire anything, only cripple her. Five hundred dollars to the man that puts a shell into her engines. Fire away; quick, men, she is getting away from us!"

How the men jumped and loaded those heavy guns. Three pieces were brought to bear on the fast flying vessel, and they were soon heated. With a full head of steam on, and fire flashing from her sides, with the speed of a locomotive, the "Nashville" at length passed us and was clear again. We had thrown shot, shell, and cannister at her in thirty-five rounds of firing, and when it was known that she had eluded us, such an excited band of men as flooded our spar deck, was never before seen.

"Blast a boat that don't carry steam."

"Curse this calm, the lazy moon, and that poking 'Cambridge.'"

"Oh, oh, my God," cried our Captain, tearing the cap from his head, and jumping upon it, "men, it was not my fault. No, God, no; I'll have a steamer. Where in the devil is that lazy 'Cambridge?' Here she comes. What will the department say to this?" and he paced up and down the deck in a rage.

At this moment the "Cambridge" came rushing over the calm, smooth water. The moon had just broken through the black robe of night, and imparted a wild, sombre aspect to the hurried scene. The Captain of the "Cambridge" had not seen the "Nashville," and when our Captain shouted, "She has gone down the South channel. Go after her. I'll report you," and many other hasty sentences, she immediately put on all steam, and went in pursuit, but failing to find her in the light fog, returned to her anchorage. Our men spent the night in walking the gun deck, cursing the "Cambridge," but giving the "Nashville" credit for being a swift and bold boat.

It is well known what numerous jokes were cracked at our expense by the people of the North, when the tidings reached them; but the Naval Board cleared us from all blame, being assured that if we had had a steamer that night, instead of a sailing vessel, we should have taken the "Nashville," or sunk her. Not long after this, our Captain was in command of a fast, steam gunboat, and done most active and good service on the Carolina coast. Too well do the stubborn rebels remember the "Niphon," "Flambeau," "Albatross," "Iron Age," and many other little steamers whose guns knocked the blockade runners into splinters as they lay ashore. The day after the "Nashville's" escape, the "Chippewa," one of the new two-masted gunboats, came and joined us, but she was just one day too late for the fair, which put her captain in bad humor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Hotel Burning — Our Grasp Tightens — The Rebels Busy — Sailors Camping out — Attack on Fort Macon — The Army Steadily Advancing — The "Daylight" — A Rather Ticklish Position — Dodging the Balls — The Battle and the Storm — Sharp Practice — The Contest Close, Hot, and Heavy — Victory — Capture of Beaufort — A Jolly Time — A Visit to the Fort — Talk with a Secesh Soldier — Luxuries — Manning the Prize Ships — Off for Baltimore.

HE rebels were now very busy at work, pulling down and burning the large buildings that stood in the range of their guns. We went every night on picket in the boats, and one time we landed on the beach and heard the conversation of two sentinels, as we wormed ourselves on the ground, and hardly taking a long breath. If they had only flashed a blue light or fired a rocket, they would have discovered us, but we always came off to the ship without loss or injury.

The large and commodious hotel, containing eighty rooms, a capital watering place establishment, was set on fire by these rebs, and leveled to the ground. Every night witnessed a conflagration, and total loss of their own property, for the army, under General Parks, was fast advancing upon them. Town after town was taken, and North Carolina rebels were hurrying to Wilmington.

One fine day we looked into the town of Beaufort,

and saw the flag of the Union flying from a conspicuous place, but the rebel rag still streamed from Macon's tall staff, and the ships in the harbor flew the English flag. We knew at once that the army had taken the town and Morehead city, without firing a gun ; but Macon would fight it out, as it was situated on a long point of land, and would be obliged to yield only by a combined action on land and sea.

The land forces immediately crossed the inlet, and as soon as they could, began to work their long siege guns upon the fort. Our soldiers had two heavy batteries planted behind the sand hills, and, having once got the range and elevation of their pieces, kept up a continual storm of shot and shell upon the doomed fort. The rebels answered with their heaviest guns, and their shot threw the white, dry sand, in wide spirts, high in the air, but seldom harmed the Union troops, who steadily shelled the low fort, night and day. The "Maggie," a little steamer that followed the army, being hard and fast ashore near the guns, the crew took their effects and tented out on the beach, and, after a time, towed their steamer out of the rebels' reach and abandoned her.

We communicated with the shore, and soon had the leading officers of the troops on board of the vessels. They said the rebels cared little about the town, but fought well behind their forts, and the entrenchments they had hurriedly thrown up, and it was therefore determined that the land and naval forces should unite in a grand attack on the fort, which, it was thought, by being thus between two cross fires must

soon surrender. We landed the party below the batteries, and had a good opportunity to see the soldiers work the siege guns, and dodge the rebel shells. The "Cambridge" then left us, and the fleet consisted of the "Chippewa," "Daylight," "Gemsbok," and "State of Georgia." The "Albatross" joined us after the fort had hauled down its colors and surrendered to General Parks.

I passed my time on board drawing sketches of the vessels and fort, and, as soon as they were finished and colored, sold them for half a dollar apiece, and in this way earned plenty of change to spend for fresh food when we anchored in the harbor of Beaufort. Every day the land forces were at it, banging at each other; and at night the rush and roar of mortar shell, with their red fire streaming amid the darkness, made us impatient to enter into the final combat.

The army, on the long neck of land, slowly but surely advanced nearer the fort, and having attained a commanding position, opened a terrible cannonade upon the rebels. At the same time the signal for action flew from the senior commander's ship, and all was activity. The wind was blowing a perfect gale, and under double-reefed topsail we ran straight for the fort and came to anchor just outside of the bar. The Captain was willing to sail right into the harbor, and as the senior officers' ship swept around our stern he shouted,—

"Put me in nearer to the rebels; my crew are full of fight, we want to wipe out the stain upon us."

"No; you are now near enough to be stove all to

pieces, and sunk in five minutes," was the reply, and the three steamers began to circle around us, firing their starboard batteries directly into the fort, to the great discomfiture of the inmates.

We were so near that we could plainly see the rebels as they jumped up and loaded their guns. The wind was at the westward, cold and strong ; we opened fire on the fort, and the loaders and spongers stripped to the waist, and worked like men. We soon found that our guns threw their balls beyond the fort into the marsh, and town of Beaufort ; we, therefere, took the precaution to obtain an exact range with five-second shell, and soon had a terrible fire pouring into the fort.

The " Daylight " had a shot put through her side, and after it had let daylight into the ward room, and clerk's berth, took the fireman's arm off, and finally lodged in the Captain's desk ; this shot was sent home by the Captain as a trophy. We riddled the ensign of the " State of Georgia " by a premature discharge, and could hardly keep our feet on deck, the vessel rolled and pitched so heavily. We endeavored with the twenty pound rifle to cut away the rebel flag-staff with a boot-leg shell, but, after trying many times, gave it up, and directed our attention to the sixty-four pounder that could plant shell fair in the case-mate at every discharge.

All this time the wind howled like a demon, and the red-hot shot and bursting shell were passing over our heads and among the rigging. Our laying at anchor, a perfect floating target, proved to be our sal-

vation. The shot and shell struck not lower than eight feet above the rail of our vessel. The masts were not touched, but the heavy topmast, backstays, main-braces, topsail-halliards, and running rigging were shot away. My situation as sail trimmer was perilous in the extreme ; I expected every minute to have a shell cut me in two, as I laid on the yards passing and securing preventer braces, but no harm came to myself, nor to any of the crew. One of the foretop men placed his hand on the topsail-yard, and a shot struck near his hand, chipped the yard in its passage, and bounded away to its last rest in the heaving sea. He came on deck in the wink of an eye, declaring that the devil shouted in his ear, " go down," and he obeyed him.

Still the rebels fired steadily and fast. Three guns in the eastern angle of the fort were doing their best to sink us, but our crew, knowing that the rebs could not depress the muzzles of their guns any more, sent up cheers of victory, and poured their steady fire upon the doomed fort. Our masts were rocking and shaking with the violence of wind, sea, and the recoil of the heavy guns. The Captain wanted to fight until night, but the flag officer signalized us to haul off and repair our shattered rigging. As the steamers made their last circle around us, the men on board of them cheered long and loud, to see us there with tattered rigging, and the men all alive and working.

We were alone again, securing the guns, and weighing anchor, while the mighty waves tossed our vessel about, like a plaything, on their long, regular swells.

The rebs tried to sweep our men from the windlass-brakes, but their death-laden missiles passed over our heads, shrieking at being deprived of their victims. Before we were fully underway, we were nearer the fort than before, and as we hoisted the double-reefed sail, and swept before the gale, away from danger, they fired three and four guns at a time at us, but as the vessel's stern was directly fronting them, they had a small mark to aim at, and the result of their efforts was, that they did not rake us at all, and although the hot shot sizzled alongside, and the helmsman expected to lose his head, with our colors flying we came to anchor where their guns could not reach us.

The steamers were at anchor, and getting ready for the afternoon combat. The long siege guns of the Union Army, were hurling death at every shot: The rebels had deserted their outer works, and were firing the casemate guns very slow and faint, and the infantry were marching to storm the fort, when the rebel flag, that had waved in our faces for seven months, was seen to fall to the ground. The firing ceased; the Union troops soon had possession of the fort, and the glorious flag of freedom was flying in the place of the rebel rag. Such was the fall of Fort Macon; and at last the grand key of North Carolina was in Union hands.

It was twenty minutes of three o'clock, in the afternoon, when the dear old flag was thrown to the breeze, and the naval force entered the narrow channel. We lay at anchor and repaired the rigging, and fixed the upper yards that had been sprung. The

grog tub was placed on the quarter-deck, and all hands "spliced the main brace." I was tempted to toss off a tot of the rations, and if hot lead had been poured down my throat, I should have suffered no more. It was the first and last whiskey that I ever dared to drink, and the lesson it taught me has saved my health and character.

The real main braces were then overhauled and spliced to satisfaction, and all the backstays, and lower rigging repaired. The gale abated, and the next day we raised the anchor to enter the harbor, but ran hard and fast on the sand bar. That was a pretty predicament; the barque drew fourteen feet, three inches, and about us was only twelve feet of water, at high tide. One thing in our favor was, that the moon was near its full, and would rise the tide to fourteen feet. If we had gone a little distance further, we could have easily entered, but here we hung for three days. The steamers parted every hawser that they had to connect themselves to us, and only drew us on to the bar.

"Oh, they can jerk us over; who cares how many hawsers they part," exclaimed one.

"This is a mix of a fix,—out here, pounding and thumping. I wish the 'Forbes' was here," chimed in another.

"I reckon we shan't get in at all; cuss these Southern harbors," was the fretful ejaculation of a third. The steamers gave it up; they could not pull nor jerk us over, and did not like the sport of snapping hawsers. Sunday morning a strong sea breeze blew

fair in shore. The barque lay easy, and the Captain, as soon as he came on deck, had the lead sounding, and we were glad to hear a report of nearly fourteen feet just ahead.

"Lay up there, Ned, and loose everything, from royal down. I 'll jump this craft over that bar."

Every sail was spread to the strong, fresh breeze; the vessel shuddered and started; spars bent and sails split.

"Put your wheel exactly amidship," shouted the Captain, and the barque plunged over the bar, and flew like a racer straight for the beach.

"Port braces there. Jump, men, jump. Look lively there."

The helmsman rolled down the wheel, and the swift vessel shot into the channel.

"Stand by to let run and clew up. Let go the halliards. Clew up, clew up," he shouted.

"Stand by your anchor,—let go the anchor; roll up the sails, and put a harbor furl on them, with harbor gaskets."

The Captain was in his glory, pipe in hand. He had slipped his craft over the bar, and only wrenched her a little, and broke off the false keel. He was a pleased man, and all hands were in good humor, at our escape from breaking up on the bar. That night the "Chippewa" towed us into the harbor, and we lay snug from outside storms and blockading, for a while, at least, and supped bountifully on fresh trout, sweet potatoes, and other dainties we purchased in the town.

We were to lay there until the prize ships were ready to sail, and there were many things to be done. I asked liberty to go and inspect the shore, and it was cheerfully given. Entering the fort I saw hundreds of pounds of broken shell scattered about. Some were broken in quarters and thirds; others into very small pieces. I entered the passage leading over the moat that ran around the fort; but which was now dry. Blood was on the wall; blood and clothing on the ground; blood on the wood work and bridge; it was terrible where a heavy shell had sent three into eternity.

There was a furnace for heating the shot, and I took a peep at it. I saw in a moment that the shot, at a white heat, could be dropped down a cannon's muzzle, and fall on a wad of wet clay, thus giving the gunners time to sight and fire the piece, before it could ignite the powder. The large, and well-mounted cannon, from the "Tredegar Works," was filled to the muzzle with grape, bullets, and stones, — nice little things to carry death among the Union soldiers when they rushed to storm the fort. Large guns lay about, dismounted by the solid shot from our naval forces; and the rails from the railroad, that in double tiers protected the casemate, were cut through, like pipe stems, by the shot from the siege guns upon the land. As I stood on the top of the casemate, I counted forty-one guns, of large and small calibre. The bodies of the men, who were killed, and those wounded, had been taken away, and an estimate of the rebel loss was set at fifteen killed, and thirty wounded, but

the truth will never be known from their account; they lost heavily, but would not acknowledge it.

Everything was in confusion. The Union soldiers were now in full possession of the place. I again mounted the walls, and as my eye fell on the immense holes in the ground, I realized the terrible execution and power of the guns. I was astonished at the great amount of shot and shell that had been thrown at the fort, and having found a "secesh soger," I entered into conversation with him.

"And where is that sailing vessel," I asked, "that lay so near you when we helped to bombard your fort?"

"Oh, we sunk her."

"You did?"

"Yes, we did. I saw every shot hit her, and expected to see her blown out of water."

"What did you fire at her?" I asked.

"Red-hot shot, 'cause we thought she would blow up every minute."

"How do you know you sunk her?"

"'Cause our papers said we did; and I know she could not live after the peppering she got."

"Oh, you're sadly mistaken, just as your leaders are."

"No I haint; look where she clipped these guns with her thirty-two's, and upset them large guns with her heavy shell; she's gone up, sure."

"No," I replied, "there she lays at anchor, all hunky, and not a man killed, and I hope will help knock your other forts into cocked hats."

"Well, I hope I may be derned if it aint the truth; just as true as I am a corn-fed, and that 's a fact; bless me, who would have thought that cussed little ship want sunk. Good day, stranger, I 'll go and find some corn grits and bacon; good day," and away hurried the secesh, after his rations.

I wandered along the shores, and gathered a quantity of oysters. The bivalves were small, but excellent, and having eaten my fill, I gathered a lot to take to our mess. Just then I saw the cutter coming over the water, and as it landed the crew, I cried out, "Here are the oysters, boys; come and get a feed." The boys ran to the shoal water, and waded in, tearing the oysters from their beds, until they had gathered bushels of them, and then, knife in hand, began to open and eat.

"Hey, Mackey, aint they gay? I reckon the rebs must have lived well on shell fish."

"Come, lads, eat and be merry," I said, "for you will not get ashore again. Let us take a boat-load aboard, the Captain won't say a word against it."

We filled two barrels with the oysters, and rolled them down to the boat. The cutter's crew entered the fort, and afterwards came down to the boat with old bayonets, cross-belts, and cartridge boxes in their hands, and we all returned to our vessel, quite light hearted, and rejoiced the hearts of the boys on board with a few oysters to open.

The prize ships were manned by crews from the different vessels, and dropped down the harbor, narrowly escaped striking the wreck of the burned Eng-

lish barque. They were all ready for sea, and had valuable cargoes of tar, cotton, and turpentine. The "Alliance" was the largest ship, and the "Gondar," though much smaller, was a good, staunch vessel, and had a full cargo. We were to convey them to Fortress Monroe, and from thence to Baltimore. This order was hailed with rousing cheers from our crew; and with a steamer ahead of us, and a hawser to pull us over the bar, we left the harbor with the two prize ships, and all our colors flying.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Cruising for a Prize — The Night Chase — A Fast Sailor tries our Speed — Our Captain at the Guns — Capture of the "Ariel" — A Race with a Steamer — We are ordered to Baltimore — In Dock for Repairs — The "Alleghany" — Nine Day's Liberty — A General Scattering — High Life and Low Life — "Going it Blind" — A Free Fight on Board the Guardo — Return to the "Gemsbok" — Off she Goes.

HE "Alice" towed us safely down the channel, and after a few thumps and bumps, the two ships joined us. The ships had every sail spread, and moved through the water very slowly. The crew had an abundance to eat, drink, and smoke, and a plenty of men to work the ship. Our barque ranged alongside, and having given to the prize officers plain directions as to the course and style of sailing, we set our light sails and ran straight out to sea. We knew we could come up hand-over-hand with the old rotten boats, for they could sail only about one mile to our three, and we therefore shot off on a cruise of our own.

Two days passed, and no sign of a sail had been seen; but at midnight the watchful men reported a vessel to windward, running to the land. We were on good cruising ground, about thirty miles off Wilmington, and had an idea that it might be a blockade runner. Powerful glasses made her out to be a full-rigged brig, with all sail set, and bound straight for the

shore. She was seven miles to the windward; and then began one of the most exciting times in sea cruising. We were braced sharp on the wind, and dashing over the moon-lit sea, the yard braces hard against the backstays, and every staysail and jib well trimmed down. The brig could see our movements very plain, for our white sails gleamed in the moonlight; but she was a dull looking mass, far to windward. The breeze began to freshen, and still we cracked on our way, keeled over by the wind, and throwing the salt spit higher than the fore-yards.

Daylight came upon the scene, and revealed the brig on the other tack, close hauled on the wind. We were eager to fire at her, and the Captain had the forward gun fired across her bows. No heed was paid to it, and we secured the gun; our shot had fallen short of the mark. All that day we hung to the leeward, and did not gain two miles upon her. Had our guns been able to reach her, she would have hove to, but we saw she was a fast sailor, and was bound to give us a good trial. The wind soon came from the west, harder and stronger. We were obliged to take in our light sails, but the brig took in not a thread. As night came on, the vessel tacked again, headed straight for Bogue Inlet, and all doubts of her nationality were at once removed.

Our Captain was now fully aroused, and shouted,—"All hands on deck. Bring along that stern-chaser to the forward part of the poop; we will try him with a boot-leg shell."

The twenty-pound rifle gun, warranted to carry a

shot four miles, was soon belching out its tongue of flame, and casting iron at the clipper. Shell after shell went singing on its mission, but the brig paid no heed. Every officer tried the gun without success, and at last the Captain, too nervous to keep still, pointed and fired it himself. "Ah, what did I tell you, McDermot, we will yet have her, as sure as a gun; don't let anybody handle the gun, after this, but myself."

In came the brig's light sails, and she lay passive upon the dark sea. Our next move was to work up to her and take possession. Night overshadowed the scene, and as the dull light of the moon struggled through the rugged clouds, we saw our much coveted brig, with every sail set, sweeping across our bows, and going like a racer, with yards laid square. Our officers were astonished at this bold manœuvre, but in two minutes' time, we were flying after the fugitive, at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

"All right," vociferated the excited Captain, "I'll have him now. What does that fellow mean? At any rate he has good spunk. Don't fire any more at him; we'll take the vessel all whole." The long night wore away, and at daylight we were close upon the runaway; when, as quick as a flash, round went his yards, and close hauled again, he ran for the coast. We followed suit, and gained rapidly on the brig, but not until the moon was high in the heavens, and the sand-hills of Carolina were peeping out before us, did the English brig "Ariel," Capt. Pendelton, become a lawful prize to our vessel.

Our crew gave three cheers; the Captain wiped his brow, and in person took possession of the brig. The cutter had a prize crew placed aboard; once more our Captain stood on his own deck, highly pleased with the results, and soon had both vessels on their proper course. The "Ariel" was new, just from Halifax, loaded to the deck with pure white salt, and proved to be a valuable prize.

Our men were satisfied with our last cruise off Wilmington, and kept a sharp lookout for our companions, as they gathered in groups on the deck, and discussed the merits of the new prize. We soon descried the old ships plodding along, with all sail set, well to the northward of Hatteras, and joined them. The brig went ahead, and reached the Roads in safety, but was run ashore after she arrived there, and finally towed off by the "R. B. Forbes," a large and strong tug boat from Boston, and sent to the port of Philadelphia, where the commissioners soon had the cargo and vessel sold. We clewed up our light-sails, and jogged along with the two ships; but when the steamer "Eastern State" came along under sail and steam, we clapped on all our canvas and raced with her. We saw many gun-boats going to the southward, and signalized them. That night the wind blew very hard from the south-east, and with only the foretopsail set, and the mainsail single reefed, we flew over the rushing seas like a racer. It blew so hard that it took one hour for four men to furl the main top-gallant sail, at the peril of their lives, although, generally, it was but three minutes' work. With

the yards laid square, we sailed all night before the gale, and at noon the next day entered the Roads. The steamer came in, ten hours after, and the men on board of it were a little astonished upon finding our vessel snugly at anchor, as they steamed by.

The Roads were full of vessels, as usual. We lay near the large steamer "Constitution," a splendid boat, loaded with soldiers destined for the Butler Expedition. The next night the two lumbering ships made their entry into the Roads, and anchored near us. The officers came to our vessel to report that all were well, and the next day sailed for New York. We weighed anchor and took a position off the Rip-Raps' fort, and soon had carpenters at work examining and making necessary repairs. The yards and upper spars were sent down to the deck and repaired, and in a week's time were in good condition, and in their proper places again. This stripping and dressing made active work for all hands, but the barque was soon in ship-shape order. We expected to be sent again to our blockade station, but were ordered to Baltimore, to have the hull repaired in the dry dock. Our men were joyous at this news, and were making great calculations upon the glorious times they would have when they put their feet on the streets of Baltimore.

All went on smoothly, and in less than four days' time, we were lying at the wharf at Baltimore. The heavy guns were slung, and placed upon the wharf, with their carriages, and a general clearing out of the ship took place. After the stores had been landed

and placed in safe warehouses, the sails and upper yards were sent down, the vessel was in order to enter the dock. The crew were placed aboard the guardo "Alleghany," and we made ourselves at home, there being only five hundred men there. There were many gunboats in the harbor, and the street, leading to Fell's Point, was always full of sailors. After a two weeks' sojourn aboard the Guardo, an order came to give the men of the "Gemsbok" nine days' liberty, with money. This was hailed with glad shouts by some, and with winking or sly looks by others. The men went ashore in the ship's boats, and received their money from the purser, who cautioned every one to look out for himself, and as they left the room, they nodded assent. We were all ordered to report on board the Guardo at the expiration of nine days, and away we went, light-hearted, and looking for a good boarding-house. Some of the men went on to Boston, and never came back; some shipped in merchant ships for Liverpool; two joined the army, and ninety of us remained in Baltimore.

My chum and myself, with a dozen others, took quarters in Green's boarding-house, Thames Street, and had excellent living and good, clean beds. We enjoyed the luxuries of good water, good food, and a quiet house. Secession was rampant, but as there were plenty of soldiers and sailors ashore, the belligerents kept quiet. Our stay in the city was one of pleasure and profit to some, and of rude dissipation to others. The only fault that could be found with our boarding-house, was that liquor was too abun-

dant, and, as a matter of course, the men indulged rather freely. One night one of the men having, with others, emptied a gin flask, went down to the bar to get it filled again, but mistook his way, and the next moment we heard the most horrid racket in the room below. The man was being chased by the savage house dog, and running among tables and chairs to escape. Having tumbled upon the stairs, he rushed up, taking flying leaps, and the door being shut, he jumped through the thin wood-work, and fell to the floor exhausted, — his blue shirt hardly covering his back.

The dog was sent flying down stairs, and the man put into bed. It was that man's last night of drinking, for he fully believed the devil was after him, and became a temperate man. Pictures were taken and sent home, and I supplied myself with drawing materials to make any little sketches I fancied. At the expiration of our furlough, we all returned to the Guardo.

The "Alleghany" was a good guard ship, being built of iron, but was "hogged," or, as landsmen would say, "had her back broken." There were but seven guns on her deck, and those were of but little account. After we had been aboard the ship three days, a large tug came alongside with a draft of men from Philadelphia; they had plenty of liquor with them, and had hardly been on board ten minutes when one of the hardest fights took place that I ever witnessed. Imagine, if you can, seven hundred men striking each other for the fun of the thing; when one

saw a head he hit it, laughing, swearing, and fighting at the same time. The most prominent among them, was a large six-footer, — a Yankee who came from Philadelphia. Every man he hit was sent reeling to the deck; flannel shirts, men's caps, and other articles were flying about in all directions. The marines, quaking in their boots, with bayonets in hand, attempted to arrest the fighters.

"Go away, soldier, or you 'll get hurt," cried the sailor, and dipped into his free fight again.

The Captain gave the order to the marines, and with pale faces they charged with the bayonet. What was Babel before was Pandemonium then. The seamen dared the marines to touch them, and the Yankee giant overturned four of them at once, and a spunky attack in the rear of the other sent them on a lightning train to the cabin. The aged Captain of the old guardo implored them to desist, and after a few more exciting scenes, the men became wearied of their "sport" and closed the exercises of the day. The leaders of this fight were at last singled out, and put in irons twenty-four hours, which slight punishment they laughed at. I once heard an old gunner who had served in the Navy from boyhood exclaim: "I wish they would give us back the old flogging law. I am ashamed to see men now-a-days gagged, bucked, sweated, made spread eagles of, and put in irons, until the men are not worth a picayune; give us the cat, and it 's over in five minutes." The greater part of the work of our carpenter was to make gags and sticks with which to buck men; the best men

had the "lilies," "clamps," and "bracelets" on their arms, and then walked the deck for punishment.

Our barque was caulked and newly painted, and one fine morning lay waiting for us in the stream.

"Up bags and hammocks and go to your craft," was the order, and soon we walked our new deck of white oak. The boarding-house keeper sent us cooked meat and strawberries, with a large bottle of whiskey concealed beneath fried eggs. Other friends supplied cigars, paper, and the necessary articles for sewing. Our stores were all in their places; powder, guns, and shot on board, and with the white sails swelling with the fresh breeze, we left the harbor, amid the rousing cheers of the guardo's men, and the crews of the gun-boats. We soon passed Fort McHenry, dipping our colors; then by the heavy Fortress in the river, and thence down the bay, to the blue ocean.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Recruiting Expedition — Arrival at Provincetown — The "Gemsbok" an attractive Visitor — Cape Men not Easily Caught — Whalers and their Boats — Adventure with a Horse-Mackerel — The Dutchman and the Skate-Fish — Pride Humbled — Off for Portland — A Gay Time on Board — Battle Lanterns and Flags; Music and Dancing — A Little too Much for the Musicians — Return to Provincetown — "Good Bye, Miss Gemsbok" — Once more at Home.

WHERE were we bound? Were we once more to have a dip at the prizes and rebels, or were we to lay in the Roads, off the Fortress, to await orders? Such inquiries were brought to an end when our barque came opposite Cape Charles, for then the vessel was hauled on the wind, and headed up north-east. It soon became known that we were bound on a recruiting expedition; for the term of service of many of the crew had nearly expired, and "down east we might pick up a few whalers and fishermen." This was good news; officers and men felt gay and happy, the officers especially as they were to meet their wives in Provincetown.

We had a very good run, and cast anchor in that pleasant harbor one fine Sunday night, and put an extra furl in the sails, making them taper away to fine points. How pleasant it seemed to us to be at anchor off that prosperous little Yankee town. How

different Northern industry from Southern indolence and recklessness! How beautiful the sound of church bells calling the well-dressed, orderly and numerous worshippers to their Sabbath services, and how strangely in contrast with the booming guns, agonized and dying men, and the whole paraphernalia of war which we had left behind. The very fishing vessels presented a more grateful sight to our eyes than the heavy frigates, and prowling gunboats.

Our neat and saucy looking craft attracted much attention; and crowds of both sexes, old and young, were always on board. Our officers had their lady loves at hand, and made the most of their precious time; but recruits came in slowly. There were plenty of good men on shore, who were making better pay than fourteen dollars a month. The whalers dashed around us in their light, well-modelled boats, and our Captain's gig had many a friendly race with them. This racing induced many to ship with us, mostly young whalers. One day a school of horse-mackerel came into the harbor, and our cutter, armed with a large harpoon, was unlucky enough to fasten itself to one. The astonished fish towed the boat and crew in every direction; and then half filled the boat with water by a powerful movement of his tail. The officer in charge was glad when the iron drew out and the fish escaped. The wet and surly boat's crew came back to the vessel; and if any one wanted to make a fuss he had only to say to them, "horse-mackerel, my lad."

As I was one of the crew of the gig, I was ashore

most of the time; but Sunday I could not go, and the men dared me to ask the Captain for permission to attend church ashore. Well they knew if I did not go, they would not; and, arrayed in my best, I stood before the officer who looked as black as a thunder-cloud.

"I would like to go ashore to church, to-day, sir,"

"Ah, ha; you do. What do you go to church for? you won't recollect the text, you will look at the girls all the time, and think more of them than of the sermon."

"Well, sir, I thought you would permit me to go, as I shall be under the officer's eye."

"Will you go to church and tell me the text, when you come aboard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, go."

Rejoicing at my success, I went to church in the forenoon, and off among the green hills in the afternoon, picking berries and rolling on the green velvet. At the proper time I returned, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the Captain was pleased with my conduct.

Several ladies sent off pans of cake to the messes, and the sailors had fine times on the berth deck, dancing cotillons with a number of ladies, who came off in dories.

There was a Dutchman in our vessel, who had never seen a skate-fish, and one having been taken, one night, it was suspended over his hammock. As soon as he awoke, he saw the ugly, misshapen thing

staring him in the face. With a yell of rage, he grasped the queer fish by the tail, and be-labored every man who came in his way, shouting, — "Who hung the devil over my hammock? Take that, you bean-eater; what for you scare me so much?" His anger cooled as his devil wore out, and at last, only the tough tail remained in his hand.

Many of the men now began to ask for discharge, and Ashton, our coxswain, having procured his, dressed himself in citizens' clothes, and tall hat, and sailed around the barque, in a boat called the "Bloomer." One of the crew cried out to him, "Well, you have got a hard cheek to wear a nail keg in sight of this vessel's crew." "Oh yes, I pay for this," the proud coxswain retorted, when over jibbed the boat's main boom, and Ashton, and his tall hat were knocked into the water. He was rescued by the sail-boat's crew, and was set ashore, feeling a little chagrined.

Having received fifteen men, we raised the anchor to the bow, and sailed for Portland. In passing out of the harbor, we nearly ran ashore, on Woodend Point, but was pulled off by the boats, and that night dropped our mud-hook in Portland harbor. We lay below the harbor light-house, at the extremity of the breakwater, and had quite a pull from there to the boat landing. It was pull the boat all the time; carrying visitors and raw recruits. Twenty men shipped with us. One of the new comers was a young soldier, who shipped as landsman, and as he sat in the bow, with his mouth filled with cake and

nuts, exclaimed, "Well, it's awful hubbly here; what is the boat making the water spirt so for?" The bow-oarsman turned on his seat and answered, "Never mind the "hubbles;" we 'll bring a shovel next time, and level them down for you." The poor fellow found worse hubbles, before he had served out his term in the Navy. I liked Portland very much, and rambled up and down the streets, with the rest of the boat's crew. We were well found in cash; two of the crew always had long, flat bottles of whiskey, concealed in their stocking legs, every time we went aboard.

The recruits were coming in too slow, therefore the officers had a grand carousal, in order to make the crew enlist again. All that day we went back and forth, from ship to shore, racing with every boat that came in our way. We had pulled the long, light gig so much, with the slender eighteen feet oars, that she seemed to fly over the water, and every oar fell in time to the water, and rose again like clock-work. At night we conveyed twenty musicians from the fort to the ship, and soon had martial music resounding over the calm, dark water. Battle lanterns shed their glow upon the lively scene. The ladies and officers danced on the smooth deck, and the crew had all the raw whiskey they wanted. Speeches were made, many toasts given, and all went merrily; but only four of the old crew enlisted, although the petty officers retained their places.

At midnight, after we had conveyed the ladies to the shore, we returned for the weary musicians, and

found most of them happy-drunk, and blowing ear-splitting notes, whiskey, and Dutch laughter through their instruments. We helped them down the side-ladder, and laid them in the boat, like cord wood. One valorous man perched himself on the boat's stern, and fell overboard; he was fished up full of salt water, having lost his cap and cornet. This accident kept the rest of them still; they were finally landed, and staggered off to their barracks. We returned to the barque, and hoisted the boat to her cranes, then went below to turn in. Sleep was out of the question; the crew were quarreling and fighting among themselves, in good style, and in less than an hour, ten of them were placed in irons, or tied together to bite at each other's noses. I laid down again, but the shrill pipe of the boson soon called all hands to the windlass. Such a set of wild, sleepy men is seldom seen, as filled those windlass brakes; the work of five minutes occupied an hour, the crew working lazily enough.

Two brigs bound for the West Indies, passed us with fair wind and tide, and among the crew we noticed two or three of our men, who had run away from the prize ships. As they were loosing the royals, they screamed out to us, "How are you, old junk; want to ship any landsmen?" "Good-bye, Sally Back," and many other interrogatories and assertions not very pleasing to ears polite. We mast-headed the topsails, and were wafted down the narrow strait that leads into the wide ocean. It was quite light, but objects on the water were not plainly

seen, and the first mishap that occurred, was to run fair into the large buoy anchored on the ledge. The danger of striking was easily avoided by bracing back the main-yards, and keeping a better lookout. One of the men had a fishing-line over the side, and soon all hands were busy hauling in the haddock that swarmed about us. This kind of sport lasted about half an hour, and then, with yards laid square, and plenty of fresh fish, we shaped our course again for Provincetown.

That night we anchored in the same place that we had before occupied, and the same old scenes were re-enacted; the men went to the weirs after fish, and the officers to church, and pic-nics. The glorious Fourth of July passed without our firing a gun, though the vessel was gaily decked with flags, and many visitors came aboard. The day passed quietly away, and every one that followed was as quiet as we could wish. The term of service of many of the men was about expiring, and efforts were made to have them stay by the ship, but all entreaty proved useless; they were too near their homes to be prevailed upon to remain longer from them, and wanted their discharge as soon as their time was out.

Many others, hearing of the good pay and fine opportunities in the merchant service, resolved upon leaving the gun-boat, and availing themselves of them. All the offers of "good billets" from the officers, had no effect on the men. At length my time was out, and with my chum, I went to the quarter deck, and asked the master-mate to speak to the

Captain for us. That officer soon appeared, pipe in hand, as usual.

"You want your discharge, too, I suppose?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, you are too fast; you have one day longer to serve, and I must keep you until the last minute. You don't go till then, my lads; I like you too well."

"Why, sir, we thought to-day was the right day, and the packet sails at noon."

"Never mind that; a packet goes to-morrow, too, I am very sorry my old crew are leaving; I am soon to have a steamer, and want all my men."

We left his presence; bided our time, and at noon the next day received our discharge. In company with several more of our shipmates, we were put on board the packet, "Golden Age," just in time. We waved a parting farewell to officers, ship, and men, as we left the harbor, and after a short, fine run we came in sight of Fort Warren, passed the green-clad islands in the harbor, ran up to the schooner's berth, and once more walked the streets of Boston, hale and hearty.

How busy everything seemed to us. Files of soldiers were embarking; large ships and steamers were loading with troops and munitions of war, flaming handbills and posters announced large bounties for the Army, and many wives in tears were following husbands to the transports. Hurry, bustle, oaths, tobacco smoke and fumes of poor whiskey were on every side. Blue coats and tearful women, ragged boys and pick-pockets abounded. Hack drivers pulled us about

in every direction. Our little "music-bags" around our necks were closely guarded, until my chum and myself stepped into a coach and were whirled away to the railroad station. If our faces had not been set like a rock, we should have been led astray; but with cold water for drink and clear heads to guide us, we sat in the cars and were soon taken over the rails, to our own homes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Looking for Another Ship — Off for Newbern — Questionable Patriotism — A Race at Sea — Driven by a Snow Storm — Intense Cold — Delaware Bay — On Shore — A Yankee Woman shows her Colors — In Philadelphia — Getting Along on Short Allowance — A old Shipmate Met and Provided for — A Bold Leap — Home.

THE winter began to draw on, and I was soon looking for another ship. Wages were good at coasting, so I joined a four hundred ton schooner that was to go to Newbern, N. C., as soon as a load of coal should be taken in at Philadelphia, and one bitter cold Christmas morning found me at the wheel, bound down Boston Harbor.

Our schooner was flying light, having only forty tons of sand for ballast, and we were glad to run into Provincetown harbor, and lay by for three days. Vessels came in with booms broken, and sails rent in pieces; crews frozen, and decks swept of everything moveable. It was a cheerless prospect for us, to run to the Breakwater in that vessel, so heavily sparred and light handed. We filled our water-casks, and had plenty to eat and burn, and taking advantage of a fair wind, slipped around Cape Cod, and over the shoals, coming to anchor in Tarpaulin Cove, with the snow flying, before a hard Nor'-wester. Another hitch, and we lay in Dutch Island harbor, with fine

weather, where we scraped spars in the cold wind, and gazed at the camps of colored troops on the land; the men on board indulging in this style of speech while they looked at the shining muskets, and listened to the stirring sound of drum and fife:

"There, look at those black fellows, how they swell around; they are to fight the rebels before long; don't I wish I was a soger, instead of freezing in this cold wind. Say, old bayonets, come off here, and swap places; thirty-five dollars a month, and froze to death."

The patriotism of this man might be doubted, for when I asked the loud-toned salt, why he did not go and enlist, and get a large bounty, he replied, — "Do you think I'd lug a load on my back like a mule? No sir-ee; I don't care which side licks, for I live in Jersey."

We sailed the next day, and raced with another vessel. Our gaff-topsails were blown to tatters, and the mate, half crazy with rage, as one of the crew and myself was securing the torn and flying canvas, in the bitter wind, shouted to us, — "Hurry up, you lazy hounds; I'm waiting for you." We were both doing our best, and not able to endure his insulting command, I left all, and leaping to the deck, faced him and said, "You will not wait long for me, sir, here I am." He then threatened my life, and finding I had an ugly customer to deal with, I gave him to understand that, though willing to do my duty like a man, I would not be driven to it like a dog. After this I went up and snugly furled the sail, and

had no more words nor cruel treatment from him during the winter.

When off Fire Island, the snow began to fill the air, and the schooner was running near the land. I was the first to cry out "Breakers ahead," and gave the warning in season. Five vessels and most of their crews perished amid the mad waves that night. The wind howled fearfully, as we clawed off from the dismal shore, and in a storm of snow and sleet tried to reach New York. The wind came from north-east around to north-west, butt-end foremost, and amid flying rigging, thundering canvas, blinding snow, and total darkness, we balance-reefed the mainsail and hove to. The entire vessel was soon sheathed in a thick, white coat of ice. The cold was intense; the wind and snow blinded us, and the waves threw their spray as high as the cross-trees. Every drop of water turned to ice as soon as it struck the schooner. Our stoves were kept red hot, night and day. Fifteen minutes was the longest time a man dared to stay on deck. The Captain and mate were full of liquor, and performed their duties by keeping as near the cabin stove as they could; popping their heads out occasionally, from the half-opened companion way, and in quaking voices, bidding the men and second mate to keep a bright lookout, then popped in again, and ensconced by the red hot stove, tried to sleep. It was rather galling to us to witness the cowardly conduct of those two men, and it would have done our hearts good to have been able to force them to a proper performance of their duties, instead

of shirking them and throwing all the care and responsibility of the situation on their crew. I had coffee, whiskey, and hot drops in my chest, and as each man came from his freezing station, I revived him with stimulants.

Three days the gale had howled in its fury, when, as I placed my hands in a bucket of water, I knew we were in the Gulf, or near the edge of it. The wind suddenly fell away, and left us rolling in the long, heavy seas. The warm water soon washed the clogged ice from the hull, and put our craft in good trim. At night a light breeze sprang up; the flying snow was gone, and under three whole sails, we worked up the Jersey shore; the long, black hull dipping and pitching in the head seas, and the booms splitting and reeling to-and-fro, across the deck. In two days after, land was made out, right ahead; the mate swore like a pirate when I told the Captain that it was the highlands of Neversink, and when he realized his position, he paid off the sheets, and away we flew to the south and west. How dreary the snow-covered land appears as the voyager comes in from sea, and how beautiful it is to see the green hills, and waving trees as he approaches the coast. Truly there is pleasure in going to sea, but the labor and suffering outweighs it. We entered Delaware Bay in good style; passing thousands of black ducks on the water, so fat that they could hardly fly. As we entered the mouth of the river, the ice began to impede our progress, and when we arrived at Morris river the cakes were piled up eight feet high. Among it

all, was a large fleet of oyster boats and schooners, and the only thing for us to do was to make our vessel fast, and leave her, for going up to Philadelphia by water was out of the question. After a day's hard labor, the vessel was secured to anchors, and fastened by chains to posts driven in the mud.

The stage was ready to go to Millville, and after a hearty breakfast, I was ready to start on the journey. The little old coach could only accommodate ten persons, inside and out, but before we reached the town of Millville, there were twenty-two, and I was content to stand on the pole of the team, the last part of the way. We arrived at our destination at two o'clock in the afternoon, without any mishap, and as I felt a bit sharkish, with the long ride in the cold air, I entered a place where a sign of "Refreshments," was posted, and jars of candy, piles of beer-bottles, and bunches of cigars were prominently displayed.

"Can you give me a dinner?" I asked, "I'll pay you well."

"We don't keep a sailors' boarding-house, here," answered the landlady.

"Well," said I, half aloud, "if I was in Massachusetts I could soon get a bite."

"Where did you come from?" she asked in a milder tone.

I told her.

"And did you ever go to the city of Newburyport?"

"Yes, I have, and like it well."

One remark brought another, and she at last ex-

claimed, with a woman's earnestness, "Well, here I am, down in this far-away place, and it does me good to see any one from near home; walk up stairs, and sit down, I'll have dinner in a few moments."

I had touched the right string in her harp of humanity, and soon sat down to the well-spread table with the family.

Before the meal was finished, we became well acquainted, and it turned out that I had really seen her sister's family when I was in Newburyport. They would not take pay for their trouble, but as I left they gave me a fine bunch of cigars, to smoke, they said, on my way to Camden. I went to the depot, and soon the iron horse was tearing over the rail and through the low lands of New Jersey. My stay in Philadelphia was short; the river was full of ice, and the ice-boat had all she could do to keep the ferries clear for the boats to run. The night train found me a passenger for New York, and I went into the car where a number of sailors were congregated, and took a seat where I could hear the conversation they carried on, about wages, ships, and jumping bounties, but I soon settled myself comfortably for a quiet snooze. It was very dark outside, and the lamps in the long car threw their rays on a rough set of men. I slept a few minutes, and was awakened by an old woman with apples, crying to a large, burly Dutchman, "Please give me back my apples; do now, I can't afford to lose them." She was an American woman, and that half-drunken bully was teasing and trying to cheat her out of a

few cents' worth. What if I had a mother who had to peddle apples; supposing that woman was my mother, and perhaps she had a sailor boy of her own. Determined to see her rights maintained, I rose from my seat, and proceeding to the half-tipsy fellow, took hold of him, demanded that he should pay her well for every apple he had taken. The Dutchman seemed confounded at my manner, and stammered out something for an apology, saying that he meant no harm, but my earnestness seemed to compel him to do as I bid him, and he handed out the money. Soon after, he was approached by an Irishman, who gave him to understand that if he did not go into another car, there would be a fight, and the fellow thinking discretion the better part of valor just at that time, tumbled off, in a rather humiliated manner. The poor old apple woman left us at Burlington, with more money than usual in her purse.

I arrived in New York early in the morning, and having relations there, concluded to spend a week in their society. I easily found them, and enjoyed myself well for two weeks' time. The skating on Central Park interested me the most; but going around, purchasing clothing, and seeing the city, little incidental expenses soon drained my purse to a small amount, and home I must go, or send on for funds. My friends wanted me to remain in the city and go into business with them, but city trading I cared little about, so I stepped on the steamer for Fall River. There I fell in with an old shipmate, who had no money, and not a crumb to eat; I shared my money

with him, and then took my chance of dead-heading my way on the steamer. This was the only time I ever was what is called "hard up," and I was bound to make the best of it and go through if possible. My baggage went on to Boston; I had the checks, and was easy on that head, but how to leave the boat when every one of the Irish deck hands was watching me, was a problem I had yet to solve. Ten or fifteen dead-heads were taken and sent to unload the cargo when the steamer touched her wharf. My two Irish guards were walking around me and saying, "We will take him back to New York." And I said to myself, "if I can't give these fellows the slip I ought to go back." Watching my chance, I made a daring leap, and landed on the wharf. They dared not follow me in that fashion, and I stepped into the cabin of the Providence steamer, and the next moment she cast off her shore fasts, and I was speeding up Narragansett Bay.

I reached Providence in good time, strolled about the city, and then took my seat in the night train for the good old capital of the Bay State. The lightning seemed to be hitched to the train, for we went through the darkness like a comet, and though I am fond of rapidity in all things, I must confess that I shook some at our style of travelling that night. At a late hour the cars entered the Boston depot. No coach was ready for me this time, and on foot I threaded the dark streets until I found a seat, in the last horse car for Lynn. I was going home where I was always welcome, with plenty of garments and only a few cents

in my pocket. This was my second unlucky trip, but I felt tip-top in spirit, and determined to rest a while and then plunge into my roving life again.

Over the bleak waste the horses toiled, and at length the places and scenes around began to look familiar. I jumped off, and plodded down the street until I reached the house, and not wishing to awaken any one, I raised the back window and entered. Noiselessly I lit a lamp and looked at the clock; it was just one. I soon made myself at home so far as to forage round and find something good and wholesome with which to make my early meal; then, in the warm sitting-room, spread myself on the floor and was soon in the land of dreams, where I remained until the daylight peeped in at the windows, and astonished the family with my unexpected presence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Merry Times at Home — I am Bound to Go-a-Fishing — The "We're Here" — Cape Cod Again — A Narrow Escape — Using Up the Salt — Waking the Skipper — Fisherman's Life — The "Texas" — In a Fog — Is that a Privateer? — Home Life on the Cape — The Cod Fisheries — How They are Conducted — The Profits — Superiority of American Fishing Craft — The "Marietta" — Quick Work.

TWO or three weeks passed swiftly by, with dances and surprise parties every night, and folks said, "Ned goes it while he is young. We don't blame him; he enjoys everything that is going, and has a large crowd of friends." And "go it" I did, to every place where my fancy called me; a "hail fellow well met," and in duty bound to enjoy life to its fullest scope.

The merchant, man-of-war, and coasting service I had tried, and now I was to dip into fishing. The snow was running down the hills in a thousand rivulets, melted by the warm April sun, when I doffed the citizen's garments, and put on the fisherman's suit, big boots and all. The tenth of April found me on the deck of the "WE'RE HERE," bending sail and taking in sea stores and the little extras that make up a fishing outfit.

We sailed from Beverly with a fair wind and pleasant weather, and that night came to anchor off Harwich, Cape Cod. Most of the crew belonged there,

and they soon had two dories manned, and pulled for the shore. As I stood by watching operations, the old skipper shouted, "Take good care of the vessel; we 'll be off in less than a week, Ned!"

"Well, here we are," said a friend at my elbow, "and likely to hang out tough. I expect they will do up all their farming before they sail."

He "expected" just right. We laid back and took solid comfort, and it was gay old times to us, keeping bachelor's-ship off Deep Hole. On the night of the third day after the vessel anchored, it began to blow heavy, and at midnight came a gale, dead on shore. We went stumbling forward in the darkness, and made the jib-sheets fast, cleared the port-anchor and cable, hoisted the jib, which slatted and shook like the crack of doom, and when the vessel was well cut away to port, let the second anchor go, and made all snug, the equal strain on both anchors holding the vessel firm in spite of wind and wave. At daylight the anxious skipper and crew were hurriedly pacing the wave-lashed strand, there we lay all secure, and had not drifted a fathom. Seeing which they felt satisfied, and left us alone in our glory.

We were getting tired of laying at anchor off the bar, while they were having social times ashore, and throwing the last dory overboard we soon landed on the beach, and made our way over cranberry meadows and dyked land, to the only hotel the little town could boast of. We took supper and were astonished at the rations set before us, which consisted of two cups of tea, two slices of bread and some butter.

"Dollar and fifteen cents is the bill," said the hostess.

"Well, you are as kind as a mother," said I, "I'm far more hungry than when I began."

"Willing to oblige you to anything in my line," snapped out the lady, "but we are all out of stores just now."

We walked up the street, and turning a corner came plump on the skipper, who, with his head in advance of his body, was making the sand fly as he stumbled over the cart-ruts and beaten tracks.

"Hullo, my lad, where did ye spring from?"

"Oh, we 're boarding at the hotel."

"Ye haint though. I want ye to come an' live in the house I stop at, if ye must be ashore half of the time, 'sides, I got sum land to scratch over, an' perhaps you'd like to take holt."

That was just what we wanted. He took us home, made us members of the family, and with willing hands and merry hearts his spring planting was done in two days. We then went aboard the schooner. The water was taken in, the anchor cleared, and the vessel under weigh in quick time. The harbor tide-rips and land were left behind, and as the skies in the West were mottled in crimson and gold, away we went out upon the blue sea. Nothing of importance occurred during our run on, until we arrived on the Western Banks. There we tried for fish, and sailed day by day, but finding them scarce, off we started to the eastward. On one occasion when my watch was below, I was suddenly aroused from a deep, re-

freshing sleep, by shouts, and confusion on deck. A turn and a jump was taken, and looking to windward of our vessel, I saw a large steamship rushing upon us, lights gleamed, men screamed, and a crash seemed inevitable. Our wheel was hove up; the huge mountain of wood and iron was nearly on us, but the next moment we had slipped out of her way. How the air rushed past our ears, as the huge fabric swept by, not slackening her speed in the least.

It was the first of May when we came to anchor on Bank Quereau, and found fish plenty, but small. "Half a loaf is better than no bread," and at work we went. I was green then, but before long I earned the title of "high line," and though I had many difficulties to overcome, I caught nearly five thousand codfish that trip. When I had doubled that number, the seasons that followed, I was almost determined to be "a banker" for life, but subsequently changed my mind.

After a while the cook came to the conclusion that the salt was not wet fast enough, and as the thought of a rebel privateer came upon him, he hurried it over the side every time the skipper was at supper. He remarked to us, as the salt was emptied out of the passing tubs, "You see I gets so much by the trip, and the sooner I get home, the better for all on us."

There were two brothers on board, smart, and jolly fishermen, who enjoyed a quiet snooze in the warm forecastle, when they should have been pacing the deck, with eyes wide open. The skipper had often

noticed that the light at the gaff had died out, or that a chimney was broken, and at length he caught the midnight watchers, snug and asleep, with a large, empty dish on the table in front of them. Buckets of water had no other effect than to put more salt over the rail, and less fish on board. The great desire of our men, was to see the last of the salt disappear, and sheet the sails taut for home again.

Our skipper was a hard man to rouse from his sleep, and often when I called him, he would "lay and soak" in pleasant dreams. One night, after I had called three times without awakening him, I shouted loudly in his ear,—"Skipper, Skipper—I say, Skipper, heave out."

Half frightened out of his wits, he nervously replied—"Yes, yes, yes; O, Lord, I'm coming, coming. Speak, what's the matter?"

He must have thought we were going to Davy Jones' locker, but I soon calmed his fears by saying, "Why, your watch, of course; this is the fourth time I've called you."

"Bless me, I never was so startled in my life; don't do it again."

"No, don't yell like that in this cabin," said a man behind me, "for I have the heart disease."

"Never mind my friend," I added, "you are alive, and likely to be," and as his feet struck the wet deck, I kicked the heavy clog boots from my own, and was soon snugly stowed away under the quilts. The skipper always turned out after that, at the first touch or call.

Fishing in fleets, on deck, in dories, or laying still until good weather came to us again, formed the regular routine of our duty. We dressed down and washed up, ate, slept, and watched, day and night, until the last ton of salt had been wet, and then with merry hearts we joined the old "Texas;" set our main sail, and both vessels, with colors flying, left the fishing ground and fleet of dories behind.

The mild, easterly breeze wafted us to the westward, and that night the sun set clear, it being but the fourth time it had done so during the ten weeks of our trip. Nearly every day the weather had been foggy; the heavy mist occasionally lifting for about an hour at a time. The consequence of this was, that every bunk and chest was wet, and the standing rigging was colored a sickly green. Fog and cold are disagreeable companions, especially when one is obliged to associate with them for twelve or fourteen weeks, at anchor on the high table lands of the Grand Banks. We jogged along towards our destined port, and when off Halifax, N. S., saw a low, black steamer steering straight towards us. The skipper was nervous and fidgety. "Oh, that's one of them privateers. I'll lose my summer's work." Then addressing me, he continued,—"We're all right, I reckon; they'll hang you to the yard arm, Ned, 'cause you have went against them, but will let us go, sure."

The sharesmen were all looking at the steamer that lay just ahead, as though she would board us, but after lying still a few moments, she put on steam and soon left us alone.

"Hurrah," shouted the overjoyed skipper, "She wouldn't touch a little fisherman, nor any poor folks like us," and he cut a flourish on the quarter, with his stiff old legs.

We all felt relieved when she had disappeared, and two days after, we dropped our anchor once more, off Deep Hole. The gay flag flew from the little topmast; the crew had a good wash in fresh water; dories were pushed over the side, and the men, with happy hearts, dressed in their best, pulled quickly ashore. Those who remained, myself among the number, laid on the house sunning themselves, and drinking in the beauty of the shore, with its neat and pretty houses, waving pines, and familiar objects that caught their eyes, then hauled the ropes taut, cleared the decks, and were snug and comfortable. The next day we went ashore, and met the men in checked shirts and black pants, their countenances wreathed in smiles, their happy, young wives clinging lovingly on their arms, and seeming well pleased, as they looked up with eyes full of love and adoration, into the faces of their returned husbands, who puffed their cigars in a gentlemanly style. Nothing was too good for us young bachelors, and we had cordial welcomes every where we went. Each day some new and entertaining feature of Cape life presented itself, and the true sociality, genuine kindness, and unmistakable warmth of friendship, which characterizes the inhabitants of that locality, so favorably impressed us, that when the time for leaving drew nigh, we regretted its approach; but go we

must. We bade our friends good bye, and on the 20th of August we hove the anchor to the hawse-pipe, and left Deep Hole, bound for Beverly, where we arrived safe the next morning, and made the vessel fast to her wharf. I was not long in reaching my home, and the next day went back to receive my pay, which proved quite satisfactory. But better to me than the money I had earned, was the health I had regained. I was once more hale and hearty, and ready to go again as soon as I could find a good chance.

Cod fishing is a great business for Massachusetts Bay. Hundreds of vessels are employed, and thousands of men pass their summers on the foggy banks, among icebergs, danger and schools of fish. Each vessel's company usually consists of a skipper who is entitled to one whole share of the profits of the trip, which counts up to about a thousand dollars; two sharesmen who hold half a share each, being from four to six hundred dollars, and a number of men and boys, who are hired, and receive from fifty to two hundred dollars a piece, according to their smartness in catching fish. Thus, the first year I received eighty dollars clear of expenses. The next trip, one hundred and thirty, and the next, two hundred and seventy dollars, and each season my wages advanced, because I was putting more money into the owner's pocket every year I went, and "high line men," as they are called, have fine chances to obtain good wages. If a Captain has a man who is smart, that man's good name will travel from Nova Scotia to New London. His name will be his recommendation to the skippers.

Fishing is a science now-a-days; the old style of carrying it on is rapidly fading away, before dories and double trawls, squib-gigs, capling, fly and top water lines, driving and penning, prepared bait, patent hooks and gear, and enterprising men constantly on the alert for new methods of operation. The lumbering old boats with dirty decks and poor rigging, bad food and crowded cabins, are being transformed into sand barges and freighters; and the sharp, new, roomy clippers take their places, well found in everything, and carrying a new dory for each man. Time, men and fish are saved, the profits are larger, and money is earned easier. What a contrast is the present clipper banker, shooting over the wild ocean, fast and safe, making the run on and off the Banks in a week, to the old bluff-bowed bully-hoo, that was often thirty days going or coming, or to the clumsy French ships and brigs, that are trawling on the Bank. Verily, the American fishermen, like the American Navy, can beat the world. Look at our whaling fleet, it astonishes every one, — chasing the leviathan of the deep amid polar ice, and torrid heat, and traversing the ocean from pole to pole. Steamers, whaling guns, and every ingenious contrivance that man can devise, is in the hands of the sons of New England.

But, weary of the land, I looked up another craft, and soon found the MARIETTA, a staunch vessel, bound for the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. I was told that the skipper was tyrannical to his men, but determined upon knowing the truth in regard to him,

and taking no man's say-so as evidence, I walked up to the tall, bony individual who was hurriedly pacing the newly painted deck.

"Good day, skipper," I said.

"Who in the devil are you?" he rather bluntly inquired, as he came to a full stop in his walk.

"I want a chance to ship, and hearing that you are bound off soon, I have come to see if you will not give me one."

"Yes," he replied, "you hear lies enough about me on shore, and men talk very hard sometimes."

"Yes," said I, "but the devil is never quite so black as he is represented to be."

He seemed to take this as a compliment, for he seated himself calmly on the rail, remarking, "Now I like that in you; and I'll give you one hundred and seventy dollars, clear, if you'll go. Somehow I rather take to you; I thought at first you was a city swell come down to see my vessel. If you will go, come down and sign the articles."

This occurred at quarter past eleven in the forenoon. In an hour's time I had shipped, signed articles, taken leave of home and returned to the schooner, and at one o'clock had finished my dinner, cast the fast from the wharf, and was gliding down the harbor on my way to the ocean. Such quick work was not often done, and I soon saw that I was all right with "bully Tom," as the men were pleased to call the skipper.

I started to put my luggage away in the forecastle, but was warned by one of the crew that a "crazy

drunken man was there, and nobody dared go down."

"Somebody must be the first to go," I answered, "and here goes." I pushed back the slides and descended the steep steps. Yells, curses, and hard language saluted me. A man, half naked, crazy drunk, and frightful to look at, stood before me.

"What are ye here for? Go away, you devil; aint you afraid of me?"

"Not much," I answered, "get up in this bunk, and lie down."

He would not; so I tried to put him in, and after a hard scuffle succeeded in doing so. In a drunken rage he raised himself, and struck his head on the hard beam, when, stunned by the blow, he pitched over the bunk-board and tumbled on to the table. He was all right then. I secured his knife, covered his face with a wet cloth, and when he awoke he was sober.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There He Winds Her — Our New Cook and His Reception — The Girls of Castine — A "Post" that Spoke — Off for the Banks — Good Fishing — Something of an Iceberg — A Yankee Schoolmaster Shoots a Whale — The Dory Fleets — Eight Hundred Boats at Work — Lively Times on the Banks — After a Shark — Loss of the "Widow Wadman" — Perils of the Fishermen — Pulling for Life in a Dory — Saved at the Last Moment — Loaded with Fish and Homeward Bound.

E passed the beacon, and glided down the narrow channel, jibbed the main boom, and flew on to the broad bay. "There he winds her," was shouted by the group on shore, and echoed back by the men sitting on the windlass.

Three or four of our crew were a little the worse for liquor, and when darkness began to hide the shore, there was a general cry of "who will get supper." Nobody wanted to do the cooking, yet all were ready to eat. We had no cook. That important personage was to be shipped, when the vessel arrived down East. I knew I could cook; so did many others, and naturally the duty fell to me. I went to the fo'castle, and there sat the late crazy man, filling his pipe. "Hullo, old feller," he cried, "going to give me some supper? Haint had anything for two days; feel as if I could eat the head from a ten-inch bolt. Say, let me help you." I declined his aid, and told him to go to

his berth, and in proper time he should have his share.

"Well, have it so if you want to. I b'lieve all the other men are 'fraid of me, but you are not. So here goes till supper time," and he tumbled into the first bunk that came handy.

I set about cooking supper by the aid of a flaming lamp, and in an hour's time had the table covered with substantial food. The first table was filled by the Captain and five other men, including the terror of the fo'castle, who ate ravenously, and myself; then I set a second table for the others. They prolonged their meal until nine o'clock at night, and I was glad to turn into my new berth as soon as I had cleared the wreck and washed the dishes. As I took a pull at the pipe, I said to one of the men, — "Brown, you get the men's breakfast in the morning, and I 'll get the dinner." "I shan't cook; did n't ship for cook, and hate to handle pots and pans, let somebody else," he moodily answered.

"All right," said I, "mind you get breakfast in the morning," and turning my face from the light, I was soon in the land of dreams.

At four in the morning I took the wheel. Cape Elizabeth light, bore North, about six miles from us. The vessel was rushing straight for Penobscot Bay, sheets eased off and sails all hard filled with the strong Sou'-westerly wind. I looked under the booms, and saw the smoke pouring from the cook's stove. Ah, yes, Brown had slightly changed his mind, and at seven o'clock a good hot breakfast awaited us. Be-

fore noon we were running up the beautiful bay, past Owl's Head, to Castine. The tide being against us, we anchored, to remain until its turn. The skipper and four others took a dory and went to the town, the former saying, as he left, "I expect to see this schooner at anchor off the town in the morning, Ned."

Midnight came with squalls, and a dash of rain. "Turn out here, fellows," I shouted, "fair wind and tide; tumble up if you want to be in town to-morrow. Strap the third-reef cringle to the boom, and loose the jib. Pump her up. Charley, you to the wheel, and I'll take the lead."

The men did not fancy the rain and pitchy darkness, but soon the craft was gliding up the river. The casts of the lead were satisfactory, and we anchored her off the town within ten rods of the steamboat wharf, and then retired to the cabin to smoke and yarn away the time till daylight appeared. The skipper sent a carcass of veal aboard, and our new cook made his appearance, with a large jug of whiskey in one hand, and small stores and an accordeon in the other. Then began drinking and fighting. The man before alluded to as rum crazy when I first saw him, when sober was a good fellow, but the taste of liquor set him in a blaze. He grappled with a large Scotchman, and the two had it out under the table. The cook, who was full of whiskey, tried to part them, when the crazy man dropped his first antagonist and tackled on to him. The poor cook remonstrated,—"I won't have any fighting in my own dominions," but the crazy man threw him in a heap behind the stove, and

no more did the cook assert his rights. The Scotchman, full of revenge, again pitched into the crazy man, when springing from the bunk in which I had lain and seen this rough play, I cried: "Hold up; you have fought enough;" and then parted the two without a blow.

It may appear singular that an end of the struggle was so easily effected, but from some cause, I have always possessed a strange power on such occasions and have been able to separate men and animals. My experience has taught me that though physical force may be at times essential, the power of the eye and the tone of the voice are much superior.

It was well that the wages I received enabled me to dress neatly for shore life, for rough sea clothes are rather unshapely on land. The others of the crew congratulated themselves on like privileges, and, together we roamed about town. Castine is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Penobscot River, and a place of some note. We went to church in the afternoon of Sabbath days, and prayer meeting in the evening, to see others and be seen ourselves. We could sing every hymn that the preacher read, and looked hard at the fair daughters of Maine, when they peeped at us through their fingers during divine worship. One night I went to church alone, and when the services were over and I had almost reached the door, a splendid little sunny head was at my side. I crooked my right fin, and the little clipper hooked on immediately. I looked over my shoulder and another lass had me by my left arm; two more had

hold of my coat tails. It was a preconcerted plan, but I bore up as nobly as I could, and escorted them to their homes. The last young lady that walked with me arrived at her little gate. It was a dark, starless night, and the only object I could discover, was what appeared to be a black post in front of the door.

"Hush," said my companion, "there is my mother, she'll hear you."

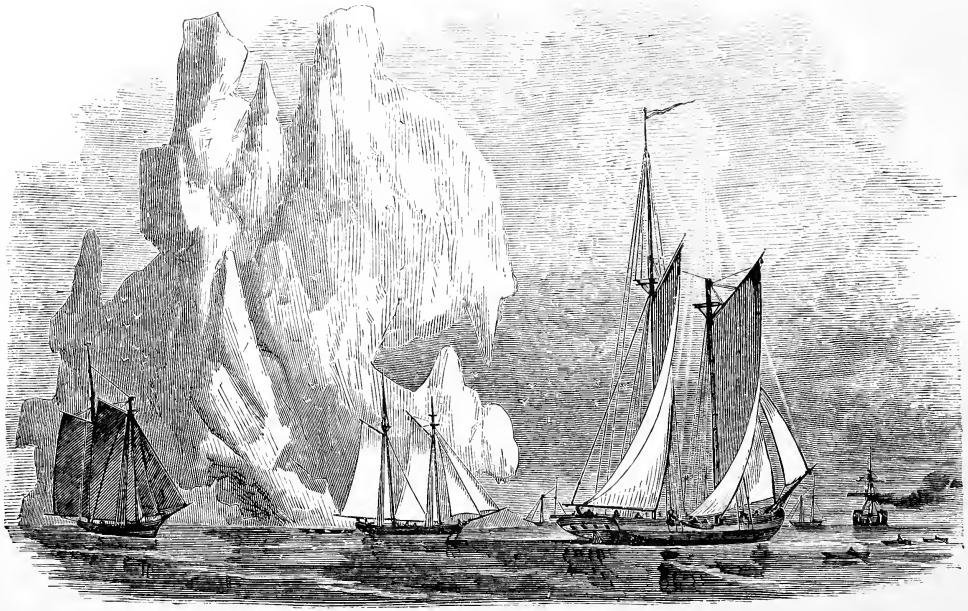
"I don't see anything but a long, black post," I answered, and then the post spoke.

"If you don't come in directly, Miss, you'll not go to another evening meetin'."

"Oh, I must go; good night, sir;" and away ran the obedient girl into the house.

The three weeks passed at Castine are numbered among the most pleasant of my life. At length a fair wind came, we ran up the sails, slipped our fasts, and away we went with flying colors. We reached the Grand Banks in nine days, and immediately struck on large fish. The dories were soon afloat, every man did his best, and that night, twenty-five hundred cod-fish were ready to be dressed down. "Come on, throaters and headers, fly round, or we shan't get through to-night," was the word about deck.

Fish came tumbling in, boat loads every day. Only the best men fished, and the ambition of each was to bring aboard the largest number. We lay directly on the track of vessels bound over the Banks, and in spite of horns, bell, and conch shell, came very near being run down. The "Great Eastern" passed so close to



"The mist that hung over us like a funeral pall, rolled away for a moment and disclosed one of the terrors of northern seas, a huge mountain of ice four hundred feet high." Page 283.

us that we saw her masts and hull; her steam whistles were blowing like those of a dozen locomotives. She was moving slowly, feeling her way carefully through the thick fog.

The next day we weighed anchor and left that place; it was too risky a position to remain in longer, for the Liverpool packets might walk right over us. We went bounding and dipping on our way, when one of the men cried out, "What's that, Ned?" and pointed up in the air. I looked and shouted, "Heave up your wheel, we're right upon an iceberg!"

The mist that hung over us like a funeral pall, rolled away for a moment, and disclosed one of the terrors of northern seas; a huge mountain of ice aground, being two hundred feet under water and over four hundred out, looming high in the hazy air, a fair sample of an iceberg. The air was very cold on the lee side of the ice, and if a vessel struck it, there could be no hope of escape in the thick, heavy weather we were then experiencing. The sad tale that hundreds of men would tell could they walk the earth again, would be, "Our vessel struck an iceberg in the fog one night, and foundered. Of the passengers and crew, some were lost at the moment, others reached the berg, froze to death and rolled off, until at length, every one perished."

Still we "fished and made berths;" sometimes striking adrift and losing anchors, and at other times lying on the calm water. One day the sun broke out in all his glory. The "Rock's Fleet" was in sight,

and near us was a dead whale floating on the water. This whale was killed by the chance shot of a Yankee school master, who fired a rifle, having no idea that it would touch a vital spot. A wandering whaler found the dead carcass a few days after, and it yielded thirty barrels of oil. The pedagogue went to the Grand Banks a sick, slender man; he returned in the same vessel, strong and well, and in good firm flesh. There is no place like the Banks for making known to a person his fate; death soon comes, or it will keep away for years. I went on one trip, weighing ninety pounds, and returned home in less than four months, weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds, and have seldom seen a sick day when on salt water.

There was nothing to greet the eye, but fog, fish, ice, and vessels on the Banks; and, of course, there was no pleasure, to while the time away. The fleet on the Main Ledge consisted of seventy sail. They fished from dories, and when the men were busy at work these dories lay in two large fleets. Imagine four hundred boats side by side, and just to leeward of them, four hundred more, each containing a man. A continual humming sound hovered over these fleets, produced by human voices, and the slatting of the fish from the hooks. Every man was busy and in earnest.

The sport of catching fish is when they bite smart. One day we could catch as fast as we could haul, using clam bait. The boats were in line, rubbing, chafing and jamming against each other. Occasionally the sound of the muddle was heard as it tapped

a struggling fish on the head. The water beneath the dories was packed with codfish, millions upon millions, for that was their feeding ground. Fish are migratory in their habits, the same school that was there that day, might be a hundred miles away the next, and not one be taken on that spot for a week, yet the vessels would remain there and get their fares. The fish at length discontinued biting, and no bait held out sufficient inducement for them to walk over the sides of our boats. This being so, the men of every nationality that could endure cold weather, lay back and smoked their pipes, or amused themselves when an opportunity offered in "baiting up" a shark, many carrying bayonets and old harpoons with which to make an attack.

"Say, Ned, what's this long, big fish that is swimming around my boat!"

"Why, that's a shark, my dear; bait him up while I make fast this long knife to the handle of my oar."

"Bait him up, Brown; heave more fish near my boat."

On glided the shark, and when near me, I plunged the knife into him with all my strength. He only wriggled his tail and swallowed a fish. I made three or four more strikes at him, and finally concluded that my efforts in that direction were of but little use, as a larger weapon than the one I had would be required to capture his sharkship. Their tenacity of life is wonderful. In illustration of this, I will mention a circumstance.

One Sunday, as we lay near the "Starr King," her

skipper jumped into a dory to harpoon a porpoise. He had drawn it into his boat and had just taken the harpoon from the dead fish, when he looked up from his labors and saw a huge shark rushing for his boat. It sprung at the man, with mouth wide open, and we all thought that the skipper was to be dragged from his boat. But with great presence of mind he thrust the long harpoon fairly and steadily down the gaping throat of the savage fish, even to the handle of the iron. The shark beat a retreat for a season, but soon began to wind the line around his body and pull the boat and all it contained under water. The skipper had no knife or he would have cut clear from his enemy, who was winding the line up with great rapidity. He shouted for help, and boats flew to the rescue. The first one that arrived upon the scene of action had a sharp blubber spade for a weapon, and cut and stabbed the shark until the line of the boat was clear from the wounded monster, who swam away with more than forty deep gashes, and the harpoon still in his throat. The skipper thus saved took a solemn oath he would not do any more work, or sport on Sunday. Many times I have had sharks follow me for miles on the smooth water when I had a deep load of fish, and expected every moment to be snapped from my boat and lugged down to the bottom of the ocean. I am no exception to the rule that "every sailor hates a shark."

Boats were off to the fleet again, but the fish took hold slowly. Up came the fog, cold and damp, hiding everything about us. Still we fished away, for

every one counted. There were vessels all about us, but we could not see them; once in awhile the fog scaled a bit, and the bright sun-dogs shone through the vapor.

"Hark! what's that rushing noise we hear? Look! there is a barque under full sail, coming right into the fleet. Look lively there, lads. My God! it's too late." With a crash that was heard through the dense fog, the large vessel struck the schooner "Widow Wadman," and she was a wreck.

The barque with all sail set kept on her course, and was fortunate enough to steer clear of the boats and vessels, and went off like a ghost, into the realms of fog. But the sinking schooner demanded our attention. A large number of boats were at hand, each endeavoring to save such articles as could be moved. The spars were cut away and the wreck was then towed away from the fishing ground and burned.

Such are the perils of the fishermen. Men's lives are in jeopardy during the whole time they remain on the banks. With icebergs, fogs, collisions and gales they stand a poor chance. I was lost in the fog two days, all alone, and lay at anchor until it lifted, then I saw the fleet about two miles from me. Many are lost each year. A man who belonged to the "Rose," lay on the water four days in his boat. He could not find the fleet, but a passing vessel heard his horn and picked him up, carried him to the States, where with good grit he shipped in a banker that was bound on, and soon after, joined his vessel again. The missing man astonished his old ship-

mates when he appeared in their midst, having been gone four weeks.

Fearful winds spring up suddenly and take many dories away from their haven of safety. I was caught far to leeward of the "Marietta," and had to pull for my life. No other vessel lay near me, and I had to keep to windward, deep loaded with fish, which made the dory pull easier; had I been light, I should have capsized. I gained on her, after pulling for two hours with the energy of despair. At length my strength was gone; I could only keep her head to the white, tumbling seas. Hundreds of eyes were upon me; dories bottom up, and others half full of fish and water went by like flashes, over the sea. Oars, reels, seats and buckets were on the water. The nearest land was Newfoundland, eighty miles to the leeward. Oh, how I pulled at those nine foot oars. My thole-pins were almost worn out, and I had made up my mind to scud before the wind, when I heard heavy guns to windward. I looked over my shoulder in agony, for I dared not to lose my feeble stroke. An empty dory with strong line attached, belonging to the "Marietta," and one end of the line held on board, was coming down to me, borne over the mighty waves, like a feather. Salt tears ran down my feverish cheeks as I grasped the becket at the stern, and in quick time made my own boat fast. Sitting in the stern of the empty boat I motioned to the crew to haul me up, and placed my spare oars in readiness to scud, if the line parted. How handsomely the two rode the seas, as every moment I drew nearer my vessel, and finally

got safely aboard, with both boats. Our deck was filled with dories, and strangers, men who had sought refuge from a watery grave; and I felt thankful that I had been saved through their quick perception of my danger.

"Virgin Rock" is formed of a vast ledge that cannot be seen unless on some clear day, when, on looking down into the calm water, it is visible in two and one half fathoms of water. The Banks are table lands, at the bottom of the ocean; on the sides and tops of which, millions of codfish feed.

With our hold packed full of salted fish, and all the salt used up, we set our colors and prepared to leave for home. Twelve hundred quintals of good fish were under the well-battened hatches. The men in the fleet cheered as they saw our colors go dancing to the mast head, and letters to be taken home came in fast. It began to blow a gale as soon as we had raised the anchor, but under Bank sail we ran before it. The vessel was rolling badly when the stove, full of hot coals, was overturned, and thoughtlessly the helmsman left the wheel. The schooner lurched to, laying in the trough of the sea, whose tumbling waves poured on our deck. Men washed overboard by one wave, were washed inboard by the next. Everybody was saved; but what a danger to run! I took the wheel and we scud until the foresail blew away, and then run her under try-sail and jib.

Three days we scud her, and at length the storm-tossed vessel lay off Halifax in a flat calm, and we

rested with sails down three days longer, when a mainsail and a new foresail were bent, and the wind came heavy again.

"As long as she cracks she holds," said the skipper, as he rubbed his hands; "they called me 'Bully Tom,' didn't they, Ned? Now I have been fair; you know that, don't you?"

"Ah, you have got a good crew," I answered; "it is the crew that makes the skipper."

We held the wind and arrived safely at home in two days. All accounts were settled to our satisfaction, and I bade the "Marietta" good-bye.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The "Comet" and my Prospects. — The St. Croix River — A High Tide — Lumber Trade — Pleasant Hours — Eastport — A Christmas Pudding — Necessity, the Mother of Invention, called to our Aid — A Large Fleet — A Winter Storm — Fast before the Gale we Reach Holmes' Hole — Off for New Haven — Our Cargo Discharged — Boston and Home.

I MADE up my mind to join the United States service again; and one cool November morning, the train was whirling me over the iron rails to the eastward, and I was enjoying the beauty of the country through which we passed. All nature had put on her garments of many colors; the trees seemed like waves of fire as the cars rushed through the oak groves and by the dense forests. Farmers were busy finishing their fall work; stacks of salt hay were on the marshes; vessels and boats were hauled up and housed for the winter, and everybody seemed busy at something.

The rattling, driving cars soon conveyed me to Portsmouth. There I met large numbers of seamen, nearly all of whom were being besieged by substitute runners; but Jack Tar was wide awake, and very few fell into the hands of those war sharks. After an experience with one of those brokers, and roaming about the city for a fortnight, keeping my eyes open for a good chance, I happened upon the wharf one

day, and came across a large schooner which suddenly struck my fancy.

"Who is the master of this vessel?" I asked.

"Captain Hodgdon," said a clumsy youth of seventeen.

"What is the vessel's name?"

"The COMET, sir."

I was all right; having formerly sailed with him, and this was his vessel ready to start. Soon after, the Captain came rolling down the wharf.

"Ah, ah, Ned, here you are; you must go with me now, sure."

"What will you give me to go?" I asked.

"Well, I'll give you forty-five dollars a month, and a mate's berth."

"I'm there, sir," said I; "trot out the articles."

"I was after you a week ago, Ned; but the folks said you had gone to Portland; I'm glad you've met me, or I've met you, which is it? — at any rate we'll haul out to-night, and to-morrow get the crew, set up the rigging, and make her look well; go ahead on your own hook."

I strolled up the street for a time, and at midnight went on board, and the vessel dropped down the stream with the tide. How lovely the full moon shone, on the calm, clear water. The anchor carried the chain to the bottom and we lay below the "Colorado," at the Kittery yard. Three days' work on the "Comet," was done and she looked much better. She had formerly been a fast packet brig, but steamers had run her out of the business. The cabin was

large and roomy, with old fashioned transoms and cupboards. The top of my berth was marked and cut by passengers who had had tea and liquor in the bunk, and becoming sea-sick, had marked up the smooth wood to while the hours away. The smell of raw onions prevailed around my resting place. Bushels of the rank vegetable were below me, and I was well assured of keeping in a most healthy state by their use. Four times the wind blew us back to the harbor after we had sailed, but at the fifth attempt we lay snug to the wind and shaved the ledge below Boon Island, and then with better sea-room dashed away on our course.

In three days' time we entered St. Croix River, and sailed between high wooded shores, that rose abruptly on either hand. We were not long in reaching Calais, and soon had our vessel at the wharf, awaiting its freight. The St. Croix is a deep and narrow stream, having its rise far back in the large lakes, pouring its waters through many saw mills, and winding its way along many a crooked mile to Passamaquoddy Bay. The wharves on the river are thirty-six feet in height, and the tide rises generally as high as the capsill, before it shows a disposition to ebb. I have seen the water cover the highest wharves, and vessels riding nearly upon the heavy lumber, that did not float on the shoal water. Such is a genuine Bay of Fundy tide, — the highest natural tides in the world, with one exception.

I was booked up on Calais, having before this trip walked its plank sidewalks and splashed through its

mud. This is the town where the valorous English Colonel dashed over the bridge with his raiders, and "gobbled" the funds of the bank, before the citizens collected to drive them back. The river separates Yankee from English ground, and at all times of the year the two classes of people mingle freely. Immense quantities of liquor and contraband goods are easily transferred from shore to shore, thus eluding heavy duties. Many ships are built on both shores, but British gold and cheap board secure the best of Yankee workmen. Calais is a great lumber market, and there are hundreds of vessels loading at its port during the summer months. Large rafts of lumber are floated down the stream, and railroad cars bring the prepared lumber direct to the decks of the vessels. The mills on the river run their gangs of saws night and day, and the buzz and hum of machinery can be heard for miles on a calm night, as the power of water drives the sharp saws though the different kinds of wood. We were "taken up," that is, had an offer of freight, and hauled in to the designated wharf, and with some smart longshore men with their "pickalels," began to stow the lumber.

My old cronies soon found me out, and as soon as the day's work was done and supper bolted, there was plenty of real, sensible fun ahead. A sailor who is civil, neat, and conversant on any common topics can find plenty of good people to associate with in every port to which he may go. Every night I was in company that would improve, and not debase me. We sung, talked, played and walked. There was

a due sense of propriety, goodness and respect in the ladies and the families with whom we associated, and such companionship always keeps a man in his proper place.

One night we went towards the covered bridge, and on turning the corner saw a crowd of men indulging in a rough and tumble fight. The girls drew back with pale faces, but we walked near the scene of action. A dark figure jumped from a door way; a musket was levelled, and the flash of the gun eclipsed for a moment the moonlight. An American lay weltering in his blood, and cries of rage went up from the combatants. Knives, clubs, and fists came into play. The "Home Guard," rushed to the spot and laid the clubbed musket and muscular arm upon the backs of the rioters. Yells of pain and fear, cries of terror and shouts of victory, damaged heads and cut bodies were plenty, but the soldiers secured their prisoners.

"Come, boys," cried the mate of the "Baltic," as he grasped our arms, "let us leave this place; it's too hot for me, altogether; we 'll be nabbed in a minute."

We took his advice and hurried away. The ladies stood together with hands nervously clasped, and tearful eyes greeted us.

We quietly returned home, and I related several incidents connected with my own experience as a sailor, which had the tendency to somewhat dampen the ardor of a lad who had had a great desire to go to sea. He began to understand that a "life on the ocean wave," is not altogether one of ease or pleasure,

and that it loses many of its attractions upon a near approach.

A sailor's last night in port is memorable, and too often noisy and turbulent, but ours passed off quiet and happy. We were to sail in the morning; and we parted from each other with reluctance. At sunrise the four vessels hauled out into the stream and spread their white wings to the breeze. Our barque soon left the others behind, and we came to anchor at Red Beach. We had one hundred thousand five hundred feet of two inch plank stowed in our hold and on deck, well put in, laying snug as a floor. Red Beach had a plaster mill in constant operation, and that was all the sign of business visible. We took a stroll upon St. Croix Island, and had a view of one of the most beautiful sunsets I ever witnessed; then, once more aboard, we soon reached Eastport and found the smoking ruins of many pleasant homes destroyed by a most disastrous fire. Our Captain was a thorough seaman. He was the first with whom I had sailed, and I always found him ready to impart to a young man in his employ, information that would benefit him.

Christmas day came to us with a heavy snow storm while we were outside of the land, and ploughing our way with reefed sails. Our dinner was herring and potatoes, gingerbread, sauce, coffee, and, to cap all, a long apple-duff served with long-tailed sugar. It was boiled in one leg of a pair of new linen pants; for the duff boiler had a large hole in it, and "necessity is the mother of invention." We came to anchor in

Portland harbor, remained there three or four days, and though a fearful storm seemed brooding over us, we sailed on Sabbath morning in company with one hundred and sixty vessels of various kinds, from large brigs and barques to little "pinkies." These separated and went in all directions, nearly a hundred of them being bound over the shoals, and heading for Cape Cod.

With the fury of the winter's blast, the long pent-up gale came rushing upon us. Every vessel reduced sail and ran under the land. "Can you put her into Holmes' Hole, Ned? If you can, let it be done," said the skipper. Close and snugly reefed sails, guyed out like huge wings, sent the vessel reeling before the howling gale. The night shut down; we were alone in the whirl of the storm. The man at the wheel was trembling for his safety, yet doing his best to guide the craft through the running seas. He soon cried out, "Please take the wheel, sir, I'm freezing and can't steer." I had been on deck constantly, and felt just like action. "I'll take the wheel," said I, "and put her safe in the Hole before daylight, keep a good lookout forward, for we'll go right over anything we may strike."

Through the dark and stormy night the vessel flew. Rolling waves, and blinding snow were all about us, but the little compass was on its truthful duty. Edgartown and East Chop Light were seen glimmering through the murky night. The vessel went past light boats and vessels at anchor, and soon we were off the harbor. The snow ceased to fall; the wind roared

like a fury, as with quick motion I whirled the wheel, and like a shooting star, we cleared main and jib-booms of different vessels and came safely to anchor.

We lay there a few days, then ran to New Haven, and discharged cargo in lighters. A trip off our rocky coasts during the winter months is decidedly unpleasant, and as the "Comet" was to return loaded with railroad iron, I resolved not to go in her. I received my pay, clothed myself in citizen's clothes, and meeting a drunkard's child in the street, ragged and with bleeding feet, I employed my surplus funds to supply her with warm garments and foot gear. I went aboard the vessel, bade my shipmates good bye, filled my clothes bag with monstrous oranges for the old folks at home, then stepped on board a train and was soon landed in Boston.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Sea-sick Company on Board of the "George Shattuck" — Laughable Scenes — The Sailor's Boarding House — "Splitting up a Dictionary" — Off for the Banks, on the "Nason" — An Ocean Race of a Thousand Miles — Icebergs — Their Noonday Beauty — Saved by a Sharp Lookout — John's Thrilling Experience with a Phantom Brig and a Spirit Sailor — Where Good Fishing is to be Found — Overboard Again — Eleven Hundred Quintals Down.

THE winter of sixty-five and six wore quickly away. I fully realized the truth of the saying, "being paid off and coming home is the best part of going to sea." If I had given scope to rude ideas of pleasure, as some men do, it would have been the means of my death long ago. I seemed like a bunch of muscle and bone; and as for nerves to be shocked, I had none. I was alive to every feeling that would promote my happiness, and add to my knowledge. I had seen enough of crime and dying pleasure to make me hate the term of "he is a brick," or, "she is a staving girl." Through the best of broadcloth and the finest of silk I saw the wearers in their true light, and resolved to be a better man, and establish a worthy and honorable character for myself.

I must go to the Banks one more trip, for I knew I could command high wages, and also wished to make my health still better. I had a little of the coast of Africa in me yet, and four months on the Grand

Banks, would make me as strong and wiry as I ever wished to be.

On a bright April morning I arrived in Boston and stepped on board of the steamer bound to Provincetown. We left the harbor, and soon after the steamer cleared the land, encountered a stiff breeze and a sea that ran from the south-east. The passengers wanted to put back, it was so very rough, but on we went, passed Minot's ledge and plunged into the long, green and white billows, that tumbled over in good style. Every woman was in her berth, holding on with a tight grasp, and the men clung to the fastened chairs, with speechless tongues and pale faces, till they were summoned to pay tribute to father Neptune. No one seemed inclined to step outside of the cabin and house doors, and no dinner could be cooked, as the steward was constantly busy in picking up his pans and crockery that were playing pitch and toss in the galley and lockers. In the cabin the ladies occasionally smiled in a sort of ghastly manner, and exclamations from all sides reached my ears.

"Oh, oh, I know we 're sinking, what would my pa say if he saw me now?"

"Oh, May, how do you feel?" asks a pale, lovely girl as she hugged the pillow.

"Oh, dear, I feel as if, — Oh, help me;" and a slender hand clutched the tin.

"Would n't you like some fat dinner, sir?" said I to a huge bulk of an individual, who grasped his chair with a nervous grip. "Oh, sir, don't mention it, — it's coming," and he leaped from the seat and

tumbled to the half open door, where he settled his dinner bill to his satisfaction, and gazed out on the troubled sea.

I laughed until I was sore, to see the antics cut up in that cabin, and did all in my power to help those who needed my assistance.

"Young man," said a pompous personage, who laid upon his back in an upper bunk, "young man, please hand me a piller; I've bin tew sea thirty-four years, but this little blow just knocks me. Ah, thank yer; now let it rip, I'm in good quarters."

The steamer went on her way, plunging, dipping, and creaking. A use of the sails steadied the hull, and we continued over the rolling seas much easier than before. The sea-sick people crawled from their bunks and made their toilets, and all were anxious to be ashore.

The "George Shattuck" came to her wharf, amid a pelting cold rain, and seeing the luggage all right, I ran up the longest wharf that I have ever seen in all my travels. I went into a fisherman's boarding-house, but was not very pleasantly impressed with the style or manners of its occupants. A party of rough men were busily employed in teasing a still rougher looking boy, who, dirty and saucy, was not in very good humor. A deafening ringing of a bell informed me that I might expect to find supper on the table, and so, stumbling down a dark and narrow stairway, my expectations were realized. I found a long table at which a large number of men were seated, bolting down their food and drink with a fearful rapidity.

That done, they filled their pipes and puffed away, soon filling the apartment with clouds of smoke.

"My dear sir," said a seedy looking individual addressing me, "are you going to the fishing grounds this summer? Do you think it will improve me to undertake the mighty task of drawing the inhabitants of the vasty deep from their watery domain? Will my degenerating and consumptive appetite be improved, and shall I once again recover the exuberance of my spirits?"

"Yes," said I, "muchly more than most, most muchly. You can retain your tenacity, on an enlarged and particularly gutta-percha-ized slice of bovine suchly as you are muchly munching now."

"Say, Tom," screamed a coarse, sunburnt man seated opposite me, to his chum at the end of the table, "come down here, if you want to hear these fellers split up a dictionary;" and then to us, "go on, my boys, I meant no offence."

I was full of fun, but kept it down with all the force I could command.

"My dear friend," began the seedy man again, "my sense and my perception of morality are not contiguous with the elementary combination displayed in the caput of that unhallowed heaven-defying individual. His presumption, audacity, and contaminating presence completely shocks me; I shall retire from this abode of sin and corruption."

At this the two rough men threw themselves back in their chairs, and laughed vigorous horse-laughs until they were silenced by the master of the house.

This was the last I saw of my seedy friend, but, judging from the way the food and drink disappeared, he might as well go to farming, as fishing, for he could eat his weight wherever he went.

I paid my bill, and as the rain had ceased, padded the hoof to hunt up a neat and quiet place to board until I could find a vessel. I soon reached a comfortable home at the house of Mr. Cook, a kind old gentleman, who was fond of a good dry joke and well spread table. My experience justified my first impressions. In the spring and fall I made my abiding place beneath his hospitable roof, and on leaving, was deeply thankful to him for his kindness and attention.

The harbor was full of vessels, and the houses full of men. I conned the different craft, and at length pitched upon the NASON, a noble little fisherman, bound on her second trip. She was all that a seaman could ask for, and on her first trip to the Banks, was the object of admiration. The skipper was the best one that ever I sailed with; kind, and a good provider, always on hand, and never weary. I was soon shipped, and chest and bedding put away in my cabin berth.

On the fifth of May we flung our canvas and colors to the breeze, and started in a friendly race with the "East Wind," "Ada Brooks," and two other vessels. We had entered on a thousand mile race, and some tall steering must be done. The weather was splendid, the wind on the beam, and away we spanked over the ocean. I was at the wheel nearly all night of the

fourth day we had left port, and when I stepped from the wheel the "Ada Brooks" was hull down in our wake; the other vessels had given up the race two days before, and then it lay all in our favor. At noon, when I came on deck, the "Brooks" was cutting the water like a knife, and passing us with colors flying; all the dexterity that we could bring to bear, could not make us gain on her, and in less than an hour she had soundings on the southern part of Grand Bank. This was good sailing; five days from the Cape to the edge of the Bank. Our vessel kept on and ran nearly across the bank before we unbent the main sail, and set the trysail.

Day after day we tried for fish, but obtained only enough for a chowder, and we at last concluded to go North. Days and days we sailed, never knowing our exact position, but supposing ourselves on the most northern and eastern edge of the Bank. The weather was cold, rain and snow squalls were frequent, and icebergs were seen every clear day. I counted three one day, and eighteen the next. Some were very small, others towered high, and when the midday sun shone upon them they were too beautiful to look upon for any length of time. When the splendor of the setting sun was reflected back from their dark chasms and high peaks, in floods of rosy light, we were all deeply impressed with their transcendent beauty. At most times the icebergs looked cold, hard, and blue, but on a foggy day, on near approach they seemed like monstrous pale ghosts, beckoning us on to our doom.

One night while underway, we had found large fish,

yet dared not, late as it was, lay at anchor for fear of the masses of ice. It was a most uncomfortable night; rain, thick fog, and glimmering icebergs, were on every hand. I held the wheel, amid the sound of rushing waters, straining spars, and shouts of men on every hand, and kept my eyes wide open.

"Don't you see anything?" I inquired of the Portuguese lookouts, who, with heads sheltered by their dripping Sou'-westers seemed to care for nothing so long as they kept the water from their necks.

"No, not a thing," said the muffled head.

"Here, John, take this wheel," said I, and ran forward to the bow. The men looked up, their eyes half shut, and with a growl settled themselves on the windlass end. I gave one look, quick and sure. Oh, horror, a huge berg was close upon us.

"Hard up, Hard up, for your life, John," I shouted.

"Steady, don't jib her; stand by your sheets," and the rushing vessel passed so near the iceberg that the spray fell on our faces.

"Saved again; my little cherub that sits up aloft, I thank thee," I exclaimed, as I wended my way to the wheel.

"Pretty close shave, Ned," said the skipper to me, "and you will keep the wheel till morning; and you, John, take the lookout."

We passed the night in safety, but very uncomfortably, and came to anchor at daylight, found good fish, and when the mists rolled away we were alone, not even an iceberg being in sight. That night there

were tough army, fish, and spirit yarns spun in the cabin.

"I believe in spirits," said John, "an' my word I take on the Bible is good; now listen," and he took the pipe from his mouth and began, — "I was going home from these 'ere banks in the old 'Mahaley,' — she was a curious old boat — an' we were twenty days going from below the Rainbow Podd until we got off Halifax. Well, do you see, one lovely moonshiny night we was walking along, winged out, when we all sees a brig pop out o' the water right on ahead o' us. I yells out for 'em to put the wheel down, when, Lord help me, if we did n't jibe our main boom, an' broke it off at the jaws, — mind, I 'm telling ye the solemn truth, — and we carried away our rigging an' main sheet. We all looked for the brig, but she had vanished. We had all seen her. She was a full-rigged brig, looked sort o' outlandish; but we saw her, sure. Our broken spars bore evidence to our having met with something."

The Captain laughed at the man's story, but the narrator did not smile. He took a few whiffs from his clay pipe to give him courage, and continued, —"I 'm getting old, sir, but my conscience is, at all events, clear. One more little yarn; you know I don't often waste time in talk, an' then I 'll turn in. I was coming home in a good, new brig, from the West Indies, some ten years ago. The night was darker than a stack of black cats, when I was ordered out to take in the flying-jib. I laid out on the boom, and looked out to the end. My Lord, sir, what do you think I

see? kill me dead if there want a great big fellow a-straddle o' the boom and holding on to nothing. I see his wet skin shine in the darkness, and there he sot; the vessel plungin' an' tearin' over the rushing waves. How I got inboard I can't say; but I got in and run for the mate. We got lanterns and clubs and went out on the boom, backed by the watch who came hurrying up. Lord, how the mate trembled as he looked at him by the glare of the lantern; there he sot, staring at us. The mate held on with one hand to the guy, and struck the object with his heavy club, with all his might. The club flew from his hand, an' he took mine. He struck agin', and the club was shattered to bits on the boom, on which the strange being had sot, but he was gone. Put that down in your log of memory, sir, an' dream on it. Don't you believe my words? By the big hook-block, I 'm in earnest!"

The men who were in the cabin listened with gaping mouths and open eyes; I turned into my berth and said to John: "You are what the spiritualist people call 'a seeing medium.' You have a gift that few people possess in this world, and the men who were with you were seeing mediums, also; the same as I saw the iceberg, that was a material thing; a real thing of form and matter, but you have the power of seeing spirit objects."

"Yes, and what I saw was real, ginuine. You can't make me believe in spooks, goblins and cape-fly-a-ways. I really saw as I 've told you." Having said this, he rolled himself in his thick bed clothes, and soon fell asleep.

We found fish large but scarce, then stood to the westward, and soon saw a fleet of Frenchmen lying at anchor. Their large square riggers pick up immense quantities of codfish, and take the best from the bank. The old mother fish, full of spawn, are snaked on, to their miles of trawl line, and gathered in the morning. The next day we were near two large icebergs; their height from the water was estimated to be five hundred feet. Every form of arch, tower, gothic church spires, battlements and gaping fissures were plainly seen, and it was two thousand feet in circumference. The smaller one of these icebergs drifted to the "Rocks," and grounded about three miles from the fleet.

We found the fleet after much hunting, and I don't believe there ever was a skipper on the Banks who always knew just where his vessel lay. They know the bottom, whether it is rocky, sandy, "punkin an' lemon," "strawberry," "green corn," "red and green," or "copper bottom." Good fish are found on such bottoms, and the skipper lets his anchor go as soon as the fish are hooked. "Stick out cable," "Bile her up handsomely," "Put on the strad, and pillow," and "Heave over." "Here they gnaw! heave out; hook your tackles there and hist away." How quickly the sixteen dories and men left the vessel. Lively they dropped the oars, and hove the anchor. Fifty fathoms of anchor cord were paid out, a turn taken on the cleet, and the two lines were over the side, hurrying to the bottom, by the aid of three pounds of lead, which was allowed to touch, and then was hauled up five feet.

"Put on your nippers; there is a snapping at the line."

"The fish were well hooked."

"Haul steady and stand back straight."

"There he comes to your view. Pull away gently; put your gaff into him hard. How he struggles. Tip your boat a little and slide him into your kid; he is a logy. Here is another on this line, bait up quick and heave it over the side, yank and haul away."

Such is life in a dory on the Grand Bank. It is what is to be done every day, from the first streak of light until darkness comes over the sea; then, dress down and wash off.

One of our men on a fine day went to the "Haycocks," and found fish in plenty, large and fat. We moved away from the fleet of vessels and came to anchor as near the spot as we could guess it to be. Need I say we had good fishing? It was superb. We had all we could do, day and night, and the skippers in the fleet said, "that fellow aint laying off there for nothing," yet they kept away from us for three weeks, and then, down they came. The skippers raved and swore some, when our skipper shouted, "Nine hundred quintals in the hold." They could hardly believe their senses, as they stood on board our vessel looking at the high kenches of salted fish, nice and sweet in the hold.

We had religious services aboard, every Sunday, and the men took a day of rest, while other vessels had their men out chasing capling, and fishing. One day I drifted under our vessel's bow, and her dolphin-

striker coming down hard upon my boat, I was quickly sunk. I was encumbered with fishing garments, but on rising to the surface easily swam about till I grasped a rope that the cook threw out to me. I secured the rope to my body, and then went for my boat, which I saved, with all the bait. Several skippers who came to visit us one Sunday, were lost in the fog, when they attempted to return to their vessels, and were out all night.

Soon we had eleven hundred quintals down, and the men still catching fish as fast as they could haul them in. A better crew were never in one vessel; they were all well fed and worked well. Fishermen use a great quantity of tobacco, mostly in chewing. I always carried five pounds, as little as I used, and never had a chance to bring any home. The "Nason" was the high-line boat, and many wished they belonged to her. It was our stealthy, lucky move, that put so many thousands of fish into our hold. On one clear day we saw the masts of fishermen that lay twelve miles from us; but such a condition of the atmosphere is seldom known on the Banks.

The science of fishing consists of quickness, strength and tact in all cases; up early and down late; rest on Sundays and good food; care of men, boats and equipage; careful dressing and salting of fish; keen eyes and steady hands in danger, and care and humanity to all in the vessel. We did no unnecessary labor, never worked Sundays, and took hold Monday mornings with new zest. No wonder we were first chop in everything that pertained to a good and successful fishing.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Working and Winning — The "Nason" Flying Home — Skippers on their Reckoning — The Cape in View — In Port — The Men Paid Off — Money as Free as Air — A Sad Warning to Rum Drinkers — Home from Sea — I Ship for a Southern Trip — Loosing the Frozen Canvas — A Tough Gale — Our Sails Blown to Ribbons — Intense Cold Weather — Twelve Days of Suffering and Danger — We Arrive off Charleston.

E continued our labors, but soon found the fish becoming scarce, and there being no prospect of better luck, we went to the Main Ledge. Observing a square-headed trysail near the Brambles, I was not long in ascertaining it to be the "Marietta," and the next Sunday paid her a visit. Half of the men were off in dories, chasing capling, but with little success. The skipper was glad to see me, wished his old hands aboard, deplored his ill-luck, and declared that he was bound to get his fare, if he remained on the Banks until the snow flew.

We toiled hard, and with so many vessels at work, the fish were soon thinned out. We then struck for the southern end of the Banks, reached it in three days, and were soon among the little fleet of vessels, that lay quiet during the day, and caught fish at night. This night fishing was queer work, and the men were inclined to rebel against it, and said, —

"We 'll catch them in the day-time, but as for being out all night in a dory, it is too much for us." There-

fore, we left the nighters, and ran to the eastward. There we found large fish, and when the tide was slack we had them, line and line. "Sixteen hundred quintals in the hold," was sounded; then the men were anxious to return home. The well-filled kenches bore testimony of earnest work. They had fished long enough, and when they went out in the boats, they allowed the large fish to pull the lead all about the bottom, and came aboard with a few little ones.

The tide ran with great velocity, taking the vessel against the hardest gale that could blow. The Captain and sharesmen stormed and threatened, and the men laughed at the idea of making them catch fish. The last barrel of flour was nearly gone; we had eaten twenty-two barrels of flour thus far, besides other stores. The wind came from the east and promised to blow a long gale, and vessels were flying before it, homeward bound. The men in the cabin consulted together all the afternoon, and at last the skipper said, "Get the anchor up, we will go home."

Every man sprang to duty. The cheerful chanty was roared out, and heard above the howl of the gale. The cable held very hard, and when it surged over, the windlass sent the men flying about the deck, as if a galvanic battery had been applied to their hands. The vessel's head was often buried in the solid seas, and the men, soaked and sweating, yelled out hoarsely, "Paddy on the Railway," and "We 're Homeward Bound," while they tugged at the brakes, and wound the long, hard cable in, inch by inch.

With a jerk and a jump the anchor parted its hold

on the rough bottom, away we drifted to leeward, winding in cable and chain, and soon the shining anchor fluke appeared. "Up jib and foresail; take the wheel, Ned, west half north, let her go!" we had left our last berth in the Grand Banks, and were really going home.

A full sheet, a flowing sail, and steady piping wind were in our favor. We bent the new sails and scud with a cracking breeze. Day and night we ran. Never did a sharp schooner cut her way to Yankee land faster than we did. The mountain waves curled and thundered on our quarter. The vessel went sometimes quarter of a mile on the long running seas. The tide was with us, and we flew at the rate of twelve miles an hour, for three days. Then we put more sail on, and as there was no fear of capsizing, we fairly flew over the hills and valleys of water.

At the end of the fourth day we made calculations and observations as to our whereabouts. The Captain said, two hundred miles south-west of Sable Island. Others said, on the western banks, and all laughed at my idea, of walking the plank sidewalk of Provincetown, the next night. It had always been my custom to keep a log of the important winds, tides, courses and tacks, and now I knew from indications that appeared, that I was right. We were in perfect condition to enter port; this was Saturday night. Every time I had the wheel I edged the vessel to the North half a point, yet always gave the man that relieved me, the old course I had told to me. No one but myself knew of this deviation, but I was confident

that I was pointing the vessel straight for home. We entered a fog bank which we sailed through in three hours; out from darkness into light, we looked back at the thick, solid bank of fog, and then ahead. The bright rays of a warm October sun, gleamed in the noonday. We spoke a brig at one o'clock and learned that she had left the shore that very morning. The skipper and crew stared with astonishment, and exclaimed, "I'm glad the "Nason" has out-run herself. Hurrah, we're most home. Ned, you rogue, you have waxed us all!"

In less than an hour, "Land, Ho! I see the sand hills of the Cape!" said the man at the foremast head. Lovely weather and fair wind set the bunting and light sails, and soon we could see the town house on the hill.

"Cook, bring up your last mince pies and let us finish them," said the skipper "we can't go below to take a bite."

At sunset we were at anchor in the harbor, the men were ashore, and I was reading the latest news in my favorite boarding-house.

Farewell, Grand Banks of Newfoundland, lucky am I to leave you forever, without a mark or scar on my person, and no dreaded rheumatism in my young bones. Farewell forever. May thy mountain surges sing soft, sweet requiems over the resting places of those whom storms, tempests, and wild mishaps have laid on thy shores; and may thy waters yield a large dividend to all adventurous bankers who seek to draw forth their rich deposits.

We received our checks the next day, and on presenting them at the bank, they were quickly cashed. Some did not know the value of money, and could not tell a twenty dollar bill, from a five. The first thing the Irish wanted was rum, and the bloodsuckers that besiege a man as soon as he is paid off, soon supplied the desired article. One of the men threw his hard-earned wages in the air, and the tens and twenties flew on the wings of the wind. He however had them restored to him, minus a few. This is a specimen of many a sailor's recklessness when flush and full of liquor.

I recollect McDonald, in the "Marietta." When he was sober and paid off, I placed his pile of greenbacks in a safe place, and said, "John, there are one hundred and fifty dollars for you to keep snug; here are thirty to spend in a reasonable way. Now, be a man for once, keep sober and respectable, and don't get drunk, like a hog."

"So help me, I'll keep sober an' go down to the Cape an' marry a widder!"

Could he resist temptation? No! He made his bed in the gutter that very night, was put in the jail for disturbing the peace; and some rascal stole the money, and placed the empty pocket-book back in its place. He came to the vessel the next day with black eyes, swollen visage, and had only the benefit of a clean shave, and pair of new pants, for his summer's work. He was a hard character, yet obeyed me like a child when sober or half drunk; but when crazy drunk the devil was in him. A dirk-knife blade

had been broken short off in his hip bone, ribs and finger bones had been broken in night rows. He could walk on his toes, dance any kind of jig, or shuffle, ship and unship his hip bones, and jump bounties as well as any body. He fell from a wharf thirty-five feet in height, and his head narrowly grazed a large spar that lay near by. His head and shoulders were buried in the mud, and the nimble legs and feet were waving in the air, as we pulled him out, just in time to prevent suffocation. He was not hurt in the least, and asked for more rum as soon as his lips were cleared of mud.

If such a case, and it is but one of many, will not serve as a warning to young seamen and others, to touch not, taste not, the accursed thing, then all warnings are useless. Strong drink is the fearful enemy of the sailor, and yet they will toss off the full glass, and exclaim, "Here goes another nail in my coffin; drink my health till the day of my death." There is a mingling of tragedy and comedy in such a scene, and I have often been struck with a cold shudder, as I have looked upon the image of God thus polluted.

I tarried in Provincetown until the steamer sailed. It was a most beautiful day; the air was clear and dry; a short, pleasant run brought us to the wharf at Boston. No one was sick this time; every passenger enjoyed the trip to the utmost. I immediately posted off to the Quincy House, and was speedily rejuvenated by those excellent appliances which every well-regulated hotel has always at hand. I was then ready for home, and not long in reaching it. How

pleasant it is to come from sea, where the eye for four months has seen nothing but fish, vessels, fog, and water, and to step ashore and enjoy the fruits of the well cultivated land. People may talk of the splendid fruits of the tropics, but the productions of the temperate zone far exceed them.

I started away from home to make a last visit to numerous friends, intending after that to seek my fortune in the Southern States, and establish myself in business. I soon found a brig bound to the port of Mobile, and engaged a berth as second mate, expecting to sail on Christmas morning. The day came, an awful stormy one, and the brig was to haul into the stream with all hands aboard, stay there until the weather cleared off fine, and then sail. I told the Captain I should not come on any such terms, "lay out there, fussing about, on the last Christmas day I might ever spend at home or within hundreds of miles of Boston," and in spite of all threats, threw my luggage on the wharf and soon had it snug in the "Home." The "Open Sea" sailed that day, and as I read of her departure, I only wished her good luck.

I then shipped before the mast on board the AVONDALE, a staunch craft that rode out the terrible gale in the Gulf Stream, when the "Central America" foundered. It was a pleasant day when we hauled out from Long wharf, and loosed our frozen canvas to the wind; but the weather, towards sunset, began to be bitter cold. As I overhauled the fore-royal clew-line, I looked back on the snow-covered land, and rocky coast. I could tell the exact locality of my

little home, where cheerful fires were burning, and the family were reading or busy in preparing their evening meal. The sun had settled behind the dreary, gray clouds, and the wind that blew through our thick garments, sent its chilly breath into our very bones. Our cargo consisted of soap, furniture, wooden ware, buck shot, whiskey and ale, and as the cargo was light the vessel was half out of water "flying light," as seamen say. At midnight we began to take in sail, and reef her down; then began the hardest gale and the coldest weather known on the coast for a number of years, continuing from the third to the tenth of January, and although we were running before the wind, we were soon covered with white ice.

It might be supposed that such an experience would cause us to look impatiently for a warmer climate, and with joy we hailed the warm water of the stream. There, the cold air drawing the heat from the water, produced a thick, brown mist, that covered the ocean. The gale shifted to south-east, and back again to north-west, raising a terrible sea. Ten times we were blown across the Gulf stream, and our canvas, excepting the upper light sails, was blown to ribbons. We put the wheel amidships and scud along under bare poles, seventy-four hours. A sea stove to toothpicks our only boat, and filled the cabin with its tons of water. The red hot stoves were upset twice, and between fire and water we were well baptized. Every man expected to meet death before daylight. Our vessel was carried on the top of the mountain waves, like a chip, and then plunged into the hollow of the sea.

There was no laughing, joking, or work done; we were powerless in the toils of the terrible sea, hoping for the best. On we scudded; a single turn of the wheel would have sent us into eternity. We had suffered for twelve days; our hands were frozen white, yet we were not alone in our misery. At length the gale abated, the long mountain waves calmed down, and with our spars and rigging a mass of knots and broken wood, we lay hove-to off Charleston, our first port of entry.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Passing Fort Sumter — Genuine Ethiopian Minstrels — Cape Ann Boys Near By — Charleston after the War — Off Again — At Georgetown — Loading Heavy Above and Below — A Bushel in a Peck Measure — A Thought of Danger Ahead — Warnings — The Risk Accepted — At Sea — The Pumps going Day and Night — We Arrive near Boston — Approach of a Gale — The Midnight Alarm — The Canvas Covered with Ice, and Flying Loose — Driven to Sea Again — Desperate Condition — Pumps Clogged with Tar — Seven Feet of Water in the Hold — All Hope of Saving the Vessel Despaired of.

OUR storm-tossed vessel glided up the muddy harbor, under three small sails, passing slowly and safely the sunken stone fleet, the long sandy beaches, and near to Sumter, then a heap of rubbish and ruins on the sea-face side. My log-book that I have always kept and preserved, says "On the 13th of January, 1866, arrived off Charleston. We are all charmed with the beauty of nature; it seems as though we had stepped from a watery, yawning grave into heaven. We are in company with a barque from London, England. I am at the wheel. The pilot waves his hand, close to Sumter, and we pass up the shoal harbor, keeping in the ship channel, past the guard ship, steamers, monitors, batteries, and many vessels, and anchor off Keer's wharf. Our frozen feet and hands will soon recover, then we will discharge cargo."

Yes, we were safe and had made a good run to our destined port. The gale disabled and lost one hundred and thirty vessels. Some were forty days from New York to Charleston, coming in nearly wrecked or disabled. Six steamers were used up, and the coast lined with wrecks, made by this, the most fearful gale of the season.

We were soon discharging our cargo, and the half clad, dirty negroes were jumping at the prospect of earning a few dollars. They had rolls of confederate script, and gave hundred dollar bills for the leavings of the cook's galley or cabin table.

"Dis 'federit scrip aint no count, Massa; 'aint wurt my spit. I seed old Sherman 'way up to Columbia. Oh, did n't de rotten shot (shell) fly den. My old massa no make dis chile hoe any more."

Such was their usual talk, accompanied by broad grins and elevated shoulders, as they walked about in their rags. The sailors went every night to the street where hundreds and hundreds of the poor negroes were supported on Government rations, and congregated beneath large roofed sheds. The free negroes were in ecstacies over their newly-found freedom, and the best performances of the Christys, and Morris Brothers sank into insignificance, when compared with the droll actions and singing of the ragged crowd before me. I fairly screamed with laughter.

While the dancing and singing were in progress, groups of men, mostly seamen, stood about, all highly entertained, and when fine looking black women dancing round, passed them, they would slip pieces of to-

bacco into their hands, pat them on their backs, and cheer them with such expressions as,—

"Go in there, Sal."

"Hoe her down, Molly."

"Go in, aunty; I 'll bet on you."

"Don't wriggle so hard, old gal."

"Now you are putting."

The men sung louder and faster. The women wriggled and danced, contorting their bodies in every shape. The power they exerted was as great as they would have put forth, had they been called to duty in the field.

I left the dusky crowd, still dancing and shuffling, the refrains of their weird, and sometimes sweet and plaintive songs floating on the midnight air over the calm water, and retired to my bunk.

A northern fishing vessel with a cargo of oranges and cigars, lay near our bows, with a company of Cape Ann boys on her deck. They shared their fruit and tobacco with us, and we had a good social time together. I hold in grateful remembrance the young men who then sailed in the "Grapeshot." She went north, and I was sorry when we parted company.

I wandered outside of the city of Charleston. The houses of the wealthy were well built, and had charming surroundings. The shrubbery and flowers were beautiful. The Palmetto tree waved its dark foliage in the warm air, children played with the colored servants, or rolled in the thick green grass, and where it was clipped they played with dogs and parrots. The Orphan Asylum was the prettiest and most sub-

stantial building that met my view. The business streets were dull of trade, and I saw not more than forty young American men in the city. The race-course was converted into a cemetery, and nearly every woman was clad in mourning — a sad evidence of the deplorable results of the war.

We sailed for Georgetown, with a clear sky and fair wind, and the next night entered the Peedee river. By good luck and a fresh breeze we came at anchor, below the Palmetto Mills. The course of the vessel from Charleston Bar to Georgetown Bar, was N. N. E. one half North, and up the crooked Peedee, we went in all points. We hailed with joy the plenty of fresh river water that flowed by our side, and we washed our bodies and clothing in the soft water. I would rather have a good bath in fresh water than a dinner, and for a beverage I have always adhered to pure water. I have drank water from the ship's casks when it held together like treacle, and at other times when I was obliged to hold my nostrils with one hand and pour it down with the other; have been on half allowance, endured tormenting thirst, and had no water at all. Well I know its value. The "Siah" and two other vessels, were loading at the Mills. We furled the sail and went to the post-office, somewhat expecting letters from home, but were disappointed. Pitch pine is the lumber that is most cut, sawed and shipped at this point, some of the large sticks containing seven hundred feet of lumber. Tar, rosin and turpentine are stored at places ready to ship, and constitute the principal business of Georgetown.

We hauled in to the wharf and commenced loading, the Captain hurrying the work forward with all possible haste. The lumber was stored away below in tiers, the negro stevedores laboring hard with bar, tackle, and handspike to put each log snugly in its proper place. Then it was piled on deck until our load was a few feet higher than the rail of the vessel. We told the Captain that he was overloading, but our opinions were thought of no value, and he gave us our choice, to go ashore, or go to Boston in the brig. One of our men quickly went to another vessel, but the remainder did not want it said that they were mean enough to leave the vessel after she was loaded. Board was four dollars a day at the public house; and to be knocking around among everybody was something I cared not to do. Taking all these things into consideration, we consented to accompany the vessel to Boston, notwithstanding we thought the trip a risky one. After this, judge of our astonishment in beholding two large scows loaded with barrels of tar and rosin come to our side, which in two days was stowed in the breaks, where the lumber could not pack. Two hundred and thirty barrels were taken aboard, and this last act of the Captain settled the already over-loaded vessel too deep in the water. It seemed like an attempt to crowd a bushel into a peck measure. How the latter would stand such treatment remained to be seen.

The bow ports were miserably caulked, the water trickled in fast, and "keep the pumps agoing," was the order. In vain I asked for my wages and dis-

charge. The Captain had no money just then, and he argued that if the brig rode out one heavy gale, with eight feet of logwood on her deck, she could go to Boston with the load she had; she could not sink, and why should I be alarmed for her safety when he was not. The mate told the Captain his sails were poor, that he had not provision enough, and was overloaded. But in spite of all warning he hurried the vessel into the stream. I resolved to ship in one of the other vessels, and lose my wages, but they were full of men, and I would only have jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for the brig that I wished to go in, was lost with all hands, on a reef in the West Indies; the schooner was dismasted, and the barque narrowly escaped foundering at sea.

By some lucky slant, we might reach Boston harbor in safety; but there were but ghosts of chances in our favor. I received a letter from home, and quickly answered it, feeling very despondent. We sailed as soon as we had filled the water casks, and for five days were working and beating about the river trying to get to the mouth. On the twenty-first of February we cleared the bar, the pilot took his leave and we sailed out into the open sea. We slept in the deck-house and ate in the cabin. Two of the crew were down sick with fever and ague, and the mates were growling and fighting most of the time. We encountered a storm, but had to reef only once before it passed away. The men recovered and took their turns at the pump. I was the only one who had any medicine, or materials with which to dress the men's wounds when they were cut or bruised.

My experience leads me to say, at this point, most emphatically, that law should make it the imperative duty of some one to thoroughly inspect every vessel before it leaves port; to see that it is well provided with everything that may possibly be required for the safety of the vessel and crew. A neglect of such provision should be met with heavy penalty upon the master or owners.

We kept company with the ship "Golden Fleece," two days, had good weather, and at last crossed the Gulf. The tide rip was plainly seen, and we came from rough into smooth water. On we went, pumps going night and day, and the vessel making a north east course as usual, until the sandy shores of Long Island lay before us, and we were running up the land with every sail set, and a warm southwest wind. I could see the windows of the houses ashore, reflecting the splendor of the setting sun, and as I looked at the rugged masses of clouds gathering in the northern sky, tinged with fiery red, I told the Captain that we were about to have a terrible gale; that he had better seek the land for a shelter, the provisions and water being nearly exhausted. The men before the mast told him the same, and made him feel uneasy. The mates were full of fun when they saw the land so near, and said "We 'll be lying at the wharf in Boston to-morrow," and enjoyed, prospectively, a glorious time.

There were many vessels about us, most of them bound off the coast, and for that reason all right, whether it blew high or low. At eight o'clock, we,

in the mates' watch, went to our bunks and laid down to sleep. The night was dark and calm, and the brig lay about two miles from land with every sail set, just having steerage way over the water. Despite the rattle and bang of the pumps we fell asleep, and had got in a nice, warm doze, when we heard the Captain shout, —

"Turn out, men, turn out for God's sake; don't stop a second for your lives!"

We slid the door back and almost fell down in utter fear at our view of the danger. The vessel was rushing straight out to sea under the fury of a terrific gale. Decks and rigging were sheathed with ice, and we were repeatedly thrown down on the slippery lumber. We clewed up the torn canvas, and ran up the icy shrouds in our night garments. I was not cold at all; the horror of our situation drove all thoughts of cold from me, and I laid out on the icy tossing yards and done my best to furl the split and frozen sails. Having done all I could, I returned rapidly to the deck, and dressed myself, as did the other men, and then remarked to the Captain that he had better run for New York and save his vessel.

The gale was exactly from the north; the weather bitter cold, and the light on Montauk Point gleamed like a ball of fire, north north-east from us, six miles astern, we could make a harbor either in the lee of Long Island, or the Breakwater, but the Captain paid no attention to our warning.

Under close-reefed topsail we flew before the gale, the Captain was fearful of striking the shoals, but we

were miles away from shoal water. Oh, the terror of that night, — the seas washing clean over the hull, the sails blown to tatters, the pumps choked with tar from the broken barrels, and all the heavy lumber on deck working loose and tearing the vessel to pieces. Thus passed this terrible night, and daylight came in due season to show us clearly the horrors of our situation.

We were alone on the storm-lashed ocean, and worked to secure the vessel, until the sweat rolled from our faces like rain. What a contrast this scene presented, to the calm weather we had enjoyed the day before. Now we were in a glorious gale. Had not the weather this time played us a scurvy trick, almost in sight of home, to turn upon us, and send our deep loaded vessel out into the open sea with canvas torn and the pumps throwing water most of the time? Three days and nights we pumped for life, stopping every twenty minutes to clear the boxes from the sticking tar, and at length the alarming fact was spread that there were seven feet of water in the hold.

All hope of saving the vessel was at an end. I took an observation slyly, and set it down that we were two hundred and ten miles south-east of Block Island. My log book and pencils were next to my under-garments, and the former is here before me now as I write. It has been with me many trips; and, battered, old and defaced as it looks, tells its own strange story.

On the sixth of March we cut away the mainmast, and tried to throw off the deck load. The mate ran

up and down the deck and cried, "God help us! now we are surely lost!" and great tears rolled down his cheeks. We saw a large ship running before the gale not four miles from us; we set the colors on the foremast, union down, but she paid no attention to us. A schooner also that lay hove to, in sight, never offered to come near. As I looked at the flag that snapped and cracked on the pole at the foremast head, I dashed a tear from my eye, for I now fully realized the danger we were in. I grew calmer as the men grew more wild and despairing, and felt that I must do all that I could.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Vessel Breaking Up — We Take to the Boat — Engulfed by Heavy Seas — Presence of Mind — The Floating Lumber — Lightening the Boat — The Return to the Wreck — The Boat finally Lost — Ten Feet of Deck our only Hope — Eight Days and Nights of Terrible Suffering — A Despairing Crew — Our Foothold Giving Way — Praying Men — Provisions Exhausted — We are Crazed for Want of Food — A Fearful Thought — The Glad Cry of "Sail, Ho" — The Men wild with Joy — We are Rescued by the "Peerless" and "Winter Bird" — Saved.

UT what were we to do, to escape from this total wreck? We had forty-four small cakes of bread, eight gallons of water, and twenty pounds of raw salt beef. The officers and men were on the same grade, and all began to anticipate the horrors that were in store for them. The brig was covered by every sea that came thundering down upon her. She was under the water forward, and the only place of safety was near the wheel. Four feet of water was on the cabin floor, and still we lay broadside to the howling gale and overpowering seas.

The cargo was washing out from the bursted deck; lumber and barrels of tar were drifting away; the lower rigging of the foremast was fast breaking, and the heavy timber was being thrown around the vessel like straw. I told the Captain we must take the old rotten boat that we had procured in Georgetown, place our little stock of provision and water therein, and lay under the lee of the brig, that was

likely to break to pieces, at any moment. He took my advice, and the boat was placed where she could be launched at a moment's warning, with the provisions lashed safely on.

The mate walked the little place by the wheel, wringing his hands, and crying, "Oh, my mother, my mother, your boy is lost, I'll never see the old home again!" The cook prayed with great fervor. The second mate who had left a young wife at home was exclaiming, "Oh, my dear wife, we 'll meet in a better world where no storms can come. Oh, I would give all my wealth to be safe on shore."

"You 'll be kind enough, to stop that kind of talk, the pair of you!" I exclaimed. "Recollect who caulked the bow-ports in such a hurry when we were in port. Don't be alarmed, my lads."

I talked with the Captain. He was calm and careless; and then, while the men were getting the boat into the water, I threw some ropes over the stern, and lashed the wheel hard down, next lighted the binnacle lamp, which would burn for a long time, and when the terrified mates in the boat cried out, "Jump Ned; she 's rolling over, you 'll be left behind if you don't come quick," I ran and threw myself into the boat, which was filled to the gunwale with bags of clothing and the hundred and one useless articles that a man in his hurry might pick up.

The water came into the frail boat every moment. "Throw over every useless thing that is in this boat," I cried, "save your watches, charts, provisions, and water, and dump everything else."

This was done, and the boat rode lighter on the seas. "Now ship your oars, and pull away from these sticks of timber; if they strike the boat we are all lost, sure." In doing this we cleared the wreck, and the dangerous network of lumber.

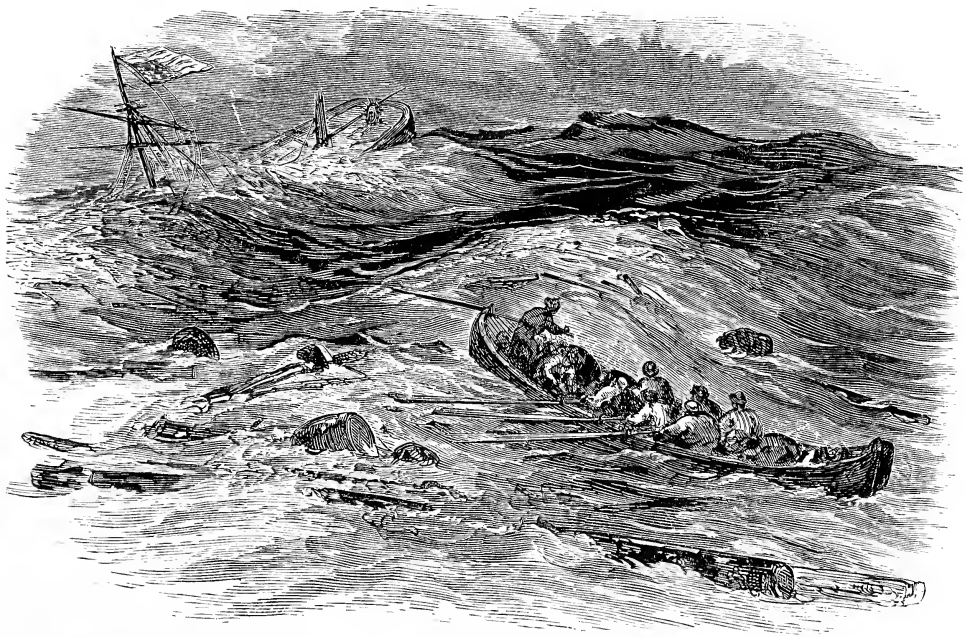
"Ned, you take charge of this boat," said the Captain. "You are cool, and not so weak with fear as those fellows."

I did as I was directed, and the men pulled hard at the oars. The old rotten boat flew on the tops of the waves, two men bailing water all the time. We ran for an hour to the south and west, and then horrid darkness spread its black hand over the sea. The dark waves rolled in solid masses of water, and broke in white foam above and around us. We were wet through, cold and hungry, and were going away from our only breakwater, the wreck.

"I am going back to the wreck, sir," said I.

"Go ahead," was the only response; and by a lucky movement, I put the boat, head to the wind and sea without capsizing.

But how to find the wreck again, was the question, amid the thick darkness of the night. Twining a flag around me to keep the bitter cold wind from freezing me to death, I grasped an oar with one hand, and shielding my eyes with the other, sought to discover the drifting hull, at the same time watching with sharp eyes the dreaded sticks of timber and tar barrels that came down on the old boat. The long timbers, when they came near us broadside on, broke the force of the waves, and the weary men could rest for a few moments.



"Now, ship your oars, and pull away from these sticks of timber; if they strike the boat we are all lost." Page 332.

Hour after hour in dread anxiety we pulled slowly to windward. Every eye was seeking the hull of the vessel, but as I stood up I was the first to see the light that I had left burning in the binnacle. I hoped and prayed that it was a light in the cabin of some vessel hove to, and riding out the gale, but it was our own light, and we soon reached the wreck, and were pulling about to keep us from being chilled to death.

We pulled under her lee for two days and nights, dodging the timber, and debris of the wreck that floated out. My navy ditty box that contained more than four hundred photographs of my home friends and acquaintances, together with papers, pistol, and little trinkets, was swept by me on a rushing wave. The box was well locked, and water tight. I suppose some crew that have found it would like to know just where that article came from, and to whom it belongs. They will see the directions on the inside. Our allowance, twice a day, was one cake of bread and half a pint of water, — small rations for a set of hungry men, who had always had all that they could eat.

The gale abated; it was time. We had drifted into the Gulf Stream, and the flying mists were often taken for vessels under sail. All our hopes were delusive, and we were out of the track of all vessels. "Hope on, Hope ever, lads;" I cried, "you aint dead yet; don't knuckle to anything so easy. Cheer up, and you will walk Yankee land again." Thus I tried to raise their downcast spirits, and nerve them to exertion. But my efforts were of little avail; every man seemed determined to look on the worst side.

The Captain grasped a rope and hauled the boat to the brig's stern, and then clambered on board. The glorious sun broke through the driving mists, and shed its genial warmth upon our wet and numbed bodies. The only articles of use to us that we could find on the wreck, were the royal sail and its gear, a hatchet, and the flag that was still flying from the foremast head. The air under the quarter deck had raised the stern a little out of water, and we could lay down on the top of the house in safety. We left the old boat tied by a rope to the quarter, and were overjoyed once more to stretch our cramped and sore limbs on ten feet of walk. The moment the last man was lifted from the boat, she was stove by striking a stick of timber. I jumped into her and saved the provision and water; and, as I sprang to the friendly rope, the boat filled with water, split its whole length, and of course was of no further use to us.

The wreck was then our only chance, and we must stick by it. Perhaps we might be seen by some passing vessel and taken off before we all perished with exposure and hunger. The mates and men were despondent. They laid down on the water-washed deck and lamented their hard fate. With great effort the Captain and myself set the foresail, and, poor as the scant sail was, it kept the wreck before the wind. He then asked me to rig braces to the yard, and after much danger and labor it was done. I stood in the shaky fore-top, threw the braces to him, which they made secure to the main-bitts aft; then I went to the mast head, and cleared the colors so that they

would fly full, and safely rejoined my shipmates, who, ashamed at being outdone by the smallest man on board, were all anxious to steer. This was of little use, as the rudder was mostly out of water, yet whirling the wheel gave them exercise, and kept their cold, water-soaked bodies warm.

Three men laid down to die; they said they were only prolonging their acute sufferings to live, and the sooner death came, the more we who survived would have to eat. At three o'clock in the afternoon the whole deck was a shattered mass, raised and broken. Oh, what a wail of agony arose from the lips of the men as they saw the vessel break to pieces. It was horrible to look upon. Of three iron girders that held the sides together, but one remained, and when that one iron bar broke, we must say farewell to each other for this life. In spite of washing wave and cracking wood I jumped from one broken beam to another and looked at the iron bar. Even when I was up to my breast in water, which was warm, I saw that the iron would stand a hard strain, for it was bent by the uprising lumber. With this assurance I returned to the men, who were all moving their lips in prayer, except one fellow, who was making a slip-knot, and at the same time trembling with terror.

"What are you going to do with that slip-knot," I asked. "Oh, I am making a necklace to put on when I see that bar break!"

"Well, it is not going to break," said I.

"Oh! thank God, there is some hope yet," cried the mate. The cook came to me and said, "I never

hear you praying, Ned. Why don't you ask God to take us from this horrid place? Oh, Ned, I pray all the time."

"Is there any need of crying aloud for mercy?" I inquired. "The Father's hand that has kept me safe thus far, will sustain me to the end. Prayer in thought goes as far with God, as word of mouth, and I am at his pleasure here as much as if I was safe at home. It will all be well with us, keep up your courage."

The remaining biscuits were shared equally. I had three; and the hard, dirty little one that I have now in my possession, tells its own story. I put them next to my heart, covered by my flannel shirt. When these rations were gone, we must eat one another, and the question would come to me, will my turn come first?

In the dreary desert of Africa I had been in the same fix, and now, with nothing but a plank between myself and eternity, I was having a second dose. Serves me right, thought I, for leaving a good home, and kind friends; but here I am and must live or die. The power that overrules all nature, could take us from our misery; but it was a careless trick that placed us here. Our provision was exhausted, we were maddened for the want of food and drink, yet I clutched my last mouthful and kept it safe.

It was Saturday night and the sea was as calm as a mirror. There was no hope for us from any quarter, yet we slept soundly as we laid in a heap to keep warm, and dreamed of home and luxuries. Sunday morning came clear and bright, with a light wind

and calm sea. I clambered up to the fore-topmast head and watched the horizon, hour after hour, while the flag of my country kept the sun from my eyes; but I looked and looked in vain. I came down, and to the eager questions that fell on my ear I could only shake my head. At noon the Captain ascended the lofty perch and cleared the flag. He took a long look around the horizon, and in slow, joyous tones shouted,

"Sail ho! sail ho! Ha, ha, we're saved! Cheer up, boys; there are three vessels coming this way."

The wild, delirious joy that the men exhibited was past description. "Where? where? point her out, for God's sake, Captain." "Do they see us yet? Do you think we will be saved? Great God, I thank thee. Hurrah for life yet. I'll go to any part of the world in the vessel that picks us off, even if she is a pirate," were the exclamations that greeted my ears.

I was not too sudden with my joy. What if the vessels should pass and not come near us, thinking that no persons were on that old wreck? But our colors were seen, and we soon saw a large brig coming, and to windward was a schooner, winged out and flying like a dove to us; while far astern was a barque steering east, and before we were taken from the wreck two more vessels hove in sight. My log-book says: "Sunday night. The brig 'Peerless' and schooner 'Winter Bird' came to us and took us from the wreck. As the healthy, able men sprang to our deck they said: 'Hullo, boys! ye aint all dead yet. Good God, if this aint the worst looking wreck we ever saw.'"

They lifted the men over the quarter and carried part to the brig and others to the schooner. The Captain, cook, and second mate went to the "Winter Bird," and four, including myself, to the PEERLESS, that lay with her sails aback, about a mile to leeward. These vessels that had rescued us had been driven from their regular course by the same gale that had made us a wreck. The brig "Peerless" was loaded with lumber, from Portland, Maine, and bound for a West India market. Its large, strong boat, propelled by able arms, soon placed us aboard of the brig, where we found a bountiful supper spread before us. But I ate only a little, not daring to let my appetite master me, and took my food slowly, moistening it well with hot tea. The three men ate like ravenous wolves, and paid no heed to any warnings; the consequence was, they were very sick, but were relieved by a strong dose of brandy.

We slept soundly that night, and the next morning could eat a few biscuits soaked in coffee. This brig seemed commissioned by an overruling Power to rescue the unfortunate, when all hope seemed dead; for during the voyage before this one, it had picked a crew from a vessel's bottom, where they had been for five days. Far nobler are these acts of mercy in saving human life, than the grandeur of the crowned and applauded conqueror who has slain thousands of men. The consciousness of doing good is a constant joy.

The master of every vessel should keep a man on the lookout, carefully examine every old spar and wreck that meets his eye, and hold by any vessel that

may have the signal of distress flying. When sea captains pay more attention to these things; when they are less pompous, more obliging and considerate of the wants, comforts, and actual necessities of their crews, there will be a far less number of wrecks, and losses of life and property. There are many glorious exceptions, many captains who are men; yet there are many others whose places are more properly in potatoe fields, with hoes in their hands, than on ship-board, with the lives of men at their mercy. May God speed the day of reformation!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Last Look at the "Avondale" — Another Stiff Breeze — Safe and Snug on Board the "Peerless" — Extreme Suffering resulting from our Exposure on the Wreck — At Porto Rico — A Hard Pull — Cuba — The Harbor of St. Jago — Interview with the American Consul — Queer Treatment — I am to Return in the "Dan Holmes" — Making Myself Generally Useful — Sugar Loading — A New Song for Every Hogshead — The Promenade.

E glided away from the wreck before a gentle wind, and I took a last look at our vessel with a shudder, that made me thank Divine Providence for his great mercy in sending us aid at the last moment. I could only see the stern of the old brig and the foretop above water. I turned away from the sight of the floating coffin, and joyously realized that I walked a good deck of English plank, which thought was soon interrupted by the Captain, who spoke to me from the cabin door.

Captain Perry was a kind man, and an efficient officer, keeping good lookouts on his deck, and his vessel lightly loaded.

"Don't you want some medicine, young man?" he asked, as I walked up to him.

"No, sir; I do not feel the need of any," I replied.

"But you will in a day or two. If my memory is correct, the other crew that we saved suffered a great deal after we took them off."

I had no unpleasant feelings besides weakness, and kindly refused his offer.

During the third night after our rescue a gale began to blow, that must have demolished the old wreck. The "Peerless" ran before it under close reefs, and in two days' time rested on long rolling seas, with everything safe and snug. On the fifteenth of March, 1866, we were twenty miles north east of Bermuda Islands, and our course south-by-west, as usual.

We now began to suffer excruciating pain. Our bodies appeared like parboiled meat; our feet were swollen and blistered, and the only style of locomotion we possessed was crawling on our hands and knees. Our long exposure on the wreck had brought these conditions, and the only relief that our inflamed feet could obtain was bathing in tar-water. They swelled to a large size, and the skin seemed as if it would burst with the puffed-up flesh. We were all four of us in this condition, and the crew did their best to make us comfortable. Their good deeds are fresh in my memory; may their life's pathway be strewn with roses, and no thorns impede their progress to happiness and prosperity.

We had fair wind night and day, and carried every sail the vessel could spread, yet our speed was slow. The "Peerless" had been built to carry a good load, and not to sail fast. All English vessels are about like her for speed, seldom going over nine knots, unless it blows a gale. So we rolled on our way, every day growing warmer. After three weeks of pain and anguish we could step a little, and at the end of the

fourth week could walk quite well. "Land Ho!" came in glad tones, from the mast-head, one afternoon, as one of the crew scraped down the upper spars, preparatory to slushing; and the Captain, after taking a long look at the blue, looming land, pronounced it the island of Porto Rico; and "check in the port braces; sway all up taut," was an order that every man gladly obeyed.

On we sailed over the rippling sea, the young moon showing its slender crescent in the western sky, while the crew rolled on the deck house, and chatted pleasantly. They gave us pipes and tobacco, and thus we enjoyed a social smoke, while they spun their yarns until the bell called the watch to their duties. The next morning we were off Maguyes harbor, and the brig was hove to, off the high land; the boat was cleared away and lowered, and six of us, seated at the oars, pulled the Captain to the wharf.

How beautiful the lofty hills appeared, clad in the verdure of the tropics. The shore was lined with trees; and the sugar-mills, with their red roofs, peeped from luxuriant groves of cocoa, acacia, and bannana, the short chimney sending out its black smoke quite offensively to our sense of smell. The broad leaves of the trees waved in the hot air, the dark-green foliage contrasting strangely with the white sand of the beach, and the water in the harbor, which was of a dirty yellow color. There being no wharves for vessels to unload at, the cargoes are taken in and out by the aid of lighters. The lumber is floated to the shore, and gathered up by the negroes who dash into the water after it.

We were not allowed to land, but a brown, old Spaniard looked at the Captain's letter, and offered eighteen dollars a thousand for the lumber. This was not enough, so the Captain ordered us to pull off to the brig. The sea breeze had now set in, and it was a hard job for us to undertake. The brig had stood off from the harbor, and was but a speck in the distance. I thought we should never reach the offing, the wind blew so hard. The groves of trees began to blend into a long line of green, and we rowed twenty miles, before we reached the vessel. It was the hardest pull that ever came to my lot in a ship's boat. We reached her at length, and after the boat was hoisted in, we made sail for Cuba.

Porto Rico, a "port of riches," is a seaport of an island of the same name. It abounds in high mountains and fertile valleys. Vegetation is luxuriant, and there is a good supply of pure water. It produces rum, sugar, ginger, molasses; and many fruits, such as the fig, bannana, pine apple, cocoanut, guava, citron, lemon, orange, tamarind, also sweet potatoes, tomatoes, sweet and sour sap, grandallid, star apple, mango, cashew, paw-paw, sweet limes, and spices can be well cultivated, besides the yam, plantain, shaddock and cabbage tree. But I had rather have a good apple or Bartlett pear, than any of the tropical fruits. The people are thinly clad in white, the slaves wearing cloth to cover their nakedness, and no more. The island has an abundance of poultry, swine, monkeys, birds of fine plumage, flies, snakes, lizards, and mosquitoes; and the climate is generally healthy, but like

all other tropical islands, is subject to shocks of earthquakes, and hurricanes.

We had lovely weather, and fair wind, the course was north-west, and I relieved the wheel when the men complained of the heat. The "Peerless" steered easy but had too much gear for the large iron wheel. They next set me to making sword mats. Few men can take this job and finish it, and I was glad to have my mind employed. I worked when I felt so inclined, and when the vessel was steady, drew pictures of the old wreck, each of the crew having one at least. The mate had four sketches for himself. Down past San Domingo we sailed; the high, blue land towering in the sunny sky, and the white vapors hovering over the mountains.

A few vessels bound the same way that we were, outsailed us. "We don't sail very fast, sir;" said I to the Captain, "we ought to beat those old barques."

"Oh, well," he answered, "we don't sail fast, but we sail strong. I aint in a hurry. My chance to sell will be good enough three weeks to come; you will see Cuba to-morrow."

The thirtieth of March was clear and hot. We were off the eastern end of the island of Cuba, and being wafted along by the light, steady wind. The land appeared high and barren, and the soil of a dark yellow color. Cuba is the largest and most productive of the West India islands, it is seven hundred miles long, and eighty-nine miles in breadth. At the east end it begins in 20° 20′, North latitude, and extends from 74° to 85°, 15° West longitude. The soil is not

so fertile as Domingo, or Porto Rico. There are mines in the mountains, but the working of them is in the hands of the Spanish government, and not much enterprise is displayed in developing their resources. The land produces in abundance, tropical fruits, sugar cane, ginger, cinnamon, tobacco, and grapes. The hills run through the island from east to northwest, and there is generally a vapor hanging over their tops, that often descends in rain squalls. Cuba must come out from the hands of Spain and be fully Yankeeized. It will then become the richest island in the Western world. The Cubans have no real, go-ahead enterprise. The whites never perform any labor, but leave it to the slaves and coolies who do it all.

We entered the harbor of St. Jago, and passing the ancient walls of the fort, sailed up a beautiful inlet, the land on either hand being covered with trees and flowers. The fort that overlooks the harbor's mouth, is the oldest one in Cuba. I never found a person who could tell when it was built. It occupies a position similar to that of the Moro Castle at Havana, but is smaller and very much older. Solid rock rises from the water ninety feet in height, and the old sentry boxes and loop-holed battlements are very quaint and fantastic. Looking back we espied a smart, trim-looking schooner coming by the frowning forts. The American flag was flying from her gaff, and she walked right by us like a steamer. I very much liked her appearance and style, and made up my mind to visit the buxom little craft when in port.

The harbor we were in was the prettiest I had ever entered. Far beyond we looked on fertile valleys, groves of trees peculiar to the climate, and hills from the tops of which flags were telegraphing our coming. The port was full of vessels, and on our right hand was the town of St. Jago de Cuba, with its blue and yellow houses, white and red public buildings, and tall Cathedral. We anchored among ships that displayed the flags of the powerful nations. Every Spanish vessel and boat was dressed with the national flag, which consisted of two stripes of red and one of yellow. We were soon visited by gentlemen from shore who questioned us for the purpose of obtaining an account of our wreck, and then a boat was speedily prepared to take us to town.

Many vessels were loading with sugar, for St. Jago ships a great quantity during the winter months. Our party of four and the Captain soon reached the shore, and were surrounded by negroes, clad in gala costume, that being a week of festivity in memory of some departed saint. Sounds of music and fandango parties were on every side. Past sugar houses, and stagnant pools of water, we went, up the narrow, dirty street, to the Hotel. There we found the American Consul's office. The person who acted as Consul appeared and received us very shabbily. He was an old, white-haired man, nervous and fretful, and clad in a dressing gown, with his pen in his mouth. We told our story of the wreck and rescue, which he noted down. The Captain of the "Peerless" made his statement, which was also recorded.

The Captain then remarked that his charge of the ship-wrecked men ceased, and that it was the Consul's duty as the representative of the United States Government, to inquire into our wants and to supply us with means of support until we could return home. At this the Consul endeavored to induce the Captain to keep us on board the "Peerless," offering him seventy-five cents a day for each of us, adding that if that was not sufficient, we would probably work enough to make up the deficiency. Our men did not like this. After all they had suffered they thought themselves entitled to better treatment, especially as their country had made provision for them to that end.

The acting Consul wheeled his chair about, and, addressing me, said:

"Well, young man, what do you want?"

"I want a place to lay my head while I am on your hands; food and clothing, shoes and bedding, and a chance to be sent to the States."

"Oh, ho; you want too much. Ever served in the war? Ever been married? Are you a Yankee-born man?"

"Now, sir," said I, "I will answer all clearly. I have served my country. I am not married. I am a Massachusetts boy, born in Salem."

"What, what!" he exclaimed; "do you know any Salem folks and the merchants there?" and he named over many familiar names.

"Yes, sir, I do," said I; "and now we understand each other better, I must have what is my right. Our Government makes by law a provision for us, and I must have all it grants."

At this moment the Captain of the smart schooner entered with his manifest and other papers, and the Consul told him he must take me. After much talk, terms were agreed upon, and I was to go home in the "DAN HOLMES." This suited me well. I then received a dead seaman's blankets and clothes bag, a rough pair of shoes, and a shirt. I asked for no more, feeling ashamed of the Consul's surly conduct towards me. I paid three dollars and one half, in gold, for a pair of heavy shoes, and followed the Captain to his vessel.

She was all my fancy desired, and I went to work and rigged a "burton fall" in ten minutes after I was aboard. The Captain stared in astonishment at my work, and in a few moments I was called to dinner in the handsome cabin. The Captain, addressing me, said: "I am pleased to see you take hold of work, and eat like a man; it is well you should know that you are a passenger, I suppose. Go to the mate if you want anything, and keep straight in all things."

"You are mistaken, sir," said I, "if you think that I came here to lay idle on your hands. You never will have cause for regret, on my account. I am at home in these boats, and shall work as hard and faithfully as any man aboard. I am at your service, sir."

He was satisfied, and so was I. The mate was from Cape Cod, and took an interest in me.

"I did not think you would turn to, so soon;" he said.

"Why, do you think I can't work? I am ready for

a good time, or for hard work. I am on a Yankee boat now, and will make myself as one of the crew."

He laughed, and when the sugar began to roll in, the crew found I was at the head of the rope, and a "chanty man." We rolled the sugar upon the stages, over the bows, and at every hogshead I gave them a different song. We worked hard all day, and generally had time at night to go ashore. The men made me their chum straightway, and I wanted for nothing that the others had.

We went to the Promenade every fine night; walked among gentlemen and ladies, senoritas and naval officers, creoles and pale northern women, all talking, walking, and listening to the strains of charming music that came from the full reed and brass band. It was pleasure for one and all.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Festival Time — A Wealthy Creole — Daily Sights in St. Jago — Hospitality — A Spanish Bull Fight — Our Cargo all Aboard — Outward Bound — The "Dan Holmes" under Full Sail — A Swift Passage and a Sure One — Off Jersey City — In Port — Once More at Home — A Farewell to Sea Life — Yankee Ned's Last Words to His Shipmates.

IN St. Jago, the slaves were merry. Music and dancing were on every street night and day. The festivities lasted a week. Fires burned at night in the squares, and everybody was gay. I was twenty-three days in Cuba, and did not see a native intoxicated, though liquors of all kinds were cheap and plenty. Good wine was fourteen cents a bottle, in silver, and cigars a penny apiece.

The shipper of our load of sugar was a wealthy creole, owning lands, ships, cattle, and slaves. One of his vessels, the "La Creole," was a splendid vessel of the old style, and at every point clean and handsome. Although this Creole was immensely wealthy, he dressed very plain, and often came in his volante, to the head of the wharf. His carriage had silver steps, hubs, and bands. The postillion and horses fairly glittered with gold and silver. The volante is the only carriage a true Cuban cares to ride in. They are taken better care of than a piano. I have seen them placed in parlors, and covered with rich silk.

The crew of the "Dan Holmes" were all young men from New Jersey. They treated me well, and proved true friends. The Captain and mates found me first and foremost in duty, and liked me all the better for it. The cigars, fruit, and wine were equally shared at the table, and respect to all was a characteristic of the men.

Boys staggered up the stage, with heavily loaded baskets on their heads. The freshly plucked fruit they offered was ripe and wholesome, but there was no satisfaction in eating a half dozen oranges; the juice was only the part we desired, and the bannanas were too clogging. No vessels touched the wharf, the anchors and chain astern kept them in position.

There were some vessels quite fanciful in their style. They were new and clean, with wire rigging and plenty of metalic work to be kept clean. Awnings were spread, flags were flying, and the air was close and hot until the sea-breeze came in at noon. Sugar, molasses, tobacco, wines, tiles, shooks and hoops; lumber, garlic, hay, hides, machinery and groceries, were piled promiscuously on the wharf. Men-of-war and merchant boats coming and going; slaves busy pulling; canvas flapping in the wind; telegraph flags flying from the station; crowds of hard looking coolies; chain-gangs with clanking fetters, dragging their carts; mules, donkeys, and negroes, were the every day sights we beheld.

Among the shipping the two tall masts of the "Dan Holmes" towered above all others, and she could carry sail on them till all was blue. Nearly every

American vessel was manned by foreigners. The number of Yankee seamen in the merchant service is not above two for every large craft that leaves the States. Almost every nationality is represented in these vessels, and when a full American crew is found they are appreciated.

I wandered away one pleasant night alone, and traversed the close, narrow streets, until I was lost in the depths of the town. If I was not on the wharf before ten o'clock, I should be arrested, and placed under key till morning. I knocked at a heavy door, and a fine-looking girl appeared. Of her I inquired my way. She called her father, who pleasantly accosted me, and there immediately followed a conversation in which his broken English and my broken Spanish must have proved quite amusing to a person familiar with both languages.

The result was, I was cordially invited to enter. The grillet cakes were spread before me; bottles of wine and fresh tomatoes were laid on the little table; the girl and father carried on a chat in broken English, and my attempt at the Spanish tongue was laughable to all of us. The father and daughter blew clouds of smoke through their noses, and gave me a number of fine cigars. The time passed pleasantly, and when I left, the old gentleman accompanied me to the wharf.

The market was well supplied with vegetables, fruit, meat, and fish. It was built twenty feet higher than the street, so that a free ventilation of pure air might keep the stock in good order. A large, splendid

cathedral stood at the head of the park, and priests in canoe-shaped hats were passing in and out.

We bought good and well-made cigars cheap, a hundred for a dollar. In every store in which we made a purchase, cigars were presented to us. In one store we sung army songs all the evening, and no one molested us. All the men had money and friends. The Cubans whom we met admired everything American, and hoped soon to throw off the Spanish yoke and come under the rule of Uncle Sam. The city has gas works, steam cars, aqueducts, hotels, and billiard halls. Most of the houses are two stories in height, though many are three or four. There was a low, rumbling noise one day, and the people ran out into the streets in terror, fearing an earthquake; but every house stood firm on its foundation.

One lovely Sabbath we saw crowds of gaily-dressed people, slaves, priests, captains and sailors, hurrying in one direction. Horsemen and footmen, handsomely decked with gold and silver lace, and volantes with fair ladies, were driving through the crowd. Having some loose change with me, I followed the people and paid my seventy-five cents admission fee at the entrance into which they were flocking.

I found myself in a large room or enclosure. High tiers of seats ran around the circular pit, and flags and banners were streaming from the sides and roof. Bands of music poured forth their strains. Thousands of fans and hats were waving to and fro. I was about to see a real Spanish bull-fight. At length it began, and I sat with the immense throng for the

space of three hours, amid the shouts of spectators, and the roarings of the maddened bulls.

At length it was over — the bloody scene was ended; four bulls were killed, and one horse gored to death. The nimble "matador" finished the staggering, bleeding bulls by a thrust of his heavy and sharp sword in the spine. As fast as one bull was disposed of another took his place, and the same scene of irritating, fighting, and despatching, was enacted again.

The vessel was loaded deep with hogsheads and barrels of sugar, and we gave our berth to the "Peerless" and "Old Dominion," then hauled out in the stream and set up the rigging. The cool sea-breeze came to our heated bodies and burning heads. We cleared the decks and made everything snug. It was a beautiful sunset, and after supper we laid on the forecastle, smoking fine cigars, and enjoying the land breeze, which had begun to blow. At night it rained heavily, but at the dawn of day the clouds broke away. We ran the bunting to the topmast heads, soon had the pilot aboard, and at noon once more passed the ancient fort. We were on our homeward trip, and had a vessel in our charge that was able to sail the world around, deep loaded or light.

The fifteenth and sixteenth of April found us beating up for Cape Maize, but it was four days before we could give her sheet and slip away through the eastern channel of Cuba. That night there was a heavy dew. The seventeenth of April we stood off Cape Maize before a strong east wind. Our course laid that day north-east and north, and we hugged

the wind like a yacht. At midnight on the eighteenth we were clear of land. The light on the Cape was settling fast away. At daylight we made West Crooked Island, and were slipping over the water like a hound just loosed from the keeper's hand. We made Fortune Islands at noon, ran by long, black reefs of rocks, about which churned water and fleecy foam were abundant. We hove-to off Fortune Islands and bought a number of queen conch-shells, fine and large.

Away we went, dancing through the intricate channels and reef-passages, and at dark shot out into the wide Atlantic. We had a good, fair wind and lovely weather, and at length had to reduce sail. The wind was too full, and the seas ran so high, and the vessel steered so wild we were obliged to heave to, fearing that the vessel might trip or be swept by a sea.

She lay like a duck on the water, and in two days the gale abated. During the blow we saw a schooner, beating up against the wind, under three reefed sails. The huge waves dashed the little craft on end at every sea, but she righted and tried it again. We watched the daring little vessel and found that she kept on her keel, and was "master of the situation."

The wind came to the westward on the twentieth of April, and away we went, making good time to the north and east. We soon came to the Gulf Stream. The western gale began to blow.

"Put her to it, my lads," said the Captain; "we'll make good time for the Jersey coast. Let the men

fix her up a bit; we want to look decent going into port."

We crossed the Gulf once more. I did not say, "Good bye, old gulf," this time. Well did I remember the last time I crossed the swift-running belt of water. As I laid my hand on the spokes of the iron wheel, I turned my head to the south, and took a long look at the dark, steaming water. The light mist waved and floated in the cool air, and I imagined I saw a hand-shaped cloud, that waved me to the northward. I have a dread of crossing it again, and hope I never shall.

On we went, skipping and slipping over the shining sea. There was no order cried out, "Station for stays," or "Main top-sail haul," as I had once heard.

May the First, we made the Highlands of Neversink, right on our starboard bow; hauled the vessel on the wind, and passed the Narrows at sunset. We came to anchor off Jersey City at dusk, and then I felt thankful for my safe arrival, and rejoiced that I was once more among home scenes.

The next day we took a tug-boat, and were towed to Brooklyn. There were dozens of sugar-loaded vessels, and our jaunty schooner soon had her berth assigned her. The Captain gave me money; the crew likewise, the latter having been paid off. I could not go to my New York friends with my sad tale of shipwreck, though they would have helped me to anything I asked, so I resolved to go home, and start up the ladder of prosperity again.

The wreck had stripped me of my wages and all my

chattels. I must begin again, and once more struggle for success. My parents had always said: "Ned, you are going against our wishes and counsels; don't go to sea. But if you go, and come home sick, wounded, or shipwrecked, we will do all in our power for your relief."

I had been seven voyages, and made two unlucky ones, I dreaded another, so it was advisable for me to recruit at home, and then turn my mind to business ashore.

I left the crew of the schooner with reluctance. I had been a stranger and they had taken me in, poor, naked almost, and hungry, and they had proved good and fast friends. Farewell, "Dan Holmes," Captain and crew; may peace and prosperity be your constant companions through life.

While on the ferry boat, I met two rogues in seaman's clothes; they tried every art of a depraved man to lead me off with them; even tried to take my little bag of clothing and shells, and offered me drugged cigars, and money. I told a policeman to keep his eyes on them, and they muttered between their clenched teeth, He is too shrewd; but he is just paid off, we will dog him, and have him yet." I dodged the ruffians, by exchanging horse cars at the corner of West Street, and saw no more of them, and was soon speeding up the harbor and through Hell-gate on the steamer "City of Newport." Here I met Hartley, Willey, Smith, and Cash, four old chums on the gunboat, and spent the night in smoking, and talking over old times. They had just been discharged, happy

enough, from the navy, having re-enlisted since I left them in Provincetown.

I arrived at Boston in good season. Kind hearts and willing hands soon supplied me with good apparel, and I was shortly on my way, once more, to my home, my parents, and my friends. Many were the exclamations of surprise that greeted my arrival.

As Yankee Ned, the sailor, I here close my log-book, and bid farewell to the past. I have a new mission to fulfil. New life, new hopes inspire me; new joys are before me. Home, friends, peace and duty, all hail!

Roll on, Temperance Cause; roll on, wheels of Humanity and Freedom! Shine on, Star of Faith and Progress, until the sailors of these mighty and glorious States shall be united as a band of loving brothers, working for each other's good.

May new ideas, new aspirations, animate them to nobleness of character.

A tear to the memory of the loved and the lost, and a hope of a better life for them all.

An Album Photograph of "Yankee Ned," the author of this book, in sailor's costume, has been produced by one of our best artists. Price, 25 cents. Address the Publishers, Adams & Co, 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

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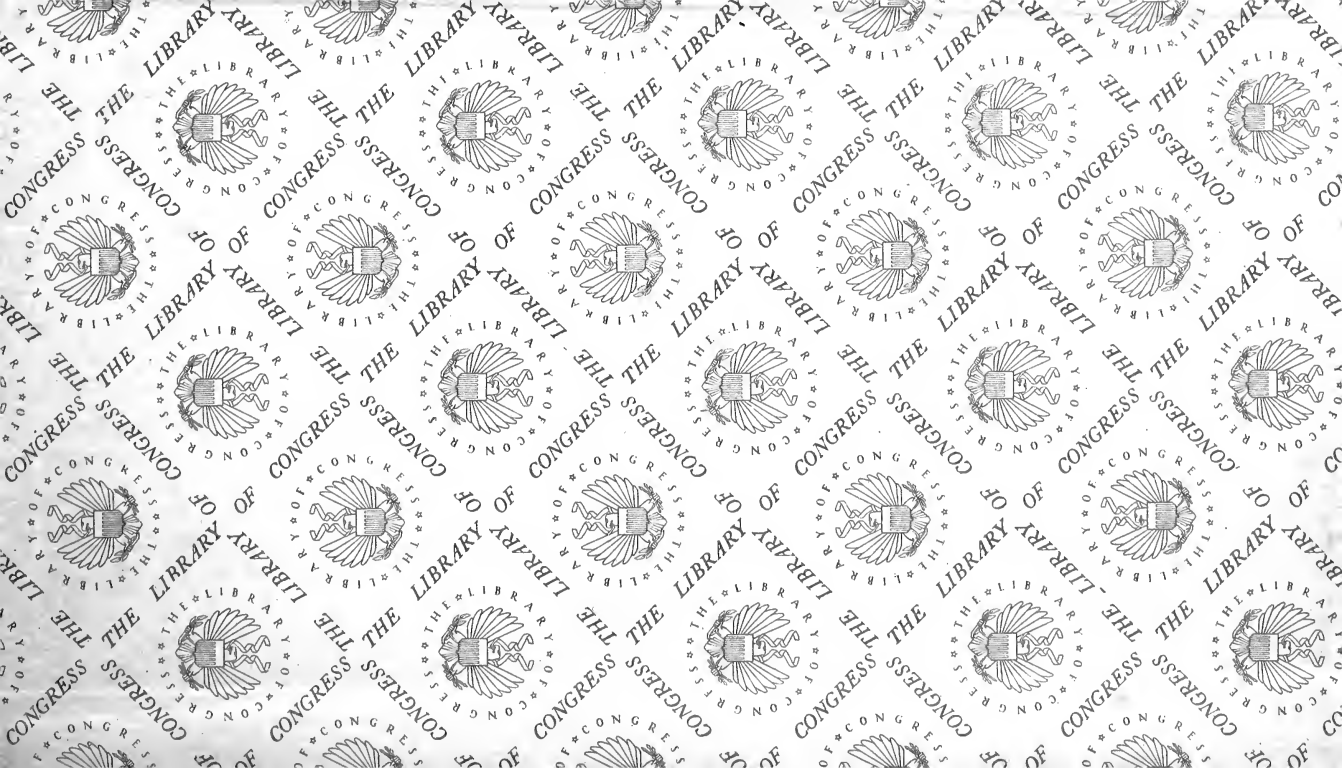
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